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"TRUSTUM"
AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN

BY

ONE OF THEM

NANTUCKET
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PREFACE.

In presenting to the public a work which depends chiefly upon records and traditions, it is often a difficult matter to so arrange events, that they shall not conflict with records that have ever been considered authentic and reliable.

Some discrepancies may be found in the following pages, arising from the fact, that in some cases, dates and events as recorded by different individuals, have not always agreed, and, upon reference to private family records, still greater differences have been found. Thus, John Gardner's settlement upon the Island, recorded by some authorities in 1672, by others, is recorded as taking place at the same time as that of his brother, Richard,

in 1666. The same with Nicholas Coffin, (grandfather of Tristram) who died in England. While it is recorded by some that his death occurred in 1613, other authority gives the date 1603; and the same is true in several other cases, the difference in the records being yet more marked.

In the events herein recorded, I have relied principally, upon old records and traditions, as well as events related in many instances, by those who either participated in them, or handed them down to posterity as they were related by those whose voices have for many years been silent in death. In some instances, imagination has been made use of, to describe events which have transpired, the particulars of which are not to be found on record; but the principal events and characters are founded upon traditions which have been handed down for ages, as well as facts which actually occurred and personages who actually lived and participated in the scenes recorded, as far forth as can be obtained from numerous sources of authority.

In the hands of the reader I leave the work, trusting that from its pages, they may gather some idea of the closeness of relationship, which has existed in by-gone days, between the descendants of the early inhabitants, and especially between those who are descended from the different members of the family of Tristram Coffin.

"TRUSTUM" AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

I.

A COLD, stormy day in winter was drawing to a close. The rain poured in torrents, and the wind, whistling and howling in furious gusts, rattled against the windows and doors of a moderate sized house, situated some distance back from the road, in the town of Brixton, near Plymouth, Devonshire, in the southwestern part of England.

In a small room, opening from what seemed to be the sitting room of the family, a young man sat at a table, surrounded with papers, books and writing materials. His head leaned upon his hand, and though he had apparently, been engaged in writing, his mind was evidently occupied with other thoughts, and his face wore a sad, anxious look, as he sat there gazing into the open fire. Presently the door opened, and a youth of fifteen or sixteen, entered the room.

"Tristram," said he, "father is awake, and would like to see you."

"Yes, John," said the young man, "I will come up in a moment."

And putting away the papers which lay scattered about the table, he followed the youth up stairs into a large, comfortably furnished chamber, where lay a man, apparently a little past middle age, whose countenance indicated at a glance, that but a few hours of life remained for him.

In a chair by the bedside, sat a woman, whose resemblance to the young man who had just entered, stamped them immediately, as mother and son. Four young girls were sitting near their mother, one of whom arose, as her brother entered, and took a seat near the window, at a little distance from the bed.

"Well, father," said the young man, "are you feeling more comfortable this afternoon?"

"Yes, Tristram, my son," answered the sick man, "and I have sent for you, that I may make my final arrangements, for the sands of life are well nigh run out, and what I have to say must be said quickly. You have already a considerable knowledge of my business affairs, and it is my wish, that you should undertake the charge of settling every thing as quickly as possible, in order that your mother may not be encumbered with the annoyances of business. You are aware that I have left everything at your mother's disposal, and I trust it will be sufficient to support your brother and sisters, as long as they shall require it, and also, to maintain your mother comfortably through life. To you, Tristram, must she now look for counsel, and upon you, must she lean in a measure for protection, and I thank God that he has given me a son whom I can trust in my dying hours, to carry out

my last wishes; and now I would see you all together once more while I have strength left to bid you a last farewell."

The youth, whom we called John, who had been standing at the foot of the bed, now took his place by Tristram's side, while the young sisters, Eunice and Mary, Deborah and Joan, drew closer to their dying father.

"Children," said he, "my breath is nearly spent and it is but few words you will hear me speak. Soon you will be left fatherless; you have heard me give your brother, Tristram, his charge to take care of your mother, and I feel a confidence in you, that you will ever remember my parting words, and look up to your mother and older brother for advice, until you shall be old enough to use your own judgment, and think for yourselves. Remember, my children, that the name of COFFIN has been handed down to you, unsullied, from the days of the Conquerer, and I trust you will never do aught to tarnish the lustre of a name which has borne so prominent a part in the history of your country."

There was silence in the room as he ceased speaking, broken only by the wailing of the storm without, and the sobbing of the family, who were so soon to be bereaved of the husband and father, on whom they had always been accustomed to look, with love and respect. His voice had been growing weaker and weaker during his farewell address, until it had sunk into a broken whisper, and he now lay weak and exhausted, with closed eyes, and panting breath. Very quiet he lay for more than an hour, his breath coming fainter and fainter, while the sad watchers waited in silence, hoping that he might again rally; the rain still beating with angry violence, the wind howling and shrieking, as though in mockery of the silence and sorrow within.

At length the lips again parted, and in a low, weak voice, the words came slowly trembling, "Let – not – your – hearts – be – trou"— There was a pause, the eyes unclosed, and Peter Coffin was no more.

Peter Coffin was the son of Nicholas and Joan, of Brixton, Devonshire, in the southern part of England. His father died in 1613, leaving his wife, Joan, and five children, of whom Peter was the eldest, married some years previous, to Joan Thimber. We have no definite account of the Coffin family, farther back than Nicholas, except that Sir Richard Coffin, Knight, from Normandy, accompanied William the Conquerer to England, in 1066, in the station of a general, and had lands assigned him. The names occur in subsequent reigns, showing that the family had members connected with the nobility of England.

A week had passed away, since all that remained of Peter Coffin, was committed to the dust, and again we find Tristram sitting in the little room, where we first made his acquaintance; this time not alone, for his mother was with him, and they were talking together, in regard to the future. The business affairs to which his father had referred would require but a short time to settle, for Peter had always been a straight-forward, punctual man in business, and was indebted to no one, and all that remained for Tristram, was to dispose of what property his mother might not wish to retain, and it was of this, that they were talking, as they sat there in the little room.

Happily for her husband and children, Joanna was one of those noble women, never shrinking from the path of duty, and though knowing by experience, the trials of adversity and affliction, had ever recognized and submitted to the will of Him

who doth not afflict his children willingly, and although lonely and almost heart-broken in her last bereavement, yet not a murmur escaped her, only a sad look of resignation had settled upon her, as she quietly moved about the house, attending to her various duties.

We have introduced Tristram to our readers, at his father's home in England, left at the age of twenty-three, to assume his father's responsibilities; a widowed mother, a younger brother and four small sisters looking up to him for advice and protection. We will pass over a period of thirty-two years, during which time he has left his English home, and, accompanied by his wife, Dionis Stephens, and five children, his mother and two sisters, has dwelt in Haverhill, where he settled upon his first arrival in America in 1642, from which place, he removed to Newbury in 1648, thence to Salisbury in 1654, thence to Nantucket in 1660, where he remained until his death, in 1681. Poor Joan! The widowed mother! A stranger in a strange land!

Of the six fatherless children, only Tristram, Mary and Eunice remain; John, Deborah and Joan having died in England, many years previous. Eunice and Mary were now married; Eunice to William Butler, and Mary to Alexander Adams, and from this Alexander and Mary Adams, there is satisfactory evidence, to warrant us in believing our Adams Presidents were descended. Only one son, Tristram, is left to his aged mother, who it would seem, had broken away from all the old associations of her childhood, and come to a foreign land to die.

Tristram was now fifty-five years of age, and the father of seven children; Peter, Tristram, Jr., Elizabeth, James and John, born in England; Mary,

John and Stephen, born in New England. Of the five children born in England, and brought with him to America, John, the youngest, died shortly after their arrival, his name being given to their first son born in New England. Of the life and death of Dionis Stephens, wife of Tristram, nothing definite is known. Peter, the eldest child, was now twenty-nine years of age, and had married Abigail, daughter of Edward Starbuck, one of the associates of the original ten proprietors of the Island; Peter and his father being of the original ten, also Stephen Greenleaf, who married Tristram's oldest daughter, Elizabeth. As the original ten proprietors were each allowed an associate, Tristram chose Nathaniel Starbuck, who married his daughter, Mary, and was also a brother of Peter's wife, Abigail. Peter chose his brother James, nineteen years of age; and Tristram, Jr., twenty-eight years old, the second son of Tristram, was chosen by Stephen Greenleaf, the husband of Elizabeth. Thus it will be seen that of the twenty original proprietors of the Island, six shares were in the possession of Tristram and his family. Tristram, Jr., however, never dwelt at Nantucket, but continued at Newbury, where he married Judith Somerby, and died at the age of seventy-two, leaving nine children: Judith, Mary, Deborah, Lydia, James, Stephen, Peter, Nathaniel and Joseph. Mary, the second daughter of Tristram, was fifteen years of age at the time of their removal to Nantucket, John, thirteen, and Stephen, the youngest, only eight.

Having presented Tristram and his family to the reader, as we find them upon their arrival at Nantucket in 1660, we will now leave them for a while, to introduce other characters, whose descendants are to be closely connected with the descendants of our common grandfather.

The scene of our story now lies at Salisbury, Essex Co., Massachusetts. At the shore lies an open boat, into which two men are hurriedly conveying a few household utensils, as though preparing for a sudden departure. The two men are Thomas Macy and Edward Starbuck. What can have occurred that they should thus be leaving a comfortable home, where one of them at least has lived for the last twenty years, and has now accumulated enough, one would imagine, to live in comfort for the remainder of his life? He has committed the unpardonable sin of sheltering his fellow-men in a rain storm, and sooner than bear the disgrace of punishment at the whipping-post, he is about to leave his prosperous home and venture into unknown and untried lands. Their arrangements were soon completed, for there is not a moment to lose, and with his five children and Sarah Hopcott, his wife, Edward Starbuck, James Coffin, and Isaac Coleman, a boy of twelve, they pushed off from the shore, and were soon alone upon the broad, blue sea. On, through the darkness of night they sailed, resolute and enterprising. Did they realize the slender thread upon which their lives depended? Should a sudden storm arise, or any accident occur, what would be their fate? Who can tell what were the thoughts of Sarah Hopcott, as wearily and silently they glided on, mile after mile, destined to an unknown wilderness, inhabited it might be by warlike savages; winter close at hand, with scarcely a glimmer of encouragement, as she looked forward to the home which was awaiting them? And what was that home? One share of undivided land on the Island of Nantucket, which had been previously purchased of Thomas Mayhew. No shelter of any kind, except such as was afforded by the forest trees!

Over that little boat, bearing its handful of souls, an ever watchful Providence was hovering, guiding it surely and safely to its destined haven.

At last that home is reached, and even while at a distance from land, may be seen the dark forms of Indians, hastily collecting on the beach. How will they be received? Before the boat touches the shore their doubts are removed, for several Indians are already engaged in collecting together dry leaves and sticks, and are rapidly preparing to build a fire for the reception of the new comers. And with what thankful hearts they step from the boat to the shore, and gather around the fire whose warmth seems a cheerful welcome, after their long and perilous voyage! . With many signs and gestures, they make known to the natives that they have come from a long way over the water, and manage to make them understand that they are intending to remain. The Indians appear to be well pleased with their new neighbors, and after a short time spent in consultation among themselves, conduct the party to one of their wigwams, signifying that they are to occupy it for the night at least. Thoroughly tired in body and mind, it was not long before the little party was deep in slumber. All but Sarah Hopcott.

Why is it that however worn and weary in mind we may be, when the relaxation comes, when the crisis is past, in vain may we close our eyes and attempt to throw off the cares and responsibilities which have lain heavy upon us? So it was with the wife of Thomas Macy. Events of the last few days came crowding through her mind; the shelter of the Quakers in a pouring rain; the sentence of punishment passed upon her husband; the breaking up of her pleasant home and sad farewell of her friends; the lonely, dangerous voyage in the open

boat, shadowed throughout with dark forebodings which she dare not acknowledge, even to herself, as to their reception on an island wilderness; all these combined came rushing through her brain, mixing themselves in such confusion, that now, although her fears were all removed, she found it impossible to drive them from her thoughts, although exhausted from the need of that sleep which she was utterly unable to obtain. Silent she lay, till late into the night, when she sank into a short sleep—years it seemed to her—from which she was awakened by voices and sounds of steps outside, and upon opening her eyes, found that morning was just breaking, and the older members of the party astir. Short as her sleep had been, she awoke refreshed; all her anxieties removed, looking forward to the future with more hopeful feelings, and ready to sacrifice her own wishes for the comfort of the little company who were to sojourn there alone, except their red-skinned friends, for the winter.

Hastily rising and dressing, she stepped outside, where she found her husband and Edward Starbuck, who had just returned from a short exploring expedition, and had already selected a spot in the vicinity for their future abode.

About four and a half miles to the west of the present town of Nantucket, is a small village, (if village it is entitled to be called), consisting of a few scattering houses, and having a good harbor, with plenty of fresh water near at hand.

This tract of land was called by the Indians, Maddaquet, a name which it has retained to the present day; and this was the spot selected by our voyagers for their home. Timber for building purposes, there was in abundance, for at that time, our Island was nearly covered with trees; but what

an undertaking for three men, with scarcely any tools for working. But patience and perseverance will accomplish wonders, and so it proved in this instance, for with their heavy axes, a sufficient number of trees was soon felled and fashioned into timber, suitable for building a habitation which would shelter them from the severity of the coming winter, and with the assistance of the Indians, a dwelling was soon erected, rough and rudely finished, it is true, but none the less a home, and with feelings of satisfaction and gratitude, they took possession of their new abode, and thus were established for the winter. Thoughts of their scanty supply of provisions would often arise in Sarah Hopcott's mind, but, trusting that this deficiency would be supplied from the waters and woods in the vicinity, she gradually found her fears on that subject dispelled, and her home soon became one of comparative comfort, considering all the disadvantages with which they were obliged to contend.

Let us take one glimpse of their home, before leaving them to return to Tristram and those who were to be connected with him in the future. It is a clear, starlight evening in mid-winter; a bright fire is blazing in the fire-place, which serves to light as well as warm the room; hanging from the crane, is an iron kettle or pan, about twelve or fifteen inches in diameter, and five or six inches in height, in which, judging from the steam and smell, they are preparing their evening meal. Sarah, the eldest daughter, is bustling round amongst the dishes, while Mary, aged about eleven, and Bethia, nine, are sitting upon a log on one side of the fire-place. Thomas, Jr., and John, aged six and four years, are sitting upon another log on the other side, watching Isaac Coleman, as he whittles

off the long splinters which were to be dried and dipped in melted brimstone, for lighting their fires. Back in the farther corner of the room is a curtain, behind which, is a rude bedstead, made of four roughly hewed pieces of timber, securely nailed to four heavy, upright posts, which served for legs for the structure. In the sides and ends, holes are bored at regular distances, through which, a stout rope is passed back and forth, forming the bottom of the bedstead. Several hammocks are hanging around the room, for the accommodation of the girls, Bethia, Mary and Sarah. The loft above, answers the purpose of a sleeping apartment for Edward Starbuck, James Coffin and the boy, Isaac.

Sarah, the daughter, aged fourteen, and her mother, have scarcely finished "setting the table," when the door opens and Thomas Macy enters with a couple of guns, while James Coffin follows with powder-horns and shot-bags, and still farther behind is Edward Starbuck, with a couple of geese slung over his shoulder, which he throws upon the floor as he enters. Isaac eagerly jumps up, scattering the splinters in every direction, and with a boy's enthusiasm proceeds to examine the birds, with every now and then a comment upon the number of shot holes, and the possibility or impossibility of their escape, had the shot taken a little different direction. It took but a short time to despatch their supper, immediately following which, the little John and Thomas were prepared for bed, and tucked mysteriously away behind the curtain.

The back log is then arranged so that the fire will burn a little more freely, a few more sticks are thrown on the fire, and the business of the evening commences. A large log, which has been hol-

lowed out so that it will hold a considerable quantity of water, is brought to the fire and filled with boiling water, into which the geese are plunged, one after the other, in order to loosen the feathers and prevent them from flying about. While Sarah and Mary are busily engaged in clearing the table and washing the dishes, the remainder of the family are at work upon the geese, picking off the feathers, which are carefully preserved for future use. The picking and dressing are soon accomplished, and the geese, firmly fastened, are hung on a spike driven into the outside of the house, after which, they sit round the fire, to talk over the past and future for a while, and then retire for the night.

Ten o'clock! All is quiet within and without. Eleven o'clock! All at once, in their very midst it seems, a terrible yell is heard, followed by another and another, until the whole air is filled with the fearful sounds. What can it mean? The whole household is roused in an instant; while Thomas Macy, pale and trembling, as he looks round upon his little family, feels his heart sink within him, as he hears those awful cries, and realizes what the ending may be.

Of all that little band, only Edward Starbuck retains his self-possession. He has heard those sounds before, and instantly detects the difference between the Indian war-whoop and the dance song, and before the others have time to perceive his intention, he steps quietly from the house, and after a few words with the Indians, who had surrounded the house, drives them from the premises, to finish their pow-wow elsewhere. The fright and excitement had been so complete, that no sleep visited the inmates for the remainder of the night, and leaving them to recover from the effects of

that dreary night, ever after stamped upon their memory, we will pass over the next few months, which brings us to the spring of 1660. In the meantime Edward Starbuck had found the means to return to his old home, at Salisbury, and with his family and nearly all the remaining shareholders and their families, has again returned to his new home, upon the Island of Nantucket.

This brings us to the date, at which we left Tristram and his family. Business had commenced in earnest, and many were the little necessary articles which had found their way into the home of Thomas Macy, through the generosity of their friends. Houses must now be built for the new comers, and preparations must be made to provide food for another winter; but many hands make light work, and in a short time, the heavy oaks are felled, and split with their axes, thus clearing the land for planting, and preparing materials for building at the same time.

And how was it with their Indian neighbors, when they saw the white man taking possession of what they had always considered as their own? Not a foot of land was thus taken possession of, nor a tree disturbed, until the Indians had been paid to their entire satisfaction, notwithstanding the fact that "Thirty pounds current pay, and two beaver hats, one for myself, and one for my wife," (as the deed reads) had been previously paid to Thomas Mayhew. In this way the good will of the natives was secured, and they proved of much assistance to Tristram and his little company in the early history of the Island.

Each of the new settlers now chose a spot for the erection of his dwelling. Thomas Macy and Edward Starbuck, with their hoes over their shoulders, started out together one fine morning in

spring, and before they returned, they had each fixed upon the places they considered most desirable. Thomas Macy decided that he would erect a permanent dwelling in the vicinity of the Reed Pond, called Watercomet, or pond field, while Edward Starbuck preferred a spot farther to the southwest, and near what is now called Cambridge.

Meanwhile, Tristram and his sons had not been idle. At a convenient distance from Thomas Macy and Edward Starbuck, near the old Capaum, he had already commenced operations. The Indians were willing to assist for a trifle, and soon the clearings multiplied, till all were provided with habitations.

As our narrative embraces so long a period of time, we shall pass over a few years, during which time, the children are growing older and stronger, and are able to assist in the lighter work; for Tristram and his companions have a long and laborious task, before they can retire from active work.

Everything had thus far gone on as prosperously as they could wish; harvests had yielded abundantly and they had been successful in their fishing, and improvements had been taking place every year; still they lacked many coveniences which would lighten their labor, and consume less of their time, and thus the year 1662 had nearly passed away, when an event occurred which cast a gloom over the little settlement. During the autumn of this year, on the last day of October, occurred the death of Jane Bunker, who had lately married Richard Swain, one of the original proprietors of the Island. George and Jane Bunker had previously resided in Topsfield, Mass., where George was accidentally drowned in May, 1658, while crossing a stream with his team. His little boy, William, aged ten, with great presence of

mind, saved the team, but was unable to render any assistance to his father, who was thus suddenly snatched from his family, leaving a wife and five little children to mourn his loss. Elizabeth, the eldest, only twelve years of age; William, ten; Mary, six; Ann, four; and Martha, but a baby of two years, it was a lifelong struggle for Jane Bunker, before her little ones would be old enough to render her much assistance; and when, after a short lapse of time, Richard Swain offered her a home, she accepted the offer, and came with him to share his fortunes in the settlement of Nantucket. A sad and gloomy day it was to all, when this, their first, great sorrow fell upon them. United as they were in one common interest, it was almost as though Death had entered every household. Doubly sad it was, to her little orphaned children, who in a few, short years were deprived of both father and mother. Quietly, they laid her away in her solitary grave,—would we could say upon the hill-side, consecrated as the burial place of the dead,—but, alas! why it was, must ever remain a mystery, but all that was mortal of Jane Bunker, was laid under her own door-sill, where the sound of passing feet was ever heard; but, happily, no sound of stirring footsteps could affect the cold and silent clay beneath. Lonely and sad, the neighbors returned to their homes; little did they think who should next be called from their midst.

The autumn of 1662 quickly passed away, and 1663 commenced; a year which is destined to be quite an eventful one, in the history of the Island. The winter passed away as usual, nothing in particular having occurred to distinguish it from previous years, until the latter part of March, when the monotony is again broken by the announcement of a new arrival at the home of Nathaniel Starbuck,

who married Mary, daughter of Tristram Coffin, not long after their settlement upon the Island. Great was the rejoicing over the little stranger, and many were the comments passed by the neighbors, as they flocked to Nathaniel's residence to offer their congratulations to the delighted parents and grandparents, who had already decided that the new-comer should be called by the name of Mary.

Spring sped on its course, March and April passed rapidly away, with nothing unusual to mark their flight, and May, that busy month to all, had nearly completed its course. Brightly shone the sun on the morning of the twenty-seventh of May, and all hands were busily engaged in getting ready for the coming season. Edward Starbuck and his son Jethro had just finished their breakfast, and having harnessed the horse, were making preparations to proceed to their day's labor, when Edward, the father, was suddenly called away, leaving Jethro to drive over to Thomas Macy's and intending to join him as soon as he was at liberty. Jethro, a light-hearted, sturdy boy of twelve, started forth in good spirits, whistling as he rode along, never dreaming what the return might be. He had nearly arrived at the end of his journey, when from some cause, the horse took fright and started suddenly to run, throwing Jethro forward, and the wheels passing over him, left him crushed and helpless on the ground. The horse rushing wildly along, soon attracted the attention of Nathaniel, eldest son of Edward Starbuck, who happened to be near, and hastening rapidly toward the spot, found Jethro lying upon the ground, bleeding and insensible. Shocked and bewildered by the sight, he was about to lift the senseless form in his arms, when his father made his appearance, accompanied by Thom-

as Macy. Leaving the poor, dying boy to their care, he hurriedly ran for assistance, thinking in his mind, how he could ever break the sad tidings to his mother. Poor Catherine Reynolds! She had looked upon her youngest boy, for the last time on earth. Busy at her household work, she was somewhat surprised as she saw Nathaniel almost flying over the ground, but before he reached the house, she had noticed his pale, frightened countenance, and realized in an instant, that something unusual had happened. With the single word "Jethro," he stood before her, when his strength gave way, and he leaned, faint and exhausted, against the door. But it needed nothing more to convince Catherine, the good mother, that it was her turn to mourn, that something sudden and awful had happened, and with a heavy heart, she awaited the coming; every moment of suspense a lifetime, hoping against hope, that the bitterness of the cup might be spared her. Slowly they came at last. Rudely jarring and jolting over the rough roads, they brought the poor boy as carefully as possible, but, alas! he was beyond the reach of pain and suffering; and as they laid him down, his face all bruised and bleeding, upturned towards them, they turn away in the anguish of their hearts, realizing the bitter affliction which had fallen upon them.

The hours wore slowly on, and the day for the funeral arrived. Slowly and quietly, again the neighbors wended their way to the home of Edward Starbuck, until nearly all the adult members of the Island were assembled to sympathize with the bereaved family. Edward Starbuck, whose place it had ever been to exhort others, and comfort them in adversity, was powerless to comfort himself, now that the sorrow had fallen in his own

family; and, as the appointed hour drew near, when all that remained of the loved son and brother, was to be consigned to the earth, Thomas Macy arose, and in a voice broken with emotion, read a short chapter from the Bible, and after a few remarks on the uncertainty of life, closed with a prayer for the mourning family. Sadly they carried him to his final rest, and dispersed to their own homes; but many weeks and months elapsed, ere Edward Starbuck and Catherine, his wife, regained their former cheerfulness; for this sorrow had fallen upon them in their old age, and Jethro was the only son left to share his father's home.

Spring glided into summer, and the sorrows which had seemed to settle like a cloud, over the community, were partially forgotten by those not in the immediate families.

The shareholders had just voted a share of land, to Peter Foulger, of Martha's Vineyard, to settle upon the Island and assist them in their labors. This news was received with joy, by the young people especially, as his large family would increase their numbers considerably, and this was of no small account in a settlement so few in numbers, as was the Island at that time. In due course of time came Peter, with Mary Morrell, his wife, (whose time he had previously purchased of the Rev. Hugh Peters, for the sum of twenty pounds,) his children, Eleazer, aged sixteen, Joanna, Bethia, Dorcas, Patience, Bethsua, John and Experience.

Scarcely was Peter Foulger, with his family of children, fairly established in his new home, when a vessel arrived bringing the news of James Coffin's marriage at Salisbury, December third, 1663, with Mary Severance. This was not entirely unexpected news to his friends and relatives at Nantucket; some of the older members having passed

through the same ordeal themselves, were not slow to understand the symptoms in others. James, it will be remembered, was the chosen associate of his brother Peter, and was at this time nearly twenty-three years of age; but it is probable that neither of the two resided at Nantucket, till some little time after its settlement.

Thus affairs stood at the close of the year 1663:

Deaths.

Joan Thimber, mother of Tristram, died, probably, in Boston,	1681
Jane Bunker,	Oct. 31st, 1662
Jethro Stârbuck,	May 27th, 1663

Births.

Peter Coffin, Jr.,	Aug. 20th, 1660
Mary Starbuck,	March 30th, 1663
Jethro Coffin,	Sept. 16th, 1663

Marriage.

James Coffin, Mary Severance,	Dec. 3d, 1663

With the news of James' marriage, came also to Tristram Coffin and Edward Starbuck the intelligence that a son had been added to the family of Peter Coffin and Abigail, to whom, out of respect for their lately deceased brother, they had given the name of Jethro. Thus like a ball set in motion and rolled onward and onward, through infinite space, was the name of Jethro perpetuated, to be handed down through coming generations, like many another of the names of the early settlers; in one generation, taking the form of the original, in the next, the surname being changed, according as intermarriages take place; now Folger, Gardner, Macy, or some other familiar name, then back to Coffin again, and so on, over and over again, probably till time shall be no more.

As we have already taken a glimpse of Thomas Macy's home at Maddequet, during that winter never to be forgotten by Sarah Hopcott and her children, we will take a second glance at them, in their new home at Watercomet. The house they now occupy is a substantial building, with a long back roof, reaching nearly to the ground. We enter the house, by pulling the end of a string, hanging through a hole in the front door; for in those days, no one thought of knocking before entering. The other end of the string is fastened to the latch inside, and as we pull upon the bobbin, the latch flies up, the door opens, and exposes the interior to view. The room is large, and answers the purpose of parlor or front room, as it was called, sitting room, kitchen and bed-room. On one side of the room is the fire-place, a large brick cavity, occupying nearly the whole length of the room. The brick hearth shines as though newly painted. Hanging over the fire-place, is a cylindrical tin box, about twelve inches in length and four in diameter, with a cover which opens lengthwise. We open it and find a flint and steel, a tinder box filled with burnt rags, several pieces of brimstone, a long-handled iron spoon, for melting the brimstone, and a quantity of light, dry pine, dipped matches. On the other side of the fire-place is a roughly made shelf, on which stand the shining brass candlesticks, just filled with newly made tallow candles. The fire is burning as brightly as when we first visited them, and everything has a thoroughly comfortable look. A large, high post bedstead stands in the farther corner of the room, with a trundle bed carefully pushed under it, to be drawn out at night, for the accommodation of Thomas, Jr. and John. Near the centre of the room, Sarah, the wife, is walking slowly back-

wards and forwards, by the side of a spinning wheel, busy at work upon the yarn which was the pride of all our good old grandmothers. Sarah, now a grown girl of seventeen or eighteen, sits near by, her hands all intent upon the work before her; her thoughts still more intent upon "whether William Worth will stop in a minute to tell her father about the sheep when he comes back from Trot's Hills." A basket of wool stands on the floor by her side, from which, she every few minutes, takes a handful, and passes it rapidly back and forth, between two flat pieces of wood, with short handles and fine, steel teeth, and by some mysterious process called carding, only learned by long practice, she converts it into long, smooth rolls, which she views with much satisfaction, as she places them in a smaller basket on the other side.

Mary, the second daughter, now about fourteen, sits by the fire, slowly turning the spit, that the goose may be thoroughly browned. Little does it matter to her, whether or not William Worth stops in, to see her father, but quite impatient that it takes so much time to cook the goose; for she has just caught a glimpse of William Bunker, cutting wood, over by the pond, and she suddenly becomes very anxious to learn whether the blackberries have ripened any, since morning; so leaving the goose to its fate, she starts up, and with her apron thrown over her head, is upon the point of going over to the pond to settle the blackberry question, when Sarah, the mother, perceiving her intention, settles the question at once, by sending her back to her seat by the fire, to which she reluctantly returns and resumes her work.

Leaving the mother to her spinning, and the girls to their meditations, we will pass over a few

years, leaving events to their natural course. Some changes have taken place in the time. Peter Coffin and his brother, James, had, in the meantime, removed from their home in Massachusetts (the Island at this time belonging to New York,) and now occupied houses near their father, Tristram, at Capaum, and a short walk from Nathaniel Starbuck's, who a few years previous had located at Cambridge, a little southwest of Maxcy's Pond. John and Stephen Coffin, little boys when we first made their acquaintance, had grown with passing years, and were strong, healthy lads. John, in fact, had nearly arrived at man's stature, and had already made several trips to the Vineyard, where he seemed inclined to settle. Stephen, though as yet but a boy, appeared to be plodding along in his father's footsteps, content with a farmer's life on the old homestead.

And thus was Tristram situated, as he slowly trod the downhill path of life, firm and energetic yet, happy in his home, and surrounded by nearly all his children.

Three little grand-children welcomed his coming at Peter's: Abigail, Peter Jr., and Jethro; while at Nathaniel and Mary Starbuck's, were the little grand-daughters, Mary, (the first white child born upon the Island,) and Elizabeth; and last but never least, in her own estimation, was little black-eyed Mary Coffin, daughter of James and Mary, and of whom we shall have more to say hereafter.

Over at Thomas Macy's at Watercomet, only slight changes had taken place. Sarah had united her name and fortune with William Worth, and was "keeping house" in a room built on one side of her father's house, for the accommodation of the young couple.

And now, having located our principal charac-

ters, and seen the older children safely married, we will leave the grand-children to cut their teeth, and buffet through the whooping-cough and measles, and the thousand and one ills incident to childhood.

Ten years in the voyage of life, pass away like a dream; especially is this true as we advance in life; the young grow to middle age, the middle aged to old age, and the old silently drop away one by one, leaving only their works and their memory behind them. Ten years added to the history of the Island brought with it many changes. "Some are married, some are dead." Some have been added to the number, and some have removed from the Island to seek a home elsewhere.

Among the latter was Peter Coffin, who finding the old saying true, that "too many cooks spoil the broth," but principally with the hope of improving his condition, had removed to Exeter, New Hampshire, but never entirely sundered his connection with the Island; visiting it at short intervals during his life; his children, of whom he had seven, spending a portion of their time with their grandfather, Tristram, and the remainder at their father's home at Exeter. Grandfather Tristram or "Trustum," as he was then called, had passed his three score and ten, some two or three years previous, but was still able to attend to his daily duties around the house, assisted by Stephen, who had married the little orphaned Mary Bunker, and still resided with his father at his old home. His brother, John, had, in the meantime, married Deborah Austin, grand-daughter of Edward Starbuck.

Mary Macy, whom we left by the fireside, turning the spit, in no pleasant frame of mind, had

been married in due course of time, to William Bunker, another of John's orphaned children, and William Worth and Sarah, now occupying a house of their own, had vacated the room at Thomas Macy's, in favor of William and Mary Bunker.

James Coffin, son of Tristram, had now a troop of boys and girls, of whom, first and foremost in fun and frolic, was the little black-eyed Mary, before mentioned. At the age of twelve, she was a bright, laughing girl, always ready for the lion's share of pleasure, and with a fondness for finery, noticeable even at that early age.

Edward Starbuck! Venerable patriarch! The eldest of the little band, he had completed his three score and ten, some dozen years previous, and was now about eighty-two years of age. He had watched the growth of the little settlement, from a mere handful of men, contending against privations and hardships, until it had become a prosperous and constantly increasing community; and now, that he was unable to take any active part in its government, he was content to resign his cares to others, and spend his few remaining years in quiet and rest.

New faces, too, have been added in those ten years. Traveling eastward from Nathaniel Starbuck's residence, we come, after toiling through the sand for half an hour, or such a matter, to the vicinity of the Old and New North Burial Grounds; proceeding on very nearly to the end of Egypt, or North Liberty street—just as you please to call it—and the locality is reached, where once stood the house of Richard Gardner, who married Sarah Shattuck. He had come to the Island in 1666, and was then a permanent resident.

Taking a northerly direction from Richard Gardner's, through what is now known as New Lane,

then farther on, a short distance to the northwest of the "Squire Ben" territory, we find that another house has been added, and town is now gradually straggling along into town. This house, with a large tract of land adjacent, was the property of John Gardner, Esq., who, in the year 1672, was persuaded by the offer of a share of land, to settle at Nantucket, and carry on the cod fishing business. His children, of whom twelve had been born to him, being named and aged respectively: John, Jr., twenty-four years; Joseph, twenty-two; Priscilla, twenty-one; Benjamin, nineteen; Rachel, fifteen; Ann and Benjamin, twins, the first, Benjamin, dying young, thirteen; Nathaniel, nine; Mary, seven; George; Mehitable, three, and Ruth, one. John and Richard were brothers, bringing the name of Gardner for the first time, to the Island, and leaving large families to transmit the name to future generations. Such were some of the new faces, which had been added, during those ten years of ever changing activity.

II.

ONE after another, the days roll into weeks, the weeks change to months, and months to years; and twenty years had rolled its course, since the settlement of the Island, and of all the original proprietors who have come under our immediate notice, not one has been called away as yet. But old age is creeping upon them, and one after another is gradually falling behind in strength and activity, leaving the cares and responsibilities to those just entering the prime of life. Another year is added to the score already gone, and we again visit the home of Catherine Reynolds. Well do we remember the last time we crossed that threshold, when Jethro, their youngest son, was carried from their home forever. Everything now wears a hushed and solemn aspect. In a rude pine coffin in the front room, lay all that remained of the once manly and vigorous Edward Starbuck. Nathaniel is standing at the window—his eyes shaded with his hand,—he, too, is thinking of his brother Jethro, and all the long years passed since then. He had seen his father's faltering step, the failing, day after day, and knew the last great change must soon come, and yet, how sudden, now that it has come at last. Only yesterday it seemed, that he bade him farewell, as he left them all, and

started forth in the open boat with Thomas Macy, in pursuit of a new home.

And after years of toil and privation, he has prepared the way for those who are following in his footsteps, and is now forever at rest. Very quiet and peaceful he looks; his white hair resting on his shoulders, his hands folded on his breast, and a calm, happy look upon his countenance, speaking of a soul passed into perfect rest. In the year 1680, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, Edward Starbuck's life-work on earth was ended and he passed away to his reward.

Let us leave him here in his last sleep.

Time in its flight ever hastens on—on—on. Edward Starbuck, Tristram Coffin and Thomas Macy! Like brothers they had seemed, knit together by one common bond. Edward Starbuck's death had not been felt by his own children, more than by Tristram Coffin and Thomas Macy; and when another year had finished its course, and the summer of 1681 was at hand, it became evident to all that Tristram Coffin's step was slower, and his voice losing the glad ring of olden times. And thus the summer ended and harvesting was at its height. Tristram was no longer able to leave the house; a slight illness, they called it, from which he would soon recruit; but as day after day passed away, and his step became more and more feeble, his voice weaker and weaker, his children became convinced that his days were drawing to a close. Stephen, who married the little Mary Bunker, was, at this time, a young man of thirty or thereabouts, and the father of several children. He had remained with his father on the old homestead, and was the companion of his declining years. Let us follow Stephen into the little room

which had been the sleeping apartment of his father since they had first occupied the house. Can it be that this pale, careworn man, with thin, sharp features and sunken eyes, is the same Tristram, whom we introduced to our readers, in that other little room far over the waters in that English home? Yes, the very same, and yet how different! Half a century has done much to dim the lustre of that once sparkling black eye; fifty winters of exposure to a bleak, wintry climate have done much to bow that once strong, erect frame; and now the end is coming.

It was a clear, cool day in early October; the sun was shining brightly, and the men were busily at work, husking their corn and getting in their harvest. Far different was it from that other day so many years back, when Tristram stood by the bedside of his dying father, to hear his last words, and yet the ending will be the same now as then—Death.

The old clock in the corner ticks on, slowly and regularly; the dinner hour is long past, unheeded by all; for Death is waiting in their midst—waiting to claim him whose life is now ebbing out, slowly and surely. They are all there; all but those whose homes are too far distant on the mainland. Mary Starbuck, his daughter, with her children; Peter, who has come from his home in New Hampshire; James, John and Stephen. All waiting to catch his dying words. And still he sleeps. He had been restless all the night and morning, but towards noon had sunk into a quiet sleep, and now, fearful of awaking him, a hushed silence fell upon the group of watchers. One, two, three o'clock by the old clock in the corner, and he was sleeping still, but so faint and feeble his breathing, that it was scarcely perceptible. The

sun sinks slowly down, and his breath stops for an instant—once—twice more he feebly breathes, and his soul has fled to the God who gave it. And the old clock in the corner ticks, ticks, seeming to wail out in slow succession,—dead—dead.

Another burial on the hillside! Another entry in the records of the Town! Died, Tristram Coffin, aged 76. One by one they left us. Who will be called next?

"The knowing Folgers, lazy." Although the Folgers were not immediately connected with the Coffin family, for a number of years after the settlement of the Island, they became so closely connected at a later date, that a word on the Folgers, may not be altogether out of place. We read in the "History of Nantucket," (Macy's) the following passage: "Peter Folger was agreed with, to keep the mill, and his toll was fixed at two quarts for each bushel. This Peter Folger was an inhabitant of Martha's Vineyard. He was invited to remove with his family to Nantucket, to officiate as miller, weaver, and interpreter of the Indian language; his son, Eleazer, was to act as shoemaker, and as a proper encouragement to these several occupations, a grant of one-half share of land, with all the accommodations thereunto belonging, was made to the father. He accepted the invitation, and in 1663 removed thither. In 1667 he took charge of the mill. Besides laboring in the calling above mentioned, he acted as surveyor of land." We also read in records of the Folger family, that "he taught school and surveyed land at Martha's Vineyard, and also assisted in the work of Christianizing the native Indians."

Does history point to another one of the early inhabitants of the Island, whose occupations were

so varied and numerous as those of Peter Folger? According to the above records, Peter Folger must have been a man of note for the times, something far above the ordinary class of men in intellect. When we consider that our forefathers were men of no education, the fact of Peter Folger, a self-made man, with little opportunity for study, except as his mind was constantly at work while pursuing his daily labor, (for the fact that he was appointed as miller, weaver, &c., is sufficient to show that bodily labor was necessary in order to provide for his physical wants,) when we consider that he alone of the whole community was singled out as teacher and interpreter, we cannot but admit that there was a something about Peter Folger, which should forever vindicate the name of Folger from the charge of "The knowing Folgers, lazy." Shortly after Peter Folger's removal to Nantucket, Abiah was born, who was the only child of Peter Folger, born on the Island. She afterwards became the second wife of Josiah Franklin of Boston, and was the mother of Benjamin Franklin. The one-half share of land allotted to Peter Folger, was what was then known as Roger's Field, and nearly half way between Richard Gardner's and Nathaniel Starbuck's. It was, in fact, not so far from Richard Gardner's as to prevent Eleazer, at the age of twenty-three, from visiting at Richard's oftener than seemed necessary to the neighbors. But Eleazer kept his thoughts to himself, though no one was much surprised when the banns of matrimony were published between Sarah Gardner and Eleazer Folger.

The winter snows had lain heavy on the grave of Tristram Coffin; the stormy March winds had sung their requiem over it, and the April sun had scarce warmth enough to dispel the chill which yet

lingered in the air, when the summons came for Thomas Macy, and he was laid beside his companions on the hillside, and Sarah Hopcott was left in her old age to tread the path of life alone. And this was the entry on the records:

Thomas Macy, died April 19th, 1682, aged 74.

Among the many new comers who had established themselves upon the Island, since its settlement, was a young man, quiet and thoughtful beyond his years, a Welshman by birth, named Richard Pinkham, who, according to record, came to this country from the Isle of Wight; and finding the place just suited to his quiet, steady habits, had remained here, and strange to say, had fallen in love with bright-eyed, merry Mary Coffin, daughter of James Coffin and Mary Severance, and grand-daughter of Tristram; and stranger yet, for never were two characters more widely different, Mary had fallen in love with him. The course of true love, in this case at least, had run smoothly, and in due course of time, the two had been united in marriage. But this had not abated in the least, Mary's love for a good time, nor was she disposed to settle down into a quiet life at home, as Richard would have liked. At all the junkets, parties and balls, in fact, anywhere that promised a good time, Mary would be found, sometimes accompanied by her husband, but more often leaving him at home, for Richard preferred his own chimney corner to any amusement found outside of it; and therefore he remained at home, content that Mary should enjoy life in her own way. There was now a large circle of young people upon the Island, for the whale fishery had as yet only been carried on from the shores. No ships had been sent out upon the ocean at this early date, and the young

men were all gaining their livelihood at their own homes, fishing, farming or at some trade or occupation, which did not prevent them from meeting together in the evening, and as it was previous to the introduction of the Friends' doctrine, which so many of them afterwards embraced, there were no restrictions upon these social gatherings which afforded them so much pleasure.

It was a bright, spring morning, the birds singing, and everything gave promise of a fine, pleasant day. John Gardner, whose house was near the cliff, and commanded a good view of the harbor, had just come down from "up scuttle" (a small hole in the roof with a door opening outwards, which, when opened, rested upon a couple of pieces of timber fastened to the roof) and had announced that "Peter Coffin was just coming into the harbor." Peter Coffin had still continued to revisit his old home at short intervals, and Jethro had often accompanied him, sometimes remaining upon the Island for a considerable length of time.

Now, of all John Gardner's household, not one was more interested, not even John, himself, in the fact that Peter Coffin was coming into the harbor, than was Mary Gardner, daughter of John, aged about fifteen. And why? Simply because Mary and Jethro Coffin had been engaged to each other for a year or more, the old folks never having a suspicion that such was the case. And it was, of course, perfectly natural that Mary should be the most interested of the family, for in all probability, Jethro was on board the vessel, and to-night there was to be a ball down to Wesco, and Jethro would be in season to accompany her. Mary said not a word, but hastily finishing the dishes she was washing, she too, went "up scuttle," to take a look, and there, sure enough, was

the vessel just coming round Brant Point, but whether Jethro was on board of her, it was impossible to say; so down stairs she went to set things to rights, every now and then glancing out the window, as though it was the most likely thing in the world, for Jethro to be coming up the road before the vessel reached the landing.

At the same time, Mary Pinkham, wife of Richard, sat in her kitchen, trying on a pair of new shoes. She had ever been particular in regard to shoes, and had always insisted upon wearing very high heels, but upon this occasion she was unusually elated, for she had succeeded in her heart's desire, and was the happy possessor of a pair of extra high-heeled prunello boots, which she had inveigled Richard into buying for this special occasion. There was to be a ball over at Wesco, the same to which Mary Gardner was looking forward, and to that ball, Mary Pinkham was bent upon going.

Little Jonathan, aged about a year, moved uneasily in his cradle, for he was cutting his eye teeth, and had passed a restless night; but Mary had given him a little warm gin and water—a remedy which every one used in those days—and the pain had been dulled for a while, but he was now upon the point of waking again. With one foot upon the rocker, she took off the other shoe, and replaced it with the one she had been wearing; then changing her other foot to the cradle, she was soon equipped in her old shoes, while she surveyed the new ones with unusual satisfaction, for would she not be the envy that evening of those less fortunate than she was? Little Jonathan, however, was not to be put off so easily, so placing the shoes upon the shelf, she lifted the baby from the cradle, and upon examining his mouth,

found, to her delight, that the troublesome tooth had worn through. Happy in the thought that there was now nothing to prevent her from going to the ball, she at once set to work about the house, in order to get through in good season; for in those old-fashioned times, their dances left off, where at the present day, they begin.

It is not to be supposed that Mary was indifferent to her family, or lacked natural affection, but she certainly did not belong to that class, who believe that the first grand-child requires the care of all the single aunts and grandmothers back to the remotest generation, father and mother included. And so, when evening came, and little Jonathan had appeared as frolicsome as usual, she dismissed her fears on his account, and with scarce a thought upon the subject, left him at home in Richard's care, with as light a heart as though she was only about to step into a neighbor's for a short call. In the meantime, Peter Coffin had arrived at the landing, and proceeded up to Capaum, where Stephen still resided, passing John Gardner's on the road. It is hardly necessary to state, that Jethro stopped to talk a while with the boys, from whom he soon learned what was going on, and as it was near the hour for dinner, he was easily persuaded by John, the father, to stop until after dinner; nor was there anything suspicious in the fact that he should propose to come over and call Mary, when the time for the dance arrived.

Mary Pinkham, in her high-heeled boots, walked quickly on, light-hearted and happy, not a care to disturb her mind. Arriving at the house, the first person she encountered upon entering the room, was her cousin Jethro, whom she was greatly surprised to see, not knowing of his arrival upon the Island. As she passed along the room, speaking

to one and another, (for in those days all were well acquainted, none were strangers to each other,) the words "Granny Tottleheels" were whispered from one to another; but Mary if she heard, gave no evidence, but continued on her way, indifferent to everything but the music and dancing going on around her; and the name of "Granny Tottleheels," which had been given her on account of her high heel boots, made no more impression upon her than the rolling of the surf at the South Shore after a violent gale. And yet, in spite of all the comments passed upon Mary by her companions, no gathering was considered complete without her. It was she, who was the ruling spirit at all their little companies, she who removed all the stumbling-blocks, and brought everything to a successful termination, and at every home she was welcomed as a pleasant companion.

As the young people were pursuing their way towards the dance in the early evening, Peter Coffin might have been seen, traveling down from Capaum, to spend a social evening with John Gardner. He had become acquainted with the fact that Jethro and Mary had attended the dance together, and an idea had presented itself, or rather re-appeared, for it had dawned upon him some time previous, that there was a chance to give Jethro a good start in life, by uniting his prospects with those of Mary Gardner, and now, there was a good opportunity to bring the subject to John Gardner's notice. Arriving at the house, the usual topics were discussed, the weather, the state of the crops, the price of lumber, &c., until the conversation gradually turned upon the dance and the young people; when Peter adroitly commenced, "Now, John, there's my Jee–thro and your Mary; a good couple they would make, too;

what's to prevent their jining their fortins in one? Between us both, we could give them a pretty fair start in life, and if it's agreeable all round, and you'll furnish the land, I'll give the timber, and we'll put up a house for the young folks and share the expense jintly." All this while, John sat listening as though it were not an entirely new idea to him, though neither John Gardner nor Peter Coffin had the slightest idea that their wishes had been anticipated by the young folks, for a twelve month or more. But John did not give an immediate answer; he sat for a short time in silence, as though considering what possible advantage Peter Coffin would derive from the union, for it was pretty well understood in the community, that Peter Coffin never proposed any measure, unless with the expectation of reaping a benefit in some manner. When he did again resume the conversation, it was to change the subject entirely, and it was not until Peter Coffin was ready to leave him, and had lifted the latch to open the door, that John replied, "I'll talk with Mary and see."

Meanwhile, the dance was proceeding, and the hours were flying away. The time for separation came altogether too soon, but it was past their usual hour, and many of the company had a long distance before them. As they stepped forth into the open air, they found a heavy, dense fog had settled down over the Island. So trifling a circumstance, however, was not to be noticed after their first exclamations of surprise, and Mary Pinkham walked gayly on with her companions, who, one by one, dropped off in a different direction from her home, until she was left alone. Nothing daunted, for she was well accustomed to the road, she continued walking, until it began to dawn upon her mind that she was a longer time

than usual on the road, yet she walked on, the fog so thick and damp that not a light was to be seen, and still she seemed as far from home as ever. At length she stopped and looked around; nothing to be seen but fog, nothing to be heard but the croaking of the frogs; and then, for the first time, the thought entered her mind that she was lost in the fog; perhaps not far from her own home. What should she do? What could she do but still continue walking, in the hope that some friendly light would burst upon her sight? Tired with her long walk, her feet and clothing soaked with the cold dampness, for almost the first time in her life, Mary was frightened; not from fear of bodily harm, but from cold and exhaustion. Then she turned back, thinking she must have passed the road which led to the house, and after retracing her steps for a while, struck off at right angles, the fog every moment seeming to settle down thicker and thicker.

On, and on, and on, she walked into the darkness of night, walking now entirely at random. Continuing on her course for a while, now turning to the right, now to the left, suddenly she stopped and listened. Yes, that was the water, the beating of the waves on the shore, almost at her very feet, it seemed, at her left hand, too. Where could she be? Was she near the South side or the North? It might be Siasconset, it might be Maddequet, for aught she knew; certainly it appeared to her that she had traveled far enough to go from one end of the Island to the other, and she had turned so many times that she was entirely bewildered, and was utterly unable to distinguish north from south, or east from west. It must have been far into the night, but as yet no signs of the fog lifting; no other sound fell upon her

ear; even the frogs had ceased their croaking, or she had outwalked the sound; even their voices would have been more welcome than that steady swashing of the waters, for there would then be a possibility that she was somewhere in the vicinity of home. Turning her back upon the rolling waves she resumed her walk, hastening as rapidly as her dripping clothing would allow; anywhere, away from the sound of those dismal waters, which seemed to be mocking at her misery. Back and forth, now this way, now that, she pursued her aimless walk, for she felt that she must be a long distance from her home; no log, no rock or anything upon which she could sit to rest a while, nothing but the cold, wet ground, and the pitiless fog above. Her thoughts wandered back to the cheerful fire at home, her husband alarmed probably by her long absence, and the little Jonathan left in his charge. He could not start forth to seek her, and even if he could, where would he look for her? The long night wore on, and after what seemed almost a lifetime, she again heard the sound of the rolling waves, this time farther off, and more to her right. Judging that morning must be near at hand, she took courage, and again turning her back upon the waters, she perceived that the fog had lifted a little, and that the light of morning was near at hand. Gradually she slackened her pace, for in her excitement she had been walking rapidly, and with eyes strained to the utmost, endeavored to penetrate the gloom everywhere encircling her; again the croaking of the frogs struck upon her ear, and with renewed hope she again stopped to listen, for another sound had caught her attention, a slight cough, she thought, and yes, there was no mistake, the sound was repeated, accompanied by the creaking of a door

on rusty hinges. Proceeding in the direction from which the sound appeared to come, the dim outline of a building was seen hardly a hand's length before her, for the darkness had now given place to a dim, uncertain light, and in another moment the voice of John Gardner was heard, as he uttered a cry of surprise at the sight of Mary Pinkham standing before him in the grey light of morning, all pale and trembling from the effects of her exposure to the chill night air. A few words were sufficient to explain the adventure which had befallen her, and but a few moments elapsed, before John Gardner was again at the door, horse and cart in readiness to take her at once to her home, where Richard Pinkham was waiting in anxious suspense for her return.

And how had it fared with Richard all through that long night? After Mary's departure, he had rocked little Jonathan, till he was quietly sleeping in his cradle; then sitting down in the great armchair by the side of the table, he had sewed a button or two on his waistcoat, another on his wristband, then sat back in his chair and given himself up to reflection; but not for many minutes; Jonathan, like many another baby, was disposed to wake when he ought to be asleep, and, as if to offset his good behavior, through the day, was about to demonstrate to Richard that babies in general have claims which they have no idea of setting aside, as though Richard (poor man) had not already been made aware of the fact, many times since the birth of little Jonathan. It may have been the pain attendant upon teething; it may have been that restless spirit which seems to possess most babies, when left to their father's care; probably the former, at least so Richard thought, and again applying his foot to the cradle, he gently moved it back and forth, trying in

vain to soothe the little one to sleep. Unable to quiet his cries, he took him in his arms, and commenced walking backward and forward, across the room, until he again dropped asleep, when he laid him carefully in his cradle, and again gave himself up to reflection, occasionally glancing at the clock as though to hurry the time for Mary's return. The hands pointed to ten, and Richard, rising from his chair, took down a small tray from the shelf over the fire-place, and taking from it a pair of snuffers, cut off the black, unsightly piece, from the wick of the candle, which had been left to its own discretion, while Richard had been occupied with Jonathan. Then going to the door, he looked out, and for the first time perceived the fog, which had gathered with the darkness of evening. Not thinking of the serious trouble which it would cause, he went back to his seat by the fire, and throwing on a few pieces, and stirring up the blaze, he leaned back and listened for the sound of Mary's footsteps. Half past ten, then eleven, and no Mary. What could have detained her? They were not wont to stay so late at their gatherings, and Richard started up from his chair, and resumed his walk across the room. Sit down Richard, and rest while you may. There will be walking enough for you, before the light of another day shall break upon your sight.

Again the minute hand completes another circle, and now it is twelve o'clock. Richard is about to leave the house in search of her, when a glance at the cradle detains him. Jonathan is again awake, and not to be quieted by rocking. His low, mournful cries and flushed cheeks, speak of pain and suffering, and lifting him from the cradle for the second time, he continues his walk. He could not sit still if he would. Where could Mary be? The

dance, he was certain, must have broken up long since. Perhaps she had gone home with some acquaintance, the fog had come upon them so suddenly, but it was not like Mary to stay away from home for such a cause.

Back and forth, back and forth, the long night through, he walks, the baby in his arms, refusing to lie in his cradle. Will morning ever come? The longest nights have an ending, and the hours dragged on, till, at last, a faint glimmer of light was seen from the window, for the candle had long since burned out, and Richard was so occupied with his thoughts that he cared not to replace it.

Slowly the light without increased, until he could distinguish the objects within the room, and then a distant sound was heard, like the heavy rumbling of a cart on the rough ground. Nearer and nearer it came, 'till it stopped before the door, and now, it was light enough to reveal to him that it was Mary. And what were Mary's thoughts, now that she was safe at her own door? Ever since she entered the house of John Gardner and discovered the condition of her prunello boots, the one thought that they were completely spoiled, had been first and uppermost in her mind; and when upon her arrival at her own home, she was greeted by her husband with, "Why, Mary, where have you been?" her only reply was, "Don't say a word, Richard, only look at my new prunello boots." Taking in at a glance, the true condition of affairs, Richard was so struck by the ludicrous turn which Mary had given to the situation, that he in a moment forgot his own anxiety, and depositing Jonathan in the cradle for the third time, he sat down to listen to his wife's account of her wanderings, since ten o'clock the previous evening.

Several days had passed since the night of the

dance, and, as yet, no favorable opportunity had presented itself, for John Gardner to speak with Mary, upon the subject which he had been revolving in his mind, since it was suggested by Peter Coffin. Peter and Jethro had sailed that very day, with the understanding that before he should again visit the Island, the case should be laid before Mary, and her decision made known upon his return. It was towards sunset, upon the day in question, and John was sitting in the kitchen, smoking his pipe, Mary was finishing the last household work of the day. Her two younger sisters, Mehitable, aged eleven, and little Ruth, of nine, had gone over to the cliff, after a supply of beach grass to replenish their brooms; John had been sitting thus, for half an hour or more, thinking in what manner he could best present the subject to Mary's notice, for Mary, like some others of her age and sex, was wont to be a little willful. After taking a few whiffs from his pipe, and clearing his throat from the effects of the smoke, he cautiously commenced with Mary, trying in vain, to sound her opinions upon the matter. Finding himself unsuccessful, he boldly plunged into business, setting forth the advantage it would be to her, and ending with promises on his part, to start her well in life, with a goodly portion of this world's goods.

Mary, during all this conversation, betrayed no undue anxiety upon the subject, and listened with silent indifference to the end. No sooner was the last word uttered, than Mary, taking her sun bonnet from the nail in the corner, with the remark, "I guess Jee–thro can make his own bargains," started out to join her sisters, leaving John Gardner to turn the subject over in his mind, at his leisure. It was not so, however, with Peter Coffin.

Scarcely had the vessel left the landing, when he opened the conversation with Jethro, who was returning with his father; and Jethro, not being as reticent as Mary, Peter Coffin was then and there informed of the engagement entered into, many months before. Astonished as he was, he could not repress a smile of satisfaction, at the manner in which the young couple had outwitted him, and with his usual impetuosity, was almost persuaded in his mind, to return to the Island and impart the joyful tidings to John Gardner, and ratify the bargain upon the spot.

Fortunately for Mary, as well as those on board the vessel, his attention was diverted for a few moments, during which time they had crossed the Bar, and were standing out into the open water. He had, however, decided that he would return to the Island, at no very distant day, not doubting but that John Gardner would be made aware of the progress of affairs, before they should again meet.

John, however, though not again referring to the matter in Mary's presence, and mentally denouncing the perversity of the female sex, had by no means, given up the contest, but had already set apart in his own mind a tract of land, which he designed to settle upon her, should she act in accordance with his wishes.

At the extreme western end of West Centre street, on the right hand side, as you travel westward, the land gradually rises to the height of about thirty feet, then stretches back, nearly level, to the north and west. This elevation is now known as "Sunset Hill," but is more familiarly known to the older inhabitants of the Island as "Cousin Frank's Hill." At the time of which we write, this land, for a considerable distance around,

was owned by John Gardner, and was at no very great distance from the house he then occupied; and it was a portion of this tract, that John had decided to give Mary for her future home.

The weeks rolled along, and Mary still busied herself about the house, thinking of the time, when Peter Coffin should return, though a month or six weeks would probably elapse, before it would be time for him to again visit the Island. As she stood one day at the wheel, busily engaged in spinning, occasionally looking down the road, as had become a settled habit with her, for the last year or two, suddenly and unexpectedly, Peter Coffin appeared in view, but a short distance from the house, and coming directly towards it. Hardly stopping for a second thought, and conscious in a moment, of the nature of his business, she hastily dropped the roll of wool from her hand, and stepping from the door on the farther side of the house, ran with all speed to the nearest retreat, which chanced to be a large corn-field, at the rear of her father's house; once under its shelter, she sat down to consider, determined not to re-enter the house, till Peter Coffin had taken his departure. A long spell she had of it, too, for it was not till the middle of the afternoon that from the cover of her hiding-place, she discovered him, slowly sauntering along towards Capaum, in company with her father, both as seemingly absorbed in conversation, as though they had not spent six long mortal hours together, planning and discussing what she and Jethro had accomplished in less than that number of minutes. Slowly returning to the house, she entered with as much unconcern as though she had merely been over to the field to pick a few ears of corn, and as no allusion was made to her absence, nor did her father make any comments on his return,

the dread of Peter Coffin's visits soon wore off, although he was often at the house, holding long consultations with her father, the purport of which, Mary was at no loss to imagine.

Peter's stay upon the Island was this time but short, for he had come with a settled purpose, and having made all arrangements with regard to the "setting out" of the young couple, he was now in a hurry to commence operations, and see the young folks established in a home of their own. Accordingly, upon reaching his home, preparations were immediately made for hewing out the materials for a substantial house, to be erected upon the land selected by John Gardner, as the home of his daughter, Mary. The dimensions had been already agreed upon by both John and Peter, as well as the interior arrangement; their being at that time but one pattern to follow in general appearance, varying it a little, according as the taste or convenience of the owner might dictate. As the labor-saving machinery of the present day was unknown in our forefathers' time, it will necessarily require the labor of many weeks, before the timber can be sawed and cut into the requisite size and shape for building, and while Peter Coffin and John Gardner are making all possible haste for the celebration of the important event, we will visit some of our early acquaintances, and leave Mary Gardner looking forward to the day, not far distant, when she and Jethro are to launch out upon the voyage of life on their own account.

Among the original proprietors of the Island, were two brothers, Thomas and Robert Barnard; and without going into farther particulars, it will be sufficient to state that Nathaniel, son of Thomas and Eleanor Barnard, married his cousin Mary, daughter of Robert and Joanna, and amongst

other children born to them, was a daughter Eleanor, who, sometime afterwards, married into the Coffin family.

Of the children left by Jane Bunker, we shall notice but two: William, who married Mary, daughter of Thomas Macy, and Mary Bunker, who, left motherless at the age of ten, afterwards married Stephen Coffin, youngest son of Tristram. James Coffin, son of Tristram, and father of Mary Pinkham, had also other children, who will be introduced in due season. John, son of Tristram, and brother of James and Stephen, had moved to the Vineyard some years previous. Many of the grand-children of Tristram were now grown up, married, and had families of their own.

Mary Starbuck, the first white child born on the Island, grand-daughter of both Tristram Coffin and Edward Starbuck, had become the wife of James Gardner, son of Richard, and first cousin to Mary, daughter of John Gardner. Elizabeth Starbuck, younger sister of Mary, had married her own cousin, Peter Coffin, Jr., an older brother of Jethro. Elizabeth and Mary Starbuck had also a younger sister, Eunice, aged about eleven years, at the time we left Peter Coffin and John Gardner making preparations to celebrate the marriage of their children. In order to avoid the confusion which might arise from the constant repetition of names, we would call attention to several of the children of James Coffin, reserving others to be brought into notice from time to time. Abigail, who married Nathaniel Gardner, another son of Richard; and Deborah and Ebenezer, aged respectively about eight and seven.

It will thus be perceived that there were two Abigail Coffins, both grand-daughters of Tristram; the one, eldest child of Peter, named for her

mother, Abigail Starbuck; the other, daughter of James, named for her grandmother, Abigail Severance. Little John, son of Thomas Macy, who ever remembered that lone winter, spent upon the Island, had married Deborah Gardner, daughter of Richard, and sister of James and Nathaniel, already mentioned. He was the only one left to bequeath the name of Macy to posterity, and when we consider his short life—only thirty-six years of age at his death—it seems almost incredible that from one solitary individual, could have sprung so many belonging to the Island, as bear the name of Macy at the present day. Thus from a few instances, it will be seen how closely all were connected by marriages and intermarriages, and the impossibility of following each one separately, for any consecutive number of years, and, therefore, we shall leave them to be called up one by one, and return to Peter Coffin, Exeter, New Hampshire, who had completed the loading of his vessel, and was now about to transport the lumber to the Island which Jethro was to make his home.

Meanwhile, John Gardner had been busy at work; gradually he had cleared away the bushes and smaller trees, which had been left standing, for most of the heavy timber had been cut down, in that part of the Island, which had been most thickly settled; and before the arrival of Peter Coffin and Jethro, with the frame-work of the house, everything was in readiness for its immediate erection. The site selected was about one hundred and fifty feet from the brow of the hill, as it stands at the present day. At that date, the rise from the road was much more abrupt than at present; the flat land at the summit extending some fifteen feet farther in a southerly direction and descending almost perpendicularly to the road

below. Upon this spot, in the year 1686, or the latter part of '85, the house was commenced, where Jethro and Mary were to spend the early years of their married life.

With a fair wind, it took but a short time for the vessel to reach the Bar with her cargo, the most precious freight to Jethro, that ever vessel had borne, and before many hours, the faithful vessel was lying snug at the landing, having crossed the Bar, after being lightened of her cargo. And now, commenced a scene of bustle and activity, which was continued week after week, without interruption, for many months. Peter Folger's services as surveyor, were now called into requisition, for John Gardner was a careful man in all his dealings, and the boundaries must be accurately defined. Then, too, it was a custom in those days, from which no one would think of departing, to build their houses facing the south, and Peter Folger, John Gardner and Peter Coffin might have been seen upon the spot, early one bright morning, with a mariner's compass as a starting point, for John Gardner would have it exactly front the south, not the least part of a "pint" variation, as he expressed it, toward the east or west; and here a difficulty appeared at the outset, for, as Peter Folger had frequently remarked, "he and John Gardner always run along smoothly together, but let Peter Coffin step in, and he was at loggerheads with them directly."

And so it proved in this case, for while Peter Folger and John Gardner were well convinced that south was south, Peter Coffin would insist that southeast was south, but John and Peter Folger overruled his decision, and Peter Coffin well knew what manner of man he had to deal with when John Gardner was concerned, so passing it by,

with the remark, "Well, well, John, a pint more or less to the west'ard will do no great harm," the work proceeded without farther interruption. After settling all the boundaries and bearings, to their satisfaction, the work of digging the cellar commenced. This was carefully and firmly walled around, with large stones, of which there were plenty to be obtained with little trouble; and then, commenced the more exciting work of getting the frame in readiness for raising. There were many to lend a helping hand, for Jethro had many relatives upon the Island, and if ever the time came, when Jethro's services were needed in return, they would not hesitate to call upon him, and would find him always ready to assist them.

It was at that time, somewhat unusual for a young couple to commence their married life in a house of their own; it having always been customary for the old folks to spare a couple of rooms at the old homestead, which the married children occupied till they were able to build for themselves, when the rooms were given up to the next younger children, as they followed in the steps of their elders; and in those days of ten or twelve in a family, there was always one ready to take the vacated rooms, the last one often remaining with the parents, and then coming into possession of the homestead. But, in the case of Jethro and Mary, they were to step at once, into their own home; a home, too, which for elegance and comfort surpassed all around them.

Substantially built, of heavy oak timbers, the main building occupied a space of about eighteen by thirty-five feet. The roof, which was very steep, was covered with boards about eighteen inches in width, running lengthwise up and down; the back roof running down over the lean-to,

which extended across the whole back of the house, the distance from the roof to the ground being so slight that a boy could easily drop without injury. Two front rooms, east and west rooms, they were called, having each a window on the front and end, and each opening into the front entry, which entry opened into a large porch, which was built upon the south or front side of the house, perhaps to improve its appearance, perhaps only for convenience. The outer entrance to this porch, which was really the front entrance to the house, faced nearly to the east, with a large, heavy oak door, opened by placing the fingers through a circular hole, an inch or thereabouts in diameter, and pressing upwards, on the latch, which consisted of a long, solid bar of oak, by which the door was securely fastened when shut. The door, when opened, discloses an aperture, nearly large enough to admit a yoke of oxen. In the front rooms, the never-failing beams were left exposed to view, all around the edge of the ceiling, while one huge beam ran across the centre of the ceiling, flanked on each side by six or eight of smaller dimensions; the whole being of heavy, oak planking, which at the present day is, to all appearance, as sound as when first placed there. The huge fire-places in the two front rooms, occupied fully one-half the length of the rooms, and extended nearly to the ceiling, which could easily be reached by a man of ordinary height, standing on tiptoe. The depth of the fire-place was in proportion to the other dimensions, the whole cavity being of sufficient size to accommodate a moderate family on a cold, winter evening. The upper part of the house was reached by a flight of stairs, proceeding upwards from the front entry, and which, by reason of being built wide at one end

and narrowing to a point at the other, contrived to twist round as they ascended, until they finally ended at the landing place above; at the head of the stairs, the choice was before you, to turn to the left and pass through the dark, slope-roof chamber to the east chamber, or continue to the right into the west chamber, which was the masterpiece of the house, being a large, nearly square room, with one window looking to the west. Just within the door, in the left corner, was a large, "ship's knee," as it was called, while in the corresponding corner at the right, and behind the door of the "Indian closet" was its mate, both doing their level best to aid in strengthening the ponderous beams used in the construction of the house. Still another flight of stairs led to the garret, which was nearly divided into two parts by the chimney and stairway. A short flight of rough-built steps, led to the scuttle at the top of the house, from which a fine view of the harbor, as well as the surrounding country, could be obtained. The chimney at the top was ornamented by several rows of bricks, forming a rude cornice, while upon the south or front side of the chimney, was a figure of raised brickwork, in shape like an inverted U, having a perpendicular line of bricks proceeding upwards from the top and terminating at the top by a single brick placed in a horizontal position, the whole device standing out from the chimney, about the width of a brick, and by some imagined to represent a horse shoe, mounting guard over anything in the witchcraft line which should attempt to gain access to the house. But plain-spoken, sturdy Uncle John Gardner was not the man to pin his faith to a horse shoe, and at the risk of destroying the delusion which has been supported by many, we will vent-

ure to say that neither Peter Coffin nor John Gardner had any other end in view, than to build a good, solid, substantial house, which should surpass anything yet erected in comfort and elegance. The masonry of the house was with clay mortar, and from the roof to the ground, the whole space between the boarding and lathing, was compactly filled with the same material, portions of which, may still be seen in the west chamber, which remains almost precisely as it was built, nearly two hundred years ago. Such was the home prepared for Jethro Coffin and Mary Gardner, in the year 1686.

And now all was hurry and preparation for the marriage, and the day was appointed, when Jethro, aged twenty-three, and Mary, aged sixteen, were to pronounce the words which would unite them for better or for worse, during the remainder of their lives. The weddings of two hundred years ago, were joyful occasions, not only to the immediate families, but to all the inhabitants, far and near. Feasting and dancing were the order of the day, and there was scarcely a descendant of the original proprietors, who was not, by constant intermarriages, related either directly or indirectly, to Jethro Coffin, grandson of Tristram. The guests were all assembled in the new house, to celebrate the marriage, the ceremony had commenced, and all was progressing smoothly, when Peter Coffin, the father of the bridegroom, suddenly startled the assembly, by inquiring, in a firm, peremptory voice, whether a clear deed of the land had been drawn in Jethro's favor. Now, John Gardner, while he fully intended the land as a gift to his daughter, was in no hurry to draw up legal documents, and, therefore, the addition to the ceremony, introduced by Peter Coffin, was re-

ceived by him with considerable surprise and no little vexation, which, however, he skilfully concealed, and putting the best face upon the matter, proceeded to write out a legal deed of the property, conveying it to Jethro Coffin and wife, and heirs, forever, to give, sell or otherwise dispose of, according as they should see fit. This document being duly signed, sealed and delivered, the ceremony proceeded to the end, Peter Coffin secretly congratulating himself on his shrewdness in getting, as he called it, the upper hand of Uncle John Gardner.

Among the older children of John Gardner, were a son and a daughter. The son, at the time of Mary's marriage, was about thirty-three years of age, and had been some years married to Susannah Green of Salem. This son bore his father's name, and was generally called John, Jr., to distinguish him from his father. The daughter, Rachel, was twenty-two years of age, and married John Brown, (probably the first of the name upon the Island,) during the same year that her younger sister, Mary, was united to Jethro Coffin; and to the descendants of these children, we shall have occasion to refer hereafter.

Four years more are added to the years already passed, and 1690 had commenced. Where are all our old acquaintances? Richard Gardner, brother of John, has passed away. For two years his voice has been silent; for two years has his body lain in the distant burial ground. One year only had elapsed since Richard Swain, the second husband of Jane Bunker, was called to join him, and before another year commenced its course, still another, who had earnestly and faithfully toiled from the earliest years of the settlement, was called from his life-long work. Peter Folger's work was end-

ed, his race was run; and he, the honest, hard-working man, who, with so few advantages, had risen to an honored and respected position in the community, was, at the close of the year 1690 counted amongst the little band, who had lived and labored for the benefit of posterity. And where was William Bunker and his little sister Mary? William Bunker, as has been already mentioned, had married Mary Macy, daughter of Thomas, and they had, at this date, a family of children, of whom only two come under our notice: George, now nineteen years of age, and Peleg, fourteen. Mary Bunker, sister of William, and the wife of Stephen Coffin, youngest son of Tristram, had, amongst other children, a daughter Susannah, whom we shall call upon with others at some future time.

Jethro Coffin and Mary, in the meantime, had been blessed with a son, whom they had called Peter, probably, because, from long familiarity with the name, it came handier than any other. Jethro had made frequent trips to his old home, as well as to Boston, since his marriage, often accompanied by Mary, but since her family cares had claimed more of her attention, she had remained at her home, when Jethro was called away on business, and ever busy, the time had slipped rapidly away, and though alone during the greater part of Jethro's absence, she was of a lively, cheerful disposition, and could always find enough to occupy her thoughts till his return. One warm, pleasant afternoon in summer, she took little Peter in her arms, and walked over to her father's; not a long walk by any means, but rather a long distance for a neighbor, as we understand the term in these later days. Little Peter was duly admired and commented upon, by the aunts, uncles and grand-

mother, and especially by the grandfather, who, like most grandfathers, was determined the child should be spoiled by having his own way; and the afternoon wore away in pleasant conversation, when just as the sun was sinking in the west, Mary, with her child, set out on her return. Carelessly she walked on, through the woods, until she reached her home, thinking it was nearly time for Jethro's return, and as the little one was now asleep, she gently carried him up stairs to the west chamber, and going below, seated herself in the straight-back, flag-bottom chair, which had once belonged to Tristram, the grandfather, and busied herself with her knitting for the remainder of the evening. They were not given to late hours, in those days of early rising, and by half-past eight, Mary had rolled up her knitting, and putting her knitting-sheath carefully in the bottom of the basket, she laid her work on top, then sweeping up the straggling ashes from the hearth with her new beach-grass broom, she went up to the west chamber, and was soon lying beside little Peter. It was a still, clear, moonlight night, almost as light as day; and Mary, from some cause or other, was unusually wakeful. How long she lay awake, she could not tell, but she was suddenly startled by a slight noise overhead, in the garret, as she thought. It has been stated that the garret was nearly divided into two parts by the chimney, the passage from one part to the other, having a steep, sloping roof overhead, and it was from this passage that the noise appeared to proceed. The floor of the garret had not been completely finished when the house was built, for, having plenty of room below, there had been no use for the room above, and so it happened that the floor boards, instead of being nailed, had merely been laid across the joists, and

consequently, it required some skill to navigate the upper region of the house, for, as the feet were planted upon one end of a board, the other end would be apt to make a rapid excursion towards the ridge-pole, depositing the unlucky individual who made the attempt through the frail lath-work into the room below, if it happened, as in this instance, to be unplastered. Somewhat alarmed by the unusual sound, she listened intently, but all was quiet for a few moments, when suddenly there came a crash, sounding tenfold louder, in the deep stillness of the night, and immediately following the crash, the hideous form of an Indian burst through into the closet below, but a few feet from her bed. Mary, though accustomed to the red-skinned natives, from her earliest infancy, felt anything but comfortable, at a visit from one of them at this unseasonable hour, and a thrill of terror ran through her frame, as he slowly emerged from the closet, and seated himself on a corner of the hearth between her and the door, and leisurely commenced sharpening a long, broad knife, which he held in his hand, while the strong smell of whiskey which pervaded the room, revealed the situation at once. For several seconds she lay watching him, as he struck the knife backwards and forwards across the brick hearth, the strokes sounding with a sharp, clear ring, so paralyzed with fear, that she dared not move a finger; then summoning all her strength, with one desperate effort, she snatched her infant boy from his bed, leaped down the stairs at almost a single bound—the Indian, in his vain attempt to follow, falling senseless to the floor—and dashed out into the open air, through the woods; and if ever fear lent wings to mortal man or woman, it lent them to Mary Gardner, on that memorable midsummer

night, when she flew through the woods to her father's house, or, as she herself expressed it, when relating the circumstance, she "split like wildfire to her father's." There was not much time lost in rousing the household, and John and his older sons were soon on their road back to Mary's house, where they found the Indian lying where he fell, in a drunken stupor. Taking him in charge, they led him away to sleep off the effects of his intoxication, when a lesson was administered, which served as a warning to him and any one else, who should be inclined to repeat the adventure. It was the general opinion, that he had not intended to commit any serious mischief, but had entered the house while intoxicated, during Mary's absence, intending to plunder any little article he might find, but had fallen asleep in the garret, and when awakened by falling through, was in just that state of intoxication, which led him to resort to any means to frighten her from the house, leaving him a clear field for his depredations. Mary continued at her father's during the remainder of the night, nor did she again venture to pass another night at her own home, till Jethro's return, which took place a few days after the adventure with the Indian.

III.

Passing on, to the close of the seventeenth century, we find that of the number introduced at the commencement of our history, not many remain, with the exception of the children of Tristram. In the ten years that have elapsed since the death of Peter Folger, many have passed away; the young and middle-aged, as well as the old. John Macy, the last son of his aged mother, Sarah Hopcott, was called from his earthly home in 1691, at the early age of thirty-six, leaving a wife, Deborah, (daughter of Richard Gardner,) several children and a widowed mother to mourn his loss. Four years later, and Mary Starbuck, grand-daughter of Tristram, and the first white child born upon the Island, closed her eyes upon earthly scenes, at the early age of thirty-three, leaving her husband, James Gardner—son of Richard—and six motherless children. In the year 1699, Peter Coffin, Jr., aged thirty-nine, was added to the number of those passed away from our sight. Peter was an elder brother of Jethro, and married Elizabeth Starbuck, his own cousin; her father, Nathaniel Starbuck, being brother to Abigail, the mother of Peter, Jr., and her mother, Mary, daughter of Tristram, being a sister of the elder Peter, son of Tristram. Thus it will be seen that Edward Starbuck and Tristram

were doubly the great-grand-parents of little Eunice Coffin, daughter of Peter, Jr. and Elizabeth, aged six years, at her father's death, and seven at the commencement of the eighteenth century.

John Gardner had now two other daughters, who had married into Tristram's family: Ann, six years older than Mary, who married Edward, six years younger than Jethro, also Ruth, six years younger than Mary, who married James, Jr., son of James, and first cousin of Jethro and Edward, (sons of Peter.)

The great-grand-children had now increased to a considerable number, and as some of them are necessary to show the relationship of Tristram to those who will hereafter be mentioned, we will presently introduce them to notice. We referred some time since to Abigail Coffin, daughter of James and Mary Severance, and sister to Mary Pinkham, and at the same time mentioned that she had become the wife of Nathaniel Gardner, (son of Richard.) We will now present to our readers, their son, Ebenezer Gardner, aged twelve, named for his mother's brother, Ebenezer Coffin, now a young man of twenty-two. Should there be any confusion in attempting to retain in the mind the different Ebenezers and Abigails and Peters and Marys, let me say, have patience at the beginning, for they have not yet come in full blast; and with this warning, we will now bring forward, Ebenezer Gardner's young brother, Peleg, born May twenty-second, 1691, and consequently nearly nine years old, when the year 1700 commenced its course.

Returning again to John Gardner, we find his son George, is now father to a little daughter four years of age, who answers to the name of Hepsabeth. Now, by what manner of means, the little

Hepsabeth Gardner can claim Tristram Coffin as a great-grandfather, will be made clear presently. We have only to bear in mind, that Nathaniel Starbuck, son of Edward, married Mary Coffin, daughter of Tristram, and that among their younger children, was a daughter, Eunice; it will be seen at a glance, that should Eunice Starbuck marry George Gardner, which was really the case, their little daughter would be a great-grand-child of Tristram, through her mother, Eunice.

Passing on to William Bunker and his wife, Mary Macy, we find his two sons, George and Peleg, grown to manhood and settled down for life with Tristram's grand-daughters. Peleg, at this date, twenty-four years old, with Susannah, daughter of Stephen Coffin and Mary Bunker, his first cousin, while George, aged twenty-nine, was content to go a little farther from home, and take Deborah Coffin, daughter of James, for a companion. George, the elder brother, had, at this time, a son, four years old, called Daniel, (for variety, probably.) Peleg had, as yet, no children. Mary Pinkham, wife of Richard, and daughter of James Coffin, who has now had a long rest after her midnight tramp through the fog, was still one of the gayest of the gay, notwithstanding the little Jonathan was now in his sixteenth year, with a long list of brothers and sisters following at his heels, among whom, the names of Shubael and Barnabas and Deborah shone pre-eminent; but her numerous household cares had not checked or sobered her spirits, and let the opportunity come when it would, she was always ready to drop her cares or leave them for Richard, and take advantage of the chance for a good time, while it offered.

Let us look in upon her, one bright, sunny morning, as she stands at the pounding-barrel,

merrily singing, and pounding at the same time, for no housewife could think of dispensing with the pounding-barrel, which, almost unknown at the present day, was as important an article to our good foremothers, as the shovel and tongs, or even the wood-pile at the back of the house. As she stood thus, busy at her washing, the door opened and her brother Ebenezer, entered. He was now looking forward to the day, near at hand, when Eleanor Barnard should share his home; and upon this particular day, he was about to set sail for Boston, in the Dolphin, his father's sloop; and his business in Boston was to purchase numerous articles which would be necessary when he commenced housekeeping. He was then on his way to the vessel, and had stopped a moment to look in upon his sister Mary. No sooner did Mary hear of his proposed journey, than dropping the pounder and wiping her hands on her apron, she declared her intention of accompanying him, adding, in a matter-of-fact tone to Richard, that he could do all that was to be done, and she could go just as well as not. Poor Richard! The pounding-barrel in the middle of the floor, half full of unwashed clothes, while in and around the house, in every conceivable occupation, were Jonathan and Shubael and Nathaniel and Deborah and Daniel and Barnabas, all amusing themselves according to their own ideas of a good time, some taking after their father and quietly enjoying themselves, but the majority dancing either upon their heads or their heels, and fully warranting Ebenezer's remark, that they were "chips from the old Coffin block." Richard, however, quietly accepted his fate, and always glad to see Mary enjoying herself, commenced the task of bringing order out of confusion, while Mary, unconcernedly prepared

herself, and was soon on the road to Boston with Ebenezer, comforting herself with the reflection that it would be all the same a month hence, whether she went or staid. Fortunately for Richard, Mary and the children, the trip was accomplished without any mishap to either. Ebenezer's purchases were made, and Mary returned in safety to her home.

Far different was the case with Mary, wife of Jethro Coffin, who now considered herself quite an elderly woman, having been married nearly fourteen years, though only about thirty years of age, Jethro being thirty-seven. Twice had they been called upon to give up their little ones. Little Peter now slept the silent sleep of death, shared by still another little one to whom they had given the name of Edward. Four more children had been added to their household: Margaret, aged nearly eleven; Priscilla, named for her grandmother, eight years of age; John, nearly six, and Josiah, not yet two. Thus have the great-grand-children of Tristram been presented to notice; not all of them, by any means, but nearly all, to whom we shall have occasion to refer.

A few miles to the west of the present town, is a chain, as it were, of ponds, extending from the northern shore of the Island, to its southern border; first, on the north is Capaum, the Coffin territory; a little to the southeast, lies Wannacomet, the site of the old Washing Pond, which now supplies the town with water; a little distance to the south is Maxcy's, and still farther south and only a short distance from the Starbuck territory, the head of the Hummock, may be seen, a sheet of water which stretches off to the southern shore of the Island, and, when a heavy surf is breaking,

mingles its waters with the Atlantic, as it washes over the slight barrier which intervenes between the pond and the sea. The land in the vicinity of this group of ponds, is rolling and undulating, and upon a portion of this rolling land, a little to the east of Maxcy's pond, upon one of the highest of the elevations, was the ancient burial ground located. The only vestige remaining to mark the spot, is a single, solitary mound, with a dark stone nearly sunken from sight, on which are inscribed the name and age of one whose descendants are closely linked with those of Tristram Coffin. The spot is easily distinguishable, even at a distance, for, situated as it is, upon the top of a hill, the one lonely grave stands out clear and distinct against the sky, looking at a distance much larger than reality, and as you approach, gradually taking its true form and appearance, until as you reach the spot, the moss-covered slate stone stands before you, defaced by time, but still more defaced by rude hands; and these are the words recorded:

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF
JOHN GARDNER,
WHO WAS BORN IN YE YEAR 1624,
AND DIED A. D. 1706,
AGED 82."

The same John Gardner, the father of Mary! Not another trace is distinguished in this "silent city of the dead;" nothing but footsteps, and the roadway winding back and forth over their last resting-places.

Two years previous, Mary Morell, the widow of Peter Folger, had joined her departed husband, and now, during the same year that John Gardner had closed his earthly career, another aged one was laid away in that last, long, dreamless sleep, to

awaken again in that beautiful home beyond the River, Sarah Hopcott, patiently waiting till her summons should be sounded! For nearly a quarter of a century had she traveled the downhill of life, a widow, in her old age; her last son in his grave. Hers had been truly a life of anxiety. Nearly half a century had elapsed, since first she set foot upon the Island shores, and how much had been accomplished! She had seen the little settlement grow stronger and stronger, as each succeeding year sped on, and as first her eldest son, then her husband, then her last remaining son was taken from her, the same patient submission, the same calm trust sustained her, as when, trusting her life and the lives of her little ones to an over-ruling Providence, she entered the open boat with her husband, fifty years previous, and sailed forth to seek a new home, amidst the difficulties and dangers of an unsettled island. Sarah Hopcott, wife of Thomas Macy, aged ninety-two, had passed to her reward. To her daughters, it was as though the last link had been severed, which connected them with that olden time, (so long ago it seemed a dream,) when they lived alone, through that fearful first winter; a time they could never recall, without a shudder, for, prominent above everything, was that cold night in midwinter, when those terrible cries sounded upon their ears, and young though they were, they would never forget their mother's pale, terrified looks, as they suddenly awoke from their childish slumbers and learned that the Indians had surrounded the house. And how much had transpired since that time! Year by year, they recalled it all, the death of their brother Thomas; the time when they each left their father's roof; the death of that father; then their brother John; and now,

their mother. What were they, the children of Thomas Macy, to Tristram or his grandchildren? We shall see. In order to show the close connection which existed between the grandchildren of Thomas Macy and those of Tristram Coffin, it will be necessary to repeat what has already been mentioned in regard to the children of Mary Macy, who married William Bunker; namely, that George and Peleg Bunker had married respectively, Deborah, daughter of James Coffin, and Susannah, daughter of Stephen, and we will also add, though there may not be occasion to again mention them, that Jonathan Bunker, son of William and Mary, chose for a wife, Elizabeth Coffin, daughter of James, and sister to Deborah, his brother George's wife, also that Mary Bunker, daughter of William and Mary Bunker, was the life companion of Tristram Coffin, son of John, who, it has been stated, had removed to the Vineyard.

Leaving the family of William Bunker and Mary Macy, we will pass on to the children of John Macy, who married Deborah Gardner, daughter of Richard. Here we find a son Thomas, named for his grandfather, Thomas Macy, and from the records, we find that he married Deborah Coffin, daughter of the same John who removed from Nantucket to the Vineyard. Thus, then, we have sufficient grounds to establish the fact beyond a question, that many of the grandchildren of Thomas Macy, were most intimately related to those of Tristram.

Priscilla Grafton, widow of John Gardner, was left alone, as many another has been and shall be, till time shall be no more. Jethro's business had of late called him from home more frequently, and for longer periods than formerly, and he had at

length decided to remove his family to Mendon; accordingly, in the year 1706, the same year in which his father-in-law died, he bade a long farewell to his Island home, and with his wife and family took up his abode upon the mainland. Their children now numbered six: Margaret, seventeen years; Priscilla, fifteen; John, twelve; Josiah, eight; and Abigail and Robert, five and two years of age. Many years elapsed before they again returned, for a permanent residence upon the land of their birth, and many were the changes in other families as well as their own.

At the time of their removal from the Island, the Society of Friends was fast increasing in numbers, and many who had not yet openly embraced the doctrine, leaned decidedly in favor of it. Still there were many Baptists and Presbyterians, who held to their own opinions, some of whom had ever been averse to the form of religion held by the Quakers, but as the eighteenth century advanced in its course, the principles taught by the Friends rapidly gained new converts; the greater proportion of the children as they grew older, following in the footsteps of their parents, until the Quaker element in the community had gained a foothold in nearly every family.

Business, too, was progressing with rapid strides. The whale fishery was receiving the attention of all, and without designing to enter into any details, as "Starbuck's History of the American Whale Fishery" furnishes all necessary information in that respect, we shall only refer to it as occasion requires.

Peter Coffin, son of Tristram, and father of Jethro, was, at the time of John Gardner's death, about seventy-five years of age. He still resided

at Exeter, New Hampshire, where he was Judge and Counsellor for many years. Three of his sons, Peter, Jr., Jethro and Edward, had married on Nantucket. Peter, Jr. had died some years previous. Peter, the elder, was still the owner of large tracts of land upon the Island, portions of which he had from time to time conveyed to his sons. Edward, who married Anne Gardner, sister of Mary, was not as well fitted for business as his brothers, and depended, in a great measure, upon his father's judgment and oversight. He had resided since his marriage, on the Coffin property, and Peter, feeling the uncertainty of life, though as yet, apparently as vigorous as in his earlier years, had decided to present the property to his son Edward, that he might be comfortably provided for during the remainder of his life. Accordingly, in the year 1704, he drew up a legal document, by which, the property was transferred to Edward, and having signed it before the proper authorities, it was delivered over to Edward, on the occasion of Peter's next visit to the Island. A copy of the Deed is here recorded, for the benefit of those interested:

To all Christain People, unto whom these Presents shall come—Peter Coffin of Essex in the province of Newhampshire in New England Esqr. sendeth Greeting—Know ye that I the said Peter Coffin, for the love and affection that I do bear unto my beloved son, Edward Coffin, have given, granted, conveyed and confirmed and do by these presents, fully, freely and absolutely, give, grant, convey and confirm unto my son, Edward Coffin, and to his Wife, Half a share of Land at Nantucket where his Dwelling House now stands, which half share shall lay next John Macy's which is part of the land I bought of Bishop, with the houses, Barns, or out Houses thereon, together with all and singular the privilege and appurtenances thereto belonging or any ways appertaining, to have and to hold to them the said Edward Coffin and his wife Anne, to his and her proper use, benefit and behoof, during his or her natural life—but if he die without Heir of his body lawfully begotten, I give, convey and confirm the

aforesaid Premises after my said son Edward and his wife's decease unto my son Jethro Coffin's eldest son, that shall be then living, to him and to his heirs forever, full and clear and clearly acquitted and discharged of and from all former and other gifts, grants, bargains, sales, leases, Mortgages, Entails, dowers, titles, troubles, charges, incumbrances, claims and demands whatsoever—and the same Edward Coffin and his wife, may during their natural life, and if he die without heir of his body lawfully begotten, after his and her decease, my son, Jethro Coffin's then Eldest son and his heirs may lawfully quietly and peacably have, hold, possess and enjoy the above granted premises and every part thereof, without any let, denial, suit, trouble, ejection or interruption by or from me the said Peter Coffin, or by or from any Person or Persons by, from or under me whomsoever. In witness whereof, I the said Peter Coffin have hereunto set my hand and seal the eighteenth day of July, Anno Domino, one Thousand seven hundred and four.

PETER COFFIN. [Seal]

Signed sealed and delivered in the presence of
{ JONATHAN WADLEIGH,
{ EDWARD GILLMAN.

Province of Newhampshire, August 12, 1704, Peter Coffin acknowledged the above Instrument to be his act and Deed, before me.

MOSES LEAVITT, Justice of the Peace.

A true copy, compared and examined by
ELEAZER FOLGER, Reg'r.

Peter Coffin, although advanced in years, was still actively engaged in business, and in the year 1709, when nearly eighty years old, had just completed the Hope, a vessel of forty tons, the largest vessel that had yet been built. The grandchildren of Tristram now occupied the positions which Tristram and his companions had held over fifty years before, and many of the great-grandchildren were already taking an important part in the general business.

The next twenty years in our history, bring many changes, as twenty years are apt to do, in the history of any community. Peter Coffin, James, John and Mary, followed one after the

other during that period of twenty years. John, who lived at the Vineyard, departed this life Sept. 15th, 1711, aged sixty-four. The following year, William Bunker, the husband of Mary Macy, and father of George and Peleg, was laid away in his narrow home, also aged sixty-four; and in 1715, on the second day of March, Peter Coffin, in his eighty-fifth year, laid aside the cares and trials of a long and active life, and crossed the River of Death to the mysteries beyond. In 1716, Eleazer, son of Peter Folger, aged sixty-eight, followed him to the grave; and in 1717, Mary Starbuck, aged seventy-four, daughter of Tristram, and wife of Nathaniel Starbuck, and one of the first to connect herself with the Society of Friends, left a large circle of sorrowing relatives and friends on earth, and passed to a brighter home above. During the same year, Priscilla Grafton, wife of John Gardner, was also called, and in 1718, Richard Pinkham bade a last earthly farewell to his wife and children and left them, never to return. In 1719, Nathaniel Starbuck, aged eighty-three, joined Mary, his wife, who departed two years previous, and in 1720, James Coffin, wanting only twenty days of four-score, joined the long train which is forever marching on to eternity. Ten years previous, and of all the children of Tristram, who had settled upon the Island, not one was missing; in that brief ten years, all were taken but Stephen, and during the following year, 1721, his wife, the little Mary Bunker, left him still more desolate in his old age. Eight years later, and Mary, daughter of Thomas Macy, and widow of William Bunker, was added to the number.

And had Jethro Coffin's family remained unbroken, through that eventful twenty years, which had wrought so many changes in the Coffin family?

Their home at Nantucket had passed from their hands, sold to Nathaniel Paddack in the year 1707, the year following their removal from the Island. Their elder children were all married, and, with the exception of Margaret, the eldest, they had all returned for companions, to the home of their childhood. Priscilla, the second daughter, had settled down for life, with her own cousin, John Gardner, 3d, son of John 2d, her mother's brother. John, the third child, and eldest son of Jethro, had married his third cousin, Lydia Gardner, a step farther off, she being a granddaughter of Richard Gardner, and daughter of Richard Jr., also a great-granddaughter of Edward Starbuck on her mother's side. Josiah, whose descendants will claim a share of attention, had in the year 1720, Oct. 5th, strengthened his connection with the Coffin family by marrying his cousin in a double degree, Elizabeth Coffin, daughter of James Coffin, Jr., and Ruth Gardner, daughter of John, and sister to Mary; thus he was first cousin to his wife on his mother's side, as well as third cousin on his father's side, his father Jethro and his wife's father, James, Jr., being both grandchildren of Tristram. Thus they married and intermarried, involving the present generation in endless confusion, in the attempt to trace back their genealogy to Tristram Coffin, John Gardner, Edward Starbuck, Thomas Macy and others, whose descendants are so closely interwoven, that after spending the best part of a life time, to find one's great, great-grandmother, it becomes a serious question after having completed the search and found the required grandmother, whether after all your time and labor, spent in her discovery, you may not be plunged into a state of perplexity bordering on distraction, as you awake to the fact that your great, great-

grandmother is also an aunt with three greats attached to the forward end on your grandmother's father's side, or aunt with two greats for a handle on your grandfather's mother's side, or ninety-ninth cousin on both sides, as well as fitting into numerous little niches of relationship, with commendable dignity; and so, dropping your great, great-grandmother, at once, you may safely rush to the conclusion that you are a *bona fide* descendant of the renowned Tristram, provided your residence upon the Island has been of sufficient length to trace back to any grandmother at all. In this interesting situation are the descendants of Jethro Coffin placed, as well as many others. Though having a clear and undoubted claim to Tristram as an ancestor, by many different direct lines of descent, yet what particular relation the descendants of the nineteenth century bear to each other, is as difficult of adjustment as the successful arrangement of 14, 15, 16, when after privately practising till midnight, for seven days out of the week, and accomplishing it successfully every time, you triumphantly attempt to "show off" before your next door neighbor, who has dared to boldly assert that you cannot do it, and find, to your infinite disgust, that 15 will insist upon occupying the place of its grandmother 13, and in spite of all the thinking-caps which you call into requisition, there it remains a stubborn witness against the wonderful skill you thought to exhibit "before folks," and having been taught to believe from your earliest infancy, that one of the innumerable Peter Coffins was your great-grandfather, you learn, upon hunting up your ancestors to find the connecting link, that the said Peter, in addition to being your great-grandfather, had really and beyond a doubt, by a series of honest manœuvrings, amongst the other

branches of the fractious Coffin family, become your great, great-grandfather as well, to say nothing of the different degrees of uncleship with which he had blessed you.

To return to Jethro and Mary. Have they lived to see these changes which have taken place in the Coffin family? Mary is still living, but Jethro has gone. For four years the summer grass has grown green, and the winter snows have rested upon his grave. Mary, after the death of Jethro, returned to the Island, to spend her last days near her father's old home, with Josiah, her second living son. At the extreme north end of the town, near the locality which has been built up within the last few years, by summer residents of the Island, there yet stands a roomy, old-fashioned house, built to defy time, which it seems in a fair way to accomplish, and in this house, built by Josiah Coffin, in the year 1724, Mary, his mother, spent the last forty years of her life. The house is now owned and occupied by one of the direct descendants from Tristram, by thirteen different and distinct lines, and has been handed down from Josiah Coffin, the original owner, through several generations, to the present owner, passing from parent to child in succession. The old heirlooms, which have descended from different branches of the family, still retain the places they have held for years. The estate is now in the possession of Josiah Gardner, a great, great-grandson of the first Josiah, the original owner of the property. As the children of the first Josiah Coffin will be referred to, from time to time, it may be as well to mention them in their proper order, commencing with Margaret, the eldest, commonly called Peggy; then follow, Priscilla, Ruth and Mary, (twins,) Josiah, Jr., Elizabeth, Edward, Andrew

Sally, Anna, Abigail and Jennette, besides three others, who died young. The above is one specimen of many, showing the changes rung upon the name of Coffin, during the eighteenth century, in one family only.

We left Ebenezer Gardner, aged twelve, and his brother Peleg, aged nine, rather unceremoniously, after their introduction as great-grandchildren of Tristram, through their mother, Abigail, daughter of James Coffin. Ebenezer is some years older now, and has for some years followed the general occupation of whale fishery. At the date of which we write, he had just returned from the Grand Banks, having been unusually fortunate, and was then at home with his wife and family. And who was his wife, and who are his family? His wife was the little Eunice Coffin, daughter of Peter Coffin, Jr., who was left fatherless at the tender age of six years. She, too, is a great-grandchild of Tristram, through her grandfather, the first Peter, and their family, or all it will be necessary to mention, are Uriah Gardner, a stout boy of fourteen, and a daughter Eunice, who, though they bear the name of Gardner, are none the less great, great-grandchildren of Tristram. And Peleg Gardner, the young brother of Ebenezer? He was a mere lad when first brought to notice. Twenty-seven years, only, were allotted to him, and then, in the year 1718, his voice was hushed in death, leaving his son John, fatherless, and Hepsabeth Gardner, a sorrowing widow. Hepsabeth Gardner, whom we have before noticed, was a daughter of George and Eunice, a granddaughter of John Gardner on her father's side, and of Nathaniel Starbuck and Mary Coffin on her mother's, consequently a great-granddaughter of Tristram, as observed on a preceding page; thus her

son John was another great, great-grandson of Tristram, on his mother's side, and equally a great, great-grandson on his father's side, as Peleg, his father, was grandson of James Coffin, through Abigail. Let not this boy, John, of whom we are speaking, be confounded with the John Gardners who have been mentioned heretofore. To avoid confusion, they will always be referred to as John, 1st, the original John, father to Mary; John, 2d, son of John, 1st; then John, 3d, son of John, 2d; and lastly, John, 4th, son of John, 3d. In this manner this particular branch of the Gardner family will always be designated, while the boy, John, (who was a great-grandson of John, 1st, through his grandfather, George, also a great-grandson of Richard, through his father, Peleg,) when again mentioned will be distinguished by the title of John Gardner, Lonker.

We shall next direct our attention to the Bunker branch of the Coffin family, of which, George and Peleg are the connecting links, through their marriages with Tristram's granddaughters. Daniel Bunker (son of George, and great-grandson of Tristram through his grandfather, James,) was four years of age at the close of the seventeenth century, and after this long lapse of thirty years, we shall, most probably, find him occupying the dignified position of husband and father, and in this we are not mistaken, for Priscilla Swain, believing that "the Coffins, noisy, fractious, loud," were monopolizing the younger portion of the community as fast as they became of suitable age, entertained the opinion that one branch of the Coffin tribe was sufficient for Daniel Bunker, and so, was easily persuaded to become a helpmate to him in the busy race of life. Priscilla Swain was a great-granddaughter, on her father's

side, of the same Richard Swain who married Jane Bunker, the first white person who died on the Island; and on her mother's side, the blood of Peter Folger flowed freely through her veins, her mother being Experience Folger, daughter of said Peter. This, however, does not prevent her little daughter, Ruth Bunker, nine years of age, from claiming Tristram Coffin as a great, great-grandfather on her father's side, where we shall leave her to grow to womanhood, and turn to her great uncle, Peleg Bunker, brother of George, her grandfather. When the year 1730 had completed but half its course, Peleg Bunker, who married Susannah Coffin, (daughter of Stephen,) was numbered with the dead, leaving a son, William, and a daughter, Judith, twenty-nine years of age, married some twelve years previous to Bartlett Coffin, (grandson of John Coffin of the Vineyard, and great-grandson of Tristram.) Ebenezer Coffin, (son of James, and grandson of Tristram,) the same Ebenezer whom Mary Pinkham accompanied on that trip to Boston, survived Peleg Bunker but a few months, leaving a daughter, Jane, who married Peleg Bunker's son, William, and of the children born to William and Jane, one amongst them, Susannah Bunker, (herself a great, great-grandchild by two direct lines,) again married into the Coffin family, and will appear in due season.

Mary, widow of Jethro Coffin, whose home was now with her son Josiah, had at that time quite a numerous family of grandchildren, of whom, all it will be necessary to mention at present, are, Josiah 2d, two years of age, and son of Josiah; Peter and Keziah, children of Jethro's son, John, whom we shall hereafter call John Coffin, sheriff, for distinction. These were also, great, great-grandchildren of the one head, Tristram. And now,

having duly proved the relationship of Tristram as a great, great-grandfather, we will dispose of each as they grow to years of discretion, and assign them their proper places as they journey along in life, remembering that each one is separately and individually a great, great-grandchild of a common, great, great-grandfather, many of them upon both sides, the parents being grandchildren in the same degree.

Through all these generations of children, Stephen Coffin still remained, now an old man of nearly fourscore. The youngest child of Tristram, he had survived them all; but the time was approaching when he, too, must go. Stephen Coffin had lived through many changes, since that first spring season, nearly three quarters of a century previous, when with his elder brothers, he, then a boy of eight years, had wandered through the dense forests of the Island, now the scene of so much bustle and life. He had beheld his father's descendants to the fourth and fifth generations, and now in his old age, he was to leave them to carry on the work which he had commenced, in common with his old companions, not one of whom had been living for many long years. On the fourteenth of September, 1734, Stephen Coffin departed this life, aged 82 years, 6 months.

Mary Pinkham, all this while, has not been forgotten. Her life, like the rest of her companions, had been marked by some changes.

James Gardner, (son of Richard,) who was left with six motherless children, by the death of his wife, Mary Starbuck, had married a second wife, Rachel Brown, widow of John, and daughter of John Gardner, and shortly, was again left alone. A third time he married—this time Patience Harker, a granddaughter of Peter Folger—and a third time was he bereaved. He soon afterwards married

Mary Pinkham, who survived him about eighteen years, he dying in 1723 and she in 1741.

The Island of Tuckernuck, containing about 1000 acres, and situated near the north-west extremity of the Island, was in the year 1659, purchased of Thomas Mayhew, for the sum of £6, by Tristram Coffin and his sons, Peter, Tristram Jr., and James. According to an agreement which the original proprietors had made, and to which they strictly adhered, they afterwards purchased it again, from the Indians, whom they considered as rightful owners of the land. It was not always easy to ascertain to what parties the land rightfully belonged, and in this case, after paying Chief Wanackmamack, one half the money down, they paid the remainder, after it had been decided by Thomas Mayhew, to whom the Island belonged. In this way, Tristram and his children came into possession of the Island of Tuckernuck. This Island was handed down from father to son, through a long series of years, and a large tract, finally, came into possession of Peter Coffin, (son of John Coffin, sheriff, and Lydia Gardner, granddaughter of Richard). Peter Coffin was also grandson of Jethro, and sister of Keziah, already mentioned as one of Mary's grandchildren. Upon this Island of Tuckernuck, Peter Coffin lived with his wife Susy Bunker (both great, great-grandchildren of Tristram.) Susy Bunker has already been spoken of, as Susannah, (daughter of William Bunker, who married Jane Coffin, daughter of Ebenezer Coffin and Eleanor Barnard.) Here they lived for eleven years, contented and happy. Here were born their two children, Lydia and Antipas, great, great, great-grandchildren of Tristram. After eleven years of married life, Susy Bunker passed away, leaving only one of her children, Lydia, to grow to years of maturity.

IV.

WE HAVE now passed over a sufficient length of time for the great, great-grandchildren to arrive at mature years, and when we next visit them, we find that Jonathan Pinkham, the eldest son of Richard and Mary, had married Hannah Coffin, a widow, and daughter of John and Rachel Brown, and granddaughter of John Gardner, 1st. She had died in 1730, after having borne him twelve children, and he, one year afterwards, at the age of forty-seven, and only four years before his death, married Margaret, daughter of John and Priscilla Arthur, and also granddaughter of John Gardner 1st, consequently an own cousin of his first wife, Hannah. Of his whole family of twelve children, only Solomon will at present be mentioned. In the year 1735, the same year in which Jonathan, his father, died, Solomon, (great, great-grandson of Tristram,) married Eunice Gardner, lately mentioned as daughter of Ebenezer Gardner and Eunice Coffin, she also being a great, great-granddaughter of Tristram. We find Solomon Pinkham and Eunice, about the middle of the eighteenth century, settled down in life with four children: John, twelve years of age; Lydia, five; Tristram, six, and and Judith, a baby not yet one year, all great, great, great-grandchildren of Tristram.

Josiah Coffin, son of Jethro and Mary, from the fact that he had held a commission as Major, during the French war, was ever after distinguished from his son, Josiah, Jr., by the title of "the Major," or "Major Josiah." Josiah, Jr. had, in the year 1750, married Judith, daughter of Bartlett Coffin, and had also built a home a little to the south, and adjoining his father's property. This house, which is yet standing at the present day, is near the north end of the New Lane of former days, and is generally known as the Rogers House.

The whaling business was now claiming the whole attention of the community; from the beginning of the year to its end, nothing occurred to divert their attention from the one principal pursuit, with the one exception of shearing. As regularly as the summer returned, the Monday and Tuesday nearest the twentieth of June, were set apart, for the purpose of washing and shearing their sheep. Shearing was near at hand, so near that the eastern shearing had commenced. The Wesco folks, who sheared their sheep at Wannacomet, and washed them in the waters of the old Washing Pond, would commence their work when the eastern shearing was finished. As a matter of convenience, the eastern inhabitants of the Island had selected a spot at the east of the town, and on the day appointed, all assisted in the work. When the eastern shearing was finished, the western commenced, and on that occasion, young and old collected upon the shearing ground, for a day of general enjoyment, as well as to render assistance in the shape of preparing meals, etc. Eunice Pinkham, wife of Solomon, had been busy in her kitchen for two days, from morning till night; there were long rows of pies, stacked away in the

milkroom, loaves of plain cake and loaves of plum cake, while the shearing buns were to be measured by the bushel; a huge loaf of brown bread, steaming hot, had just been placed upon the table, and now Eunice was engaged in the mysteries of a chicken-pie, something that would "hang by," as Solomon had said that morning, as he was making preparations to go out with John Gardner, Lonker, and drive up their sheep. This was a part of the preparatory business of shearing. For several days before shearing the commons would be seen dotted here, there and everywhere, with men in carts, and men on foot, men in groups, and men alone by themselves, all intent on the one general object, hunting and driving up their sheep.

Solomon Pinkham and John Gardner, Lonker, had been out only the week before, on a tour of discovery, that they might have an idea of the whereabouts of their own particular animals, and had easily recognized them, even at a distance; for Solomon's sheep were marked with a large, black cross on the left side, looking for all the world, as old Slocum Russell remarked, as though Solomon Pinkham didn't know enough to spell his own name, and had put a cross instead. But Solomon took no notice of what old Slocum Russel had to say, neither did any one else, for that matter, but still continued to make an X his mark, on the larboard side of his "creeturs," by which means he was always enabled to identify them a long distance off, while John Gardner, Lonker, whose mark was a long, red J, commencing at the back of the sheep's neck, and running lengthwise down the back, was obliged to take a closer inspection, to distinguish them from others, whose marks bore a resemblance to his. In addition to these, each sheep-owner had his own particular,

private mark, which was duly registered in the town records, something by which they could prove their property, if it happened, as it often would, that in rubbing through the bushes the painted marks would be obliterated, or so altered by pieces of wool being torn off by the vines and brambles, that the original mark would be difficult to distinguish from the mark of another person's property, painted with the same color and in the same place.

Now, John Gardner's sheep, generally kept pretty close to those of Solomon Pinkham, perhaps from the fact that Solomon had several years previous, bought a dozen or so from John; and so it happened, that Solomon and John usually went out in company, when shearing week drew near, for Solomon's mark loomed up with full effect in the distance, and wherever Solomon Pinkham found his flock of sheep, there John Gardner, Lonker, was pretty certain his would be found also. They had seen their sheep only the week previous, after a short search, and were now tolerably certain that they had not wandered far from the vicinity of Trott's Swamp, where they were quietly grazing, when they last saw them; and so directing their course towards this locality, they rode leisurely along, discussing the probabilities of their sons, John Pinkham and Peleg Gardner, being at home before many weeks, possibly before the end of that one. John and Peleg had been at sea for more than a year, John nearly two years; they had both been spoken by sloop Polly, just arrived, so that unless they should be captured by the French privateers, which infested the track of the American whalers, or a severe storm should arise, it was probable they were not many days' sail from home. Thus they rode along, until they

reached the locality where they expected to find the two flocks, when suddenly, John Gardner exclaimed, "There's a few of the black pirates, where can the rest be?" Solomon looked in the direction indicated by John, and there, true enough, were fifteen or twenty sheep, where there should have been a hundred or more; riding on round a bend in the road they descried another small flock, and riding on, over a considerable tract of land nearly to the Long Pond, they succeeded in finding all but one or two, and thinking the best plan would be to drive them up to the pens and secure them, they proceeded to do so, intending to return afterwards and hunt up the missing animals. And now, Solomon Pinkham's mark stood him in good service, for running first this way, then that, as they would persist in doing, John Gardner's patience was taxed to the utmost, to get one good square look at the letter upon their back, before another would crowd in before him, but as nearly as they could both calculate there were only two missing, both belonging to John Gardner. Solomon's were all safe.

As they arrived at the ground, they found Peter Coffin, just landed from Tuckernuck, and the story he had to relate, will presently be told. Peter Coffin, Tuckernuck, son of John, sheriff, and grandson of Jethro and Mary, had by the death of his wife, Susy Bunker, been left a widower, with one little daughter, Lydia. He had at this period, a second wife, Judith, widow of Josiah Gardner, son of John, 3d. Judith was also a granddaughter of Richard and Mary Pinkham, and likewise a cousin of Solomon Pinkham. Judith, with Lydia, daughter of Peter's first wife, had come over with Peter from Tuckernuck, and while he had remained to gather his sheep together, they had continued on to

Wesco, to take up their abode with Solomon and Eunice Pinkham until after the shearing festivities. And this was the story that Peter Coffin, Tuckernuck, had to relate to Solomon Pinkham and John Gardner, as they chose the softest side of the shear-pen fence to sit upon, while they discussed such subjects as men usually discuss, when they meet after an absence of twenty-four hours:

"As I was hauling up my boat," said Peter, "after the women folks had landed and gone on, I landed a leetle to the west'ard of the cliff, you see; well, as I was a hauling on my boat up, I heerd a sheep crying and blatting; close by it sounded. I thought it an uncommon queer place for a lone sheep at this time, and was just starting on to see what was the matter, when a sheep come a jumping out from that 'ere gully t'other side of Capaum, and run like all possessed over on the commons. I didn't get much chance to see, it came so sudden like, but I could almost take my oath upon it, that that 'ere sheep had John Gar'ners mark on its back. I was so struck like, that I left my boat half tied, and went over by the gully, and there set old Slocum Russell, with his knife in his hand, and as soon as he set eyes on me, he began digging in the sand, and turned round back to. 'Hello, old fellow,' says I, 'what are you up to down here?' 'Pooquaws,' says he, 'I 'm hunting for pooquaws for a shearing pie, but they seems to be so scarce I guess I 'll go off and drive up my sheep.' Now," says Peter, "I did n't tell the old varmint what my idees were, but I did think it looked a leetle suspicious to find Slocum Russell hunting for pooquaws way up in that 'ere beach sand above high water mark, and a sheep a leaping right by him, and he never had a word to say about it."

That was Peter Coffin's story as they sat there,

on the fence, and, on learning the condition in which Solomon and John had found their sheep, coupled with the fact that one or two were yet missing, it was not difficult to conjecture what kind of a trick Slocum Russell had been engaged in, particularly, as he had been suspected of the same act several times before. Now, Slocum Russell owned a large flock of sheep, marked on the back with red paint, very similar to John Gardner's, with the single exception that instead of a J, was a mark extending round somewhat like an unfinished U, and this mark, by a little rubbing and tearing, might easily be made to look so nearly like John Gardner's that it was often a question, whether a sheep bore the full mark of John Gardner, or a partly obliterated one of Slocum Russell. In addition to this, was the fact, that the private mark of John Gardner's sheep, was a slit in the right ear and a notch in the left, while that of Slocum Russell's was exactly the same, with the addition of another slit in the right ear. Before proceeding farther, we will give a brief description of Slocum Russell, first, informing the reader that it is not by any means his true name, but one given, as we shall frequently have occasion to give them, during the remainder of our pages. And so, Slocum Russell, who might with equal propriety be called Barnabas Ray or Shubael Green, may shed his fictitious name as though it were a chrysalis and he could burst its bonds and return to his proper name and station, whenever a fitting opportunity presented. Slocum was a hard, grasping, avaricious man and a bachelor. For many years he had followed the seas, having made many successful voyages as Captain, and was now possessed of considerable property, though no one would judge so from his appearance. No one who

made one voyage with Slocum Russell could ever be induced to make another, except it were a case of dire necessity; and at a bargain, it was for the interest of all with whom he dealt, to look sharp on every side, or Slocum would be sure to overreach them. It was as though all the depravity, which might have been distributed throughout the whole community, without any sensible effect, was condensed and concentrated in one single package, and that package was Slocum Russell, who nourished it and encouraged it, until it bore fruit an hundred fold. As Solomon Pinkham, John Gardner, Lonker, and Peter Coffin sat there, discussing the qualities, good and bad, of Slocum Russell, the missing sheep were discovered at a distance, coming directly towards the enclosure, probably attracted by the familiar voices within, perhaps by the bleating of their lambs, which were already within the enclosure. Opening the gate, they allowed them to enter, and then drove them into the small pen in which the remainder of his sheep were confined, being fully convinced, on closer examination, that it was his own property, and that his mark on one of them had been tampered with, though, as he had no positive proof, he determined to let the affair rest for the time being, and keep a stricter watch in future.

And now, returning to Wesco, we will again look in upon Eunice Pinkham. Wesco was the name given to the centre and lower portions of the town, in fact, what those who live near the outskirts of the town now call "down street," was at that time called Wesco. Eunice Pinkham then lived at Wesco, and, as we look in upon her a second time, we find her in the act of shovelling the hot ashes on the baking pan cover, which had just been heated in the fire-place and placed upon

the baking pan, which contains the famous chicken-pie she is preparing for the morrow's festivities. The girls, Lydia and Judith, are each occupied with the household work; Lydia has just finished sweeping and has hung the beach-grass broom in its place, behind the stairway door, and is now making preparations to scrub the kitchen floor, while Judith, some years younger, is in the act of contemplating a loaf of white bread, which she has made and baked with her own hands, without any assistance whatever. Tristram Pinkham, their brother, now a stout, sturdy boy, is busy at the wood-pile in the back yard, sawing the wood into convenient lengths for the fire-place, though some of them, we are told, were capable of holding a cord, more or less, of wood the usual length, and still room enough left for the family. Be that as it may, Tristram was sawing their wood into good honest lengths, working with industry, as all boys will, when called upon to saw wood, especially if there is a good time coming on the morrow. Tristram had worked industriously that morning, at any rate, as his thin cotton clothing could testify, as the perspiration oozed out of every nook and corner, while he sat on the top of the wood-pile, pretending it was the deck of an "outward bounder," which he hoped soon to occupy in good earnest, when, as he was looking towards the fence, without seeing anything in particular, he caught a glimpse of the top of a woman's bonnet, a black bonnet, too, made after the style prevalent among the Quakers; and Tristram knew that bonnet in a second. So without a moment's delay, he jumped from the wood-pile, and darted into the house with the exclamation, "Here comes aunt Debby Wuth; I see her black bombazine calash, just going along the top of the fence!" Now, if there was any one

woman in the town, who was universally disliked, that woman was Deborah Worth; and of her, we will say as we said of Slocum Russell, that her name was just as likely to be Mehitable Wyer, or Jedida Jenkins, as it was to be Deborah Worth, and not at all likely to be either; and, therefore, if any of my readers should discover that Deborah Worth has actually lived upon the Island, at any time since its settlement, they may set it down as a certain fact, that it was not the Deborah Worth whose black bonnet Tristram Pinkham saw, moving along the top of the fence, on that busy day, immediately preceding the shearing to which we have referred. At the intelligence imparted by Tristram, the faces of the girls, as well as the boy, began to visibly lengthen, for shearing would certainly be spoiled with aunt Debby Worth hanging round, and could they have followed their own inclinations, would have plainly told aunt Debby, that it was not convenient to accommodate her, at that particular time. But they well knew their mother Eunice would be guilty of no such breach of hospitality, and so they swallowed down the bunch which would rise in their throats, as they thought of the coming shearing, with aunt Debby Worth to give it a relish.

Deborah Worth was a spinster, and a very disagreeable one at that. She was also a member of the Friends' Society—a birthright member. Now, aunt Debby was only a Quaker by name and speech. Not one in all the congregation that assembled in that old Friends' meeting-house, but would have felt an immense relief, if aunt Debby had declared her solemn intention of going over to the Presbyterians; some even thought she belonged there, just as some of the Presbyterians thought that aunt Debby was exactly at home in

Quaker meeting, while it was the opinion of others, that it would be better if she did not attend any meeting at all, or at least the meeting would be better without her, and it all amounted to the same, in some minds. However, there was aunt Debby, a birthright member, and what was worse yet, Slocum Russell was a birthright member, also, spite of his moral depravity; and the best that could be done, under the circumstances, was to tolerate them both, in the hope that the example of others, should lead one or both of them to a consciousness of the inconsistencies of which they were constantly guilty. And while, as a sort of excuse for the long faces of Lydia and Judith Pinkham, we have been picking flaws in the character of Deborah Worth, she has found her way through the gate, and around to the back door of the house; and to the delight of Tristram, who declares he has more trotting around to do for aunt Debby in one day, than he does for the whole family in a month; to his delight, then, he learned that aunt Debby had only stopped in to rest,—the girls thought it was to see what they were cooking for shearing—she having come from the neighborhood of the Mill Hills, with the intention of spending shearing week with Dorcas Coleman, who lived up North Shore, and had no more right to her name than Deborah Worth had to hers, except from one point of view. Dorcas Coleman, as we shall call her, was a widow, with seven children, five boys and two girls. Her busband had been lost at sea, and she was left alone with her family, not in a state of destitution, for Dorcas was comfortably situated; yes, even more than comfortably, for in addition to a good, round sum, which Shubael, her husband, had accumulated by the united economy and industry of both, they

owned a well furnished house, with a considerable tract of land adjoining, which was kept in good order by her two eldest sons, Tristram and Jethro, they having settled down in life as farmers, while their younger brother, Peltiah, had just sailed on a two years' cruise on the Brazil Banks. Dorcas, as we call her, and with good reason, too, was a mild, quiet sort of a woman, never so happy as when employed in some kind office for a neighbor, always ready to watch by the bedside of the sick, giving freely of her time and means, to aid the sufferings of others, in whatever form it might be; and so it was no great wonder that Deborah Worth found her way from Mill Hills to North Shore so often, for she never returned to her home, empty handed. Deborah was poor; she owned a house near the Mill Hills, it is true, but it was a large, old-fashioned house, sadly out of repair, which had descended to her from her grandfather, and in which she at this time resided. Her livelihood was picked up in various ways; she earned a trifle by sewing or quilting, sometimes even went out to washing, but the greater part of her subsistence was gained by visiting round amongst her old acquaintances, sometimes for a day and sometimes for a week, never omitting in any one instance, unless it was when she visited Dorcas Coleman, to take her pail or basket, to carry home whatever she could beg for her next breakfast or dinner. The only reason she never took either basket or pail, when visiting Dorcas Coleman, was this, the boys were always so glad to see her setting her face homeward, that at the least intimation from aunt Debby, that she must begin to think about getting home—she usually staid a full week, sometimes two,—it was no sooner expressed than Jethro started off for the barn, and soon re-appeared

at the door with the horse and cart, and a few vegetables thrown in as a decoy, for fear aunt Debby might change her mind and conclude to stop till night. When fairly seated in the splint-bottom chair, at the front end of the cart, Jethro and Tristram would pile in the ballast at the other end; this consisted of the different kinds of vegetables generally raised on a farm, with a good-sized piece of pork or beef in a large basket, while Deborah, herself, sat in state, up forward, with a bag in one hand, containing a few piggins of flour, while the other carefully held a basket of new-laid eggs, which Dorcas had handed her, as she was on the point of starting. This was a sample of the setting out which was bestowed on aunt Debby, when the notion seized her, as it frequently did, to go up and help Dorcas Coleman for a week or so, though where the help came in, it puzzled the girls, Jemima and Betsey, and even aunt Dorcas herself, to tell. To all the children, far and near, wherever she visited, she was a source of trouble and vexation, from the time she drew the latch, and entered the door, to the time she drew it again, to take her departure; nothing escaped her notice, even the piece of blue ribbon which Jemima Coleman had smuggled round her neck, and which Dorcas, her mother, had quietly winked at, though she was a Quaker, even that little innocent piece of ribbon had furnished a text for aunt Debby, from which she preached a sermon, ten days long, on the last visit, only the month preceding; the only reason the sermon had not been spun out through the eleventh day was, that aunt Debby returned home, on the afternoon of the tenth. To the boys, Tristram, Jethro, Peltiah, Zephaniah and Shubael, she had been a bugbear from their earliest recollection, and Peltiah's chief

cause of rejoicing, when he shipped in the good sloop Mary, had been at the thought of escaping the fiery tongue of aunt Debby Worth. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Tristram Pinkham should have nearly turned a somersault over the wood-pile, after stopping at the kitchen door long enough to remark, "There she goes with her old bombazine calash, pinting to lu'ard." It was a habit Tristram had, of calling everything a calash, from the snuff-colored satin Quaker bonnet of old cousin Polly Macy, which she had worn for fifty years, and was still in as good condition as when she first wore it, a young woman of thirty, to the new Boston-built bonnet of his cousin, Deborah Pinkham, who "took after" her grandmother, Mary Pinkham, and liked to live as Boston folks lived.

Tristram returned to his wood sawing, and Lydia and Judith returned to their duties; but not many minutes elapsed, before Tristram was again bounding into the kitchen, with the announcement that cousin Judy Coffin, from Tuckernuck, was coming along the fence with Liddy. This time the rejoicing was universal; for cousin Judy from Tuckernuck was a great favorite amongst the townfolks, and though she had but one eye, was of more account with the other, than aunt Debby Worth would have been with a dozen.

After the usual salutations, the work all the while progressing, aunt Judy proceeded to roll up her sleeves, and diving down into the capacious three-cornered pocket, tied round her waist by a tape string of her own weaving, she produced an apron of ample proportions, which she tied around over the pocket, and thus equipped for business, began busying herself about the kitchen, with as much ease and confidence, as though in her own premises on Tuckernuck.

And now we must hasten out to the shear-pens, where we left Solomon, John and Peter, sitting on the fence, discussing Slocum Russell. But Peter had observed that he could n't afford to sit all day, talking about Slocum Russell, and in company with John, had started off towards Long Hill, where Peter was expecting to find his large flock of sheep. Solomon had remained at the shearing ground for a social hour or two with the neighbors, and also to wait for Peter Coffin, who was to accompany him home to dinner. It was getting well along towards noon, when Slocum Russell, who was one of the sheep owners, exclaimed, in his aggravating manner, "Here comes Peter Coffin, with his flock of sheep, headed by old black Pompey, almost as black as Peter, himself!" "Well, well, Slocum," says old uncle Ebenezer Gardner, "old Pompey is n't the blackest sheep on the shearing ground." But Slocum did not stop to make reply, for not caring just at present to encounter either Peter Coffin or John Gardner, he walked off in an opposite direction, towards town.

The sheep being safely enclosed, were left in possession of the premises, while Peter, John and Solomon turned their faces homeward, where they arrived just in season to partake of the boiled dinner, which Eunice Pinkham, with Judith's assistance, had been preparing for them, and while they are eating and entertaining each other with little incidents which have occurred since they last met, we will pay a visit to Dorcas Coleman, North Shore, who is to have the honor of aunt Debby Worth's company, for the coming week. Aunt Debby, when she left the house of Solomon Pinkham, walked leisurely along, for she was not given to hurrying in any one respect, except to repeat a visit; looking over the fences, into the houseyards,

as she pursued her way, that nothing might escape her sight, now stopping a moment to talk with cousin Merab Gardner, who was just baking her shearing buns, and wished aunt Debby would come into the house, or continue on her way, and now stopping to inquire of cousin Prissy Folger, if there were any new publishments, until, finally, she drew near the premises of cousin Dorcas Coleman, when she was espied by the older boys, who despatched Zephaniah over to the house, to bear the intelligence to Jemima and Betsey. Betsey, who was half way to the milk-room, with a large dish of freshly cooked doughnuts, dropped the dish upon the floor, which Jemima had just "scrubbed," scattering the greasy doughnuts, every one of which left a mark as well as took one; and at the same time aunt Debby was seen from the window, stepping along as Jemima said, as though she had her life before her, and expected to spend it at their house. "Well," said Betsey, "perhaps she will only stop over shearing." "No," says Zephaniah, "she's come to stay a week at any rate, don't you see that great wadget, sticking out from under that old bombazine shawl?" Strange that men and boys should call everything bombazine, that goes to make up the female attire. "Well," interposed Jemima, "may be she will spend part of the week over to cousin Lifey Folger's." "Oh, no," returned the shrewd Zephaniah, "she always goes to cousin Lifey's the first half, and then comes here, so she can ride home, and carry a lot of fixins." "Oh, no," continued he, "I'll warrant thee, she's come to stay with us, till she takes a notion to go back home again." And Zephaniah was right; aunt Debby had come to stay a while. As to cousin Dorcas, she was as busy as the rest of her townswomen, and either did not hear, or

pretended not to hear the conversation between her children, and when aunt Debby came into the east door, just as Zephaniah was vanishing through the west door, cousin Dorcas was ready in her quiet, hospitable way, to welcome her, though, truth to tell, cousin Dorcas could have dispensed with her company as easily as the girls could. Whatever hopes Jemima and Betsey may have indulged, in regard to aunt Debby spending a portion of the week at Eliphalet Folger's, were speedily dispelled by a remark of aunt Debby's, made just before dinner, that she must go over that very afternoon, and see cousin Lifey and cousin Rachel, "for," said she, "I've heern tell that cousin Rachel had the rheumatiz." Jemima very well knew that it was not so much to see either cousin Lifey or cousin Rachel, as it was to vent her natural ill humor on their daughter Rhoda, who was a special object of dislike to aunt Debby, on account of what she was pleased to call "her forward tongue, just like her father," aunt Debby always added.

We will here take occasion to remark, that Eliphalet Folger is now flourishing under a borrowed name, and henceforth, nearly all who are mentioned, whose pedigree is not traced from one or another of the early inhabitants, nearly all such, are, to use a familiar expression, "sailing under false colors," their names having been changed; some but slightly and in part, while others are changed entirely from the original, but all being descendants of the first Tristram, including, even, Slocum Russell and aunt Debby Worth. Deborah Worth, as all well knew, who knew anything of her earlier years, once had great expectations in regard to Eliphalet Folger, but to do him justice, we will add, that he had never, in the slight-

est manner, given her occasion for any such expectations, having from childhood shown a decided partiality for his cousin, Rachel Wyer, who was now his wife; and when, in a fit of ill temper, she had complained to the "slack men," because Ephraim Starbuck had accidentally trodden on her gown, and he had barely escaped the whipping-post, in consequence of her misrepresentations, Eliphalet's dislike was changed to contempt, and he never let slip an opportunity to put in a word of remembrance, when she attempted to reprove the younger folks for their follies. Nevertheless, aunt Debby never neglected calling, when she was visiting at Dorcas Coleman's, sometimes spending several days under Eliphalet's roof. There was one person, and only one, in all that little community, who escaped aunt Debby's raillery and reproof. Jethro Coleman had, as yet, never been called to account for his misdeeds, or deeds of any kind, nor had he in any way, experienced the lashings of her cutting tongue as aimed at himself. Why it was so, no one could say, for Jethro was always ready with some joke at aunt Debby's expense, and his dislike exceeded even the dislike of Tristram Pinkham, if such a thing were possible, but in the eyes of aunt Debby, everything that Jethro Coleman did, was sure to be right.

Far from following the example of Judith Coffin, Tuckernuck, and assisting in the general housework, aunt Debby quietly seated herself in the easy-chair, and with her feet resting upon the "cricket," which with the freedom of a privileged guest she took from the little closet beside the fire-place, where Jemima had just placed it, while she scrubbed the floor, she deliberately took her knitting from her pocket, tied on by a string like

aunt Judy Coffin's, Tuckernuck, and having adjusted her heart-shaped knitting-sheath, made of the end of a whale's tooth, and which had been used by her mother and grandmother and all her great grandmothers, away back in the past to Dionis Coffin, wife of Tristram, for aught aunt Debby knew; having finished all the preliminaries, she commenced taking up the stitches in her stocking, every now and then glancing up over her glasses at Jemima and Betsey, looking, as they afterwards told Zephaniah, like a rattlesnake about to jump. There she sat, by the fire-place, though it was the twenty-first of June. Click! click! click! rattled her knitting-needles, and the girls well knew she had something on her mind, which would burst like a clap of thunder on somebody's devoted head, and the longer her wrath was bottled up, the heavier it would fall when it did come.

Dinner was ready in due season, and no sooner were they seated at the table, than aunt Debby opened her batteries, apparently directing her conversation to cousin Dorcas, but looking at Jemima all the while with that fixed glare in her eye, which Jemima returned with compound interest, though, for her mother's sake, she held her peace, and did not venture a reply. "Did thee see Obadiah Paddack last first-day, with his gaudy trappings? But thee must have, cousin Dorcas, for thee sat right a fronting him, and the vanity and vexation of speerit that shone out of them 'ere brass buttons when the sun struck on 'em, was enough to make cousin Barnabas Paddack groan in speerit, to think that a son of his 'n should have come to sich a pass. What did thee think on 't, cousin Dorcas?" Ah! thought Jemima, that 's why aunt Debby is in such a hurry to go over and see how cousin Rachel Folger's rheumatiz is get-

ting along. It's Rhody she wants to see, just as I thought; for it was currently reported round amongst the young folks, that Obadiah Paddack had a hankering after Rhody Folger. Cousin Dorcas did not answer her question immediately, for she was thinking of the time when her boy, Peltiah, went out gunning with Obadiah Paddack, and broke through the ice, and Obadiah bore him home in his arms, all cold and wet and unconscious; and how Obadiah had run for assistance, and helped restore him to consciousness; and how he had watched by his bedside, during the long fever which followed, when all the rest of the family were exhausted by their long watching; and now, Peltiah was a strong, healthy boy, away out on the Brazil Banks, instead of being in his grave on the hillside, or in the depths of the blue sea, where he would have been, had it not been for the timely and kind-hearted assistance of Obadiah Paddack, who had since been on a voyage to Liverpool, and had just returned in the Polly. So all the reply cousin Dorcas made, was, "Obadiah was always a tender-hearted boy, and I've heerd say that cousin 'Riah Brown was going to make a third mate of him next voyage, and we all know cousin 'Riah Brown would n't do that, if he was n't a smart, likely hand; yes, Obadiah's a good boy, buttons or no buttons." Now, this was rather a lengthy speech for cousin Dorcas, who usually made no comments on anything aunt Debby might say, for she knew there was no end to aunt Debby's tongue, as long as she could find anybody to answer her. Finding she could get no sympathy in that quarter, though she knew that before she commenced, she remained silent during the remainder of the dinner, only occasionally venturing a remark, such as, "Thee's got a considerable

too much sal'ratus in these doughnuts, Jemima, I s'pose thee made 'em?" "No, I did n't," says Jemima; "Betsey made 'em," at the same time turning the plate round, so that the doughnuts which had been in such close proximity to the wet floor, and had all been purposely piled up on one side, should present a fair and solid front to aunt Debby, for Jemima had resolved that aunt Debby should eat every one of those doughnuts, she had been the unconscious means of flavoring.

Dinner was no sooner over, than aunt Debby, with scarce a recollection of the help she had come to bestow on cousin Dorcas, took down her black bonnet from the shelf in the closet, and set out on her way across lots to cousin Lifey Folger's. But Jemima Coleman was too much for her; for Zephaniah, having hastily swallowed his dinner, and with a promise from Jemima that he should have his pocketful of those doughnuts that had taken such a sudden flight towards the floor, was sent on, in advance, to cousin Lifey's, with a most pressing invitation to Rhoda, to come over and spend the afternoon, and "mind" says Zephaniah, "and go round by cousin 'Siah Coffin's, round the back of the house, or thee 'll meet aunt Debby Wuth on the full trot, coming to preach about Obadiah's brass buttons; say Rhody, I think they looked like the Major's war fixins, and when I come home from Liverpool, I mean to have some just like 'em; got eagles on 'em have n't they?" For Zephaniah, instead of spending the time in holy meditation, at first-day meeting, had spent the whole three hours, in studying Obadiah's buttons, which had proved such a scandal to many besides aunt Debby.

Having delivered his message, Zephaniah started on his return, running round the west side of uncle Nat. Paddack's house, (the house which the first

John Gardner and the first Peter Coffin had built for Jethro and Mary, over fifty years before) then, across into New Lane, Rhoda not far behind him, hurrying along to reach the shelter of cousin Josiah Coffin's house, lest the eagle eyes of aunt Debby should espy them and understand the piece of strategy which had been brought to bear upon her.

Zephaniah, with Rhoda at his heels, was soon out of range of aunt Debby's vision; for, coming out round the north-west corner of the Major's house, they could see aunt Debby striding along rather faster than usual, making a bee line for Rachel Folger's, where she would spend two-thirds of the afternoon, tearing the coat off Obadiah's shoulders, buttons and all, and the other third, in recommending ox-gall salve, for the rheumatism, which she would make and send over for thripence or such a matter. Once under the cover of Dorcas Coleman's roof, they were secure from aunt Debby, for that afternoon at least, for the kitchen windows commanded a view of the path across lots, as well as the road, and there was no possibility of aunt Debby returning to the house, without being seen, and besides, the boys were all on the alert, ready to give the warning in the distance, by swinging their broad-brimmed straw hats, as soon as she appeared in view.

Then again, cousin Lifey Folger was at home, and he and aunt Debby were always sure to have a set-to, as Eliphalet called it, meaning by that, a war of pretty strong words, in which, Lifey always came off victorious, for he did not scruple to remind her of the narrow escape, Ephraim Starbuck—since carried down by a line—had of the whipping-post, in their earlier days, and this was a subject aunt Debby never cared to bring before the minds of the young people.

It took her but a short time to reach the house of Eliphalet and Rachel, and great was her disappointment, when on inquiring for Rhoda, she was told by Jonathan, Rhoda's younger brother, that she had gone out to spend the afternoon. Not all the cross-questioning that aunt Debby could call to her aid availed anything with Jonathan Folger, and having indirectly put her upon the wrong track, he shouldered his rake, and went over to stack up the hay in the adjoining lot. Without going into the particulars of aunt Debby's conversation with cousin Lifey and cousin Rachel, it will be sufficient to mention, that upon her return to Dorcas Coleman's there was not the slightest sign, to indicate that Rhoda had been within ten miles of the house, though, at the moment of aunt Debby's entrance, she was sitting upon the back door-step of cousin Judith Coffin's (wife of Josiah, 2d) house, while Josiah and James, small boys of about ten and five, or thereabouts, were reporting aunt Debby's progress, in tones rather louder than were absolutely necessary, so anxious were they to please Rhoda Folger, who was a favorite with all the children from Capaum to Wesco. Aunt Debby having vanished from view, Rhoda pursued her way towards home, taking almost the exact course which Mary, wife of Jethro Coffin, took, when she walked leisurely through the woods, from her father's, on that afternoon so many long years before. And where now was Mary? As Zephaniah and Rhoda passed around the back side of the house of Major Josiah Coffin, in the early part of the afternoon, and stopped a moment at the door to make a few remarks on the coming shearing, there was sitting in the large easy-chair under the window, an aged woman, who called to them in a pleasant voice, to enter. This woman

was Mary Coffin, widow of Jethro, now about ninety years of age, still active, though somewhat bowed in figure. This was Mary, daughter of John Gardner, 1st, who lived when a child, hardly a stone's throw from her present home, with her son, Major Josiah, whose wife, Elizabeth, had died some ten years previous. The Major had been absent nearly all day, at the shearing ground, for he owned a large flock of sheep, and was a man of no little consequence in the community. Besides being quite extensively engaged in farming, he was also concerned in the shipping and whale fishery, to a considerable extent. His son, Josiah, 2d, (who married Judith Coffin, great-granddaughter of John Coffin, Vineyard, and great, great-granddaughter of Tristram, and who owned and occupied the house in New Lane, adjoining his father's property,) was now at sea in one of his father's ships. Rhoda Folger continued on her course, past cousin Nat. Paddack's, and on down the hill to her own home, where she was entertained by her sisters and brothers, with a rehearsal of aunt Debby's conversation, and her vexation when she found Rhoda was likely to be absent the whole afternoon.

The shades of evening drew near, and at an early hour, all retired to rest, for they must be up in season on the morrow. Just twenty minutes of three, by the old clock in the corner of Major Josiah's east room, when he descended the stairs, and taking his hat from the nail which had been appropriated to it, ever since he had occupied the house, he stepped out into the yard, where his first business was to feed his horse, that he might be in readiness for an early start. But early as Josiah Coffin was, Solomon Pinkham, John Gardner and Peter Coffin were before him, for when he

arrived at the ground, he found they had already made a beginning, in company with about a dozen others, who having a great number of sheep to attend to, thought it best to commence as soon as it was light enough to do so, and take their leisure at the other end of the day.

Rapidly the company increased, dropping along by twos and threes, some in carts, some on foot, and amongst the rest, came Slocum Russell, who though an object of universal dislike, was never idle when there was a penny to be turned, and, though he expected to finish his own flock before midday, there was a chance that some of the neighbors might hire him to assist them, though there were usually enough on hand, at sheep washing, to render all the assistance that might be needed, not only free of all charge, but glad of the opportunity to repay the little accommodations they were constantly receiving from each other—accommodations which none were more eager to accept than Slocum Russell, who was never known to perform the most trifling service for any one, without presenting a bill for services rendered, his charges being so exorbitant, that no one would ever employ him a second time, without an explicit understanding. By seven o'clock, the business of washing had commenced in earnest. Down under the waters of the old Washing Pond, the sheep were dipped and re-dipped, rubbed and scoured, until they were returned to their separate pens, their fleeces white as snow, all the accumulations of the year having found a resting place at the bottom of the pond, where they remained in undisturbed possession, until the return of the day, when the same process was repeated, and another layer added to the last. By nine o'clock, Slocum Russell had washed about half his flock, having

been assisted by one and another of the young men who had lately returned from sea, and had come out to the sheep-washing, from force of habit, some of them assisting their own relatives, and others, having no particular interest in the business, other than their own enjoyment.

Barnabas Paddack, having a smaller flock of sheep than many, and several grown sons to assist him, had finished his washing early in the day, and had now offered his assistance to Tristram and Jethro Coleman, who, though scarcely beyond boyhood, were the owners of a large flock of sheep, as carefully managed and cared for as any to be found upon the Island. Obadiah, seeing that Slocum had no regular assistant, had thrown off his coat, not the one with the buttons, however, and rolling up his shirt-sleeves, had plunged into the old Washing Pond, by the side of Slocum, and in a few minutes was busy as the busiest, exchanging a word every now and then with Peter Coffin, his right hand neighbor, and again stopping for a moment to make reply to some question of uncle Ebenezer, who was at his left hand. They had just dipped "old long neck," for their sheep were nearly all named, either from their color or from some other striking peculiarity, and were preparing for a second dipping, when the animal made a sudden plunge, and bounded full against Slocum, who was not prepared for any such demonstration, throwing him backwards at full length, under the waters of the old Washing Pond. It did not take long for him to scramble out again, for Slocum was an old salt, and was not to be driven from his post by a little cold water, salt or fresh, but it was too good an opportunity for Peter Coffin to lose, so with a loud laugh, which was seconded by Obadiah, he ventured the remark, "Well, well, uncle

Slocum, even old Pompey could n't beat that, black as he is." But Slocum did not wait to answer him; shaking the water from his dripping clothing, he ran up the bank, and after "long neck," who would have led him a chase as long as his neck, had not Tristram Pinkham and Zephaniah Coleman, stopped its progress, and headed it up towards a corner of the fence, where, wet and frightened, it was easily caught by Slocum, who carried it back to the pond to finish the business of washing.

It was now drawing along towards dinner time, and new comers were constantly added to the spectators who stood upon the bank, watching the sheep as they darted from corner to corner of their pens, to elude the grasp of the owner, or carried by main strength, were deposited in the water where hundreds of others were already undergoing the process of washing, as a sort of preparation for the shearing which was to take place on the morrow. Among the spectators were the wives and sisters of the sheep owners, some of whom had walked out to the pond, while others rode out in their two-wheeled carts, bringing with them the dinners of those of their families who were too busily employed to spare the time to come to town. Among the latter, were Eunice, wife of Solomon Pinkham, and Judith, wife of Peter Coffin, with little Lydia Coffin, and Judith and Lydia Pinkham, daughters of Solomon. Cousin Judith Coffin had "tackled" the horse into the cart, for she had often performed the feat on Tuckernuck, and was as skillful at the business as Peter, her husband, though there was scarce a woman among the towns-people, who could not accomplish the same work readily, when occasion required.

All around the enclosure, sails were spread upon

the ground, to receive the fleeces which would be cut off on the morrow, and overhead, spread across from one post to another, were also sails to shade the shearers at their tasks, as well as to furnish a cool retreat while eating. Those who had neither brought their dinners, nor had them sent out, could always be supplied at the tents which were to be seen, scattered over the ground, at little distances apart, and presided over by those who were anxious to combine business with pleasure, often by some poor widow with a family of children, who depended upon her profits at shearing time, to supply her family with little necessaries of life. Here were always to be found, meat cooked in various ways, warm vegetables, cakes, pies, preserves, puddings, tea, coffee or beer; and many of those who were supplied with eatables from their own homes, would often resort to these tents, to spend a trifle on the famous cakes or pies, of cousin Sally Bunker or aunt Nabby Starbuck, or some other worthy old aunt or cousin, who was dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood, and who could not, like aunt Debby Worth, go amongst her acquaintances to spend the day and carry a pail to get her next day's breakfast.

Tristram and Jethro Coleman, with their younger brothers, Zephaniah and Shubael, had left their washing just before noon, and returned home to dinner, intending to leave the horse for their mother and sisters to ride out in the afternoon. Accordingly, having eaten their dinners, and seen their mother, Dorcas, installed as driver, Jemima and Betsey stowed down in the bottom of the cart, and aunt Debby, who was tall and of ample dimensions, perched up well in front, as a figure-head; having seen them all safely disposed of, the boys

started ahead on foot, now and then looking around to see if old La Fayette, as they called the old white horse, was faithfully discharging his duties, for aunt Debby had a habit of calling out, "ga-dap, there," in a loud and commanding voice, even when La Fayette was doing his best, and probably supposing that it meant something, and not knowing what, thought the best thing to do was to reverse operations and come to a dead stop, when it required all of cousin Dorcas's mild authority to start him on again. However, they reached the shearing ground in due season, and were greeted by one and another of their acquaintances, all, however, taking pains to keep out of the way of aunt Debby. The day passed off pleasantly to all, and as the afternoon advanced, one by one they dropped off in the direction of town, Peter Coffin and his uncle Josiah, the Major, (brother to Peter's father, John, sheriff,) being among the last on the ground.

And now, the washing being completed, everything was placed in readiness for the morrow's work; the weather still continued clear, and there was every prospect of another fine day. As the first faint streaks of light were discernible in the east, the inhabitants were astir, for it was a general holiday with all, from the aged grandmother to the tiny infant; and by sunrise the commons were covered with vehicles, mostly two-wheeled carts, on their way to shearing.

There was uncle Ebenezer Gardner, now past his three score and ten, (his wife Eunice had died some years previous,) with his second wife, Judith Coffin (daughter of John and Hope, and granddaughter of James,) and their little granddaughter, Eunice Gardner, four years old, daughter of Uriah and Ruth. It would be a matter of some difficulty

to decide which was receiving the greater enjoyment, uncle Ebenezer, as he stood towering above aunt Judith, with the reins in hand, shouting to old black Juba to trot along a little faster, or little Eunice Gardner, as she stood in the corner in front of her grandfather, both hands grasping the forebuck for fear she should pitch forward under the horse's heels.

Just in advance of uncle Ebenezer, was John Coffin, sheriff, father of Peter Coffin, Tuckernuck, with Lydia, his wife, in a low-seated, fiddle-back chair, for Lydia was getting advanced in years, being about seventy-three, some seven years older than John, her husband, and could not ride to shearing, standing "bolt upright" in the cart by the side of her husband, and keeping herself in position, by holding the stout rope tied along the top of the side, as she had been wont to do in her younger days. Some distance in the rear, was cousin Lifey Folger, with his two boys, Jonathan and Nathaniel, who would return to town, during the forenoon, for their mother and sisters, as well as the shearing victuals, which it had taken the best part of two days to prepare. Cousin Lifey could always be recognized, by his old mouse-colored horse, which had a habit of jumping along on three legs, with his nose almost touching the ground, exactly like uncle Slocum Russell, the boys used to say, when their father was beyond their hearing. Following on after cousin Lifey, as far as the eye could see, they were still coming; the Starbucks, the Pinkhams, the Bunkers and Macys; not one would miss the shearing, and along the road from North Shore, Tristram and Jethro Coleman were coming with La Fayette, and the boys, Zephaniah and Shubael, sitting at the back end of the cart, their feet hanging down behind, while Josiah, the

Major, was coming at a brisk trot, with his little grandchildren, Josiah and James and Judith; the two boys like Zephaniah and Shubael, sitting with their feet hanging out at the back, a favorite posture it appeared to be amongst the children. Not far behind the Major, was John Gardner, 4th, who had married the Major's daughter Mary, with their children, Mary, thirteen, Nabby, nine, and little Prissy, named for her grandmother, Priscilla Gardner, (daughter of Jethro and Mary,) who, in addition to being the mother of John Gardner, 4th, was sister also to the Major, and therefore great aunt as well as grandmother to little Prissy, who on account of being rather diminutive in stature, was called, for distinction, Prissy Tip, a name which was extended to her father, John Gardner, 4th, as well. Little Prissy and her sisters, Mary and Nabby, were also great, great, great-grandchildren of the first Tristram, as well as, John, Lydia, Tristram and Judith Pinkham and James, Judith and Josiah Coffin, children of Josiah, Jr.

Besides the above mentioned, were two other little great, great, great-grandchildren, who have come under our notice; these are, first, little Lydia Coffin, daughter of Peter Coffin, Tuckernuck, the other is the little Eunice Gardner, daughter of Uriah and Ruth, and granddaughter of Ebenezer and Eunice; this same little Eunice whom we left on the commons half way to shearing, clinging to the forebuck, was a great, great, great-granddaughter of Tristram, in a triple degree, and was destined in after years, to become still more closely united. And as they, by this time, must all be well along on the road, we will hurry on and overtake them, just as Jonathan and Nathaniel Folger, having deposited cousin Lifey, their father, start on their return trip after their mother and sister, and vict-

uals, added Jonathan, while Zephaniah Coleman followed closely in the track, on a similar mission, except as Zephaniah called to Jonathan, as he was about to turn off upon the North Shore road, he should have aunt Debby to pepper him, all the way back again. Having relieved his mind a trifle, by this little sarcasm at aunt Debby's expense, he touched La Fayette lightly with the whip, and shouted to him almost as fiercely as aunt Debby would have done, by way of giving vent to his impatience, before he should reach his home, for, heartily as he despised aunt Debby, he could not help feeling the force of his mother's example, and had many times curbed the hasty word for his mother's sake, when unjustly accused or found fault with, by aunt Debby Worth, who he consoled himself by thinking was not his aunt in any way, shape or manner, but only a very distant cousin, after all. But, with the thought that upon reaching the shearing ground, his share in the responsibility would be finished, his good nature returned, and by the time he reached the Major's corner, he was singing at the top of his voice:

"'There she blows!' is the cry, from our masthead,
And it is a pleasant sound;
There 's a large sperm whale off our lee beam,
And to wind'ard she is bound, my boys,
And to wind'ard she is bound,"

shearing day, aunt Debby and all, away back in the distance, as he placed himself in imagination, at the lookout on the good sloop Nancy, where he was determined to be, at shearing time next year, provided he could get his mother's consent.

The poor widowed mother knew only too well the dangers and hardships of a seafaring life, and now was added an extra source of anxiety, by the French privateers, which were everywhere on the lookout for vessels carrying the English colors.

No, Peltiah had chosen a sailor's life and she could not spare another boy, at least not at present, for Zephaniah was only thirteen years old, and when two or three years more had passed over his head, perhaps he would settle down to a farmer's life, like Tristram and Jethro. Zephaniah must not think of going to sea, for several years yet; when Peltiah returned she would think of it.

With his thoughts wandering off to a sailor's life upon the ocean, he had not noticed that La Fayette had stopped for a nibble at the green grass in front of the house of John Gardner, 4th, who lived on the corner opposite the Major's, but looking up suddenly, as his thoughts wandered slowly back to every-day life, he saw aunt Debby standing in the road, in front of his house, swinging the beach-grass broom, round and round her head, and at the same time he heard his name called in tones which bespoke a warm reception, when he should reach the house. So, starting La Fayette into a steady trot, he braced himself upright, and in a few minutes was at the door, where aunt Debby stood by to welcome him, if such it could be called. "Now, Zephaniah Coleman, if thee was my son, up into the loft thee would go and stir neither finger nor toe out of it, for this livelong day, and see if it would n't cure that hang-dog way thee's got, of dilly-dallying along, when thy elders are waiting; I 'd a given a silver sixpence hap'p'ny, (and the goodness knows I hain't got many to give,) if I could only 'a got out to them 'ere shear-pens, afore Rhody Folger got there; howsumdever, a poor, old, lone woman like me ain't made much account on, when they undertake to give advice to some folks." This was said as a thrust at Dorcas, who, to tell the truth, never did make much account of aunt Deb-

by's advice, considering that she was capable of managing her own family without it.

Before aunt Debby had finished half her speech, Zephaniah had brushed by her, and entered the house, where he found his mother and sisters at work, just putting the last pies into the basket, and in full as much of a hurry to get to the shearing ground as aunt Debby herself, only they took a different way of showing it. In a very few minutes, the packing was completed, and then came the task of getting aunt Debby into the cart. First, came Betsey, with the "cricket," but aunt Debby declared she had told her no less than a dozen different times, in as many weeks, never to bring that pizen, ricketty thing, for her to get up on agin, for it had once been nearly the death of her, and she did n't mean it ever should be agin. "Thee must be a lunattic," she continued, to Betsey, "or thee 'd larn without quite so much telling."

So Betsey put the little cricket up into the cart, to sit upon herself, while Zephaniah brought out a chair, which aunt Debby, with equal perversity, declared was too high, and, besides, the seat was made of canvas, and she was not going to risk her bones in that 'ere cheer, if some folks would be glad to see her carried home an invaleed.

After wasting a quarter of an hour or more, in this manner, they were at last all ready for a start, and upon reaching the open commons, aunt Debby had the satisfaction of seeing cousin Lifey's old mouse-colored horse, away off ahead, with cousin Rachel and the girls, who would be sure to be out of the way when she arrived.

"So," said Zephaniah, "if thee 'd made a better use of thy time, and helped Jemima pack the victuals, instead of swinging that 'ere broom, and if thee had n't been so 'fraid of thy shins, we 'd been

'longside of Rhody all the way out, and she'd heerd how much thee thinks of brass buttons, and say, aunt Debby, I guess Obadiah'll have his new coat on, this afternoon. It won't take cousin Barnabas long to shear his sheep, and Obadiah said he was going home to slick up and be ready for the gals."

"Zephaniah," said cousin Dorcas, for he had avoided her warning glance all this time, "thee had better tend to thy driving, do n't thee see, La Fayette is getting in amongst the bushes, thee will have to learn to curb thy tongue, before cousin Peelick will take thee out to the Banks, on a whaling cruise."

"Well, mother, if I thought thee'd really let me go, I would n't speak another word for a week." "Whoa!" rang out aunt Debby's voice, loud and strong, putting an end to Zephaniah's whaling visions, for seeing that his mother had opened the subject, Zephaniah was about to follow up his advantage.

"Whoa!" said aunt Debby again, in a still more commanding voice, for La Fayette had, by this time, come to the conclusion that when aunt Debby's voice was heard, he was to continue straight ahead, as the rest of the family did, and pay no attention to her; but this time, the command was accompanied by a jerk at the reins, which aunt Debby had seized, and La Fayette, taken by surprise, suddenly stopped and looked round, to see what was the matter.

So suddenly did he stop, that Betsey, who was sitting on the cricket, at the end of the cart, was pitched violently out into the road. "Now thee's out," said aunt Debby, "thee'd better stay out, that's what I stopped for, and Zephaniah, thee'd better get out too, and get me some of that 'ere

yarrer, that's growing here so wild like. I've always said if I ever got out on these 'ere commons agin, I'd pick yarbs enough to last a spell, and while thee's about it, thee may run over in the bushes there and see if that's motherwort; that 'ere yarrer is jest what cousin Jerushy Bunker needs to stiddy her narves, when she has a high strike, and that 'ere 'arkangel' over there, thee may get a bunch of that, while thee's at it; it'll be capital for uncle 'Riah Macy's St. Ant'ny's fire."

"I vummy, if I 'm a going to run round in the sun all day for anybody's high strikes," muttered Zephaniah between his teeth, taking good care that his mother should not hear; "say, Betty, I v'e a good mind to put in a little twig of dogwood, and give her St. Ant'ny's fire in good earnest."

But Zephaniah, if he had any such thought, soon repented it, and hastily pulling here and there among the bushes, soon returned with Betsey, and an armful of something green, which he quickly threw into the cart, and, jumping over the wheel, caught up the reins, and with a word to La Fayette, they again resumed their ride, having, as Zephaniah afterwards told Tristram Pinkham, been gulled out of half an hour's fun on shearing day, by aunt Debby Wuth.

It was still early in the day when they reached the shearing ground. The first person they recognized was uncle Ebenezer Gardner, who had left his sheep for a short time, and with his little granddaughter, Eunice, in his arms, was wandering round amongst the shearers, when turning a corner of one of the tents, he came full upon cousin Dorcas and her family.

"Well, now," said aunt Debby, "if there ain't uncle Eeben Gar'ner, a lugging on that great gal round, and leaving them 'ere sheep o' his 'n for

somebody else to take keer on. I do n't see how-sumdever, that 'ere great gal is ever going to larn to use her legs, with Eeben Gar'ner always toting on her in his arms;" but aunt Debby met with no answer from any one, for Jemima had jumped from the cart, and at a signal from Jonathan, which she readily understood, was soon lost among the tents, and crowd of people moving here and there, while Zephaniah, having "untackled" the horse, was leading him down to the Washing Pond to drink, and cousin Dorcas was so occupied with greeting her acquaintances and looking after the victuals that she did not notice aunt Debby's remark, and she would not take the pains to repeat it, so anxious was she to discover the whereabouts of Rhoda Folger, on whom she intended to visit all the wrath which the brass buttons of Obadiah Paddack had kindled. But Rhoda, with a dozen or more of the young folks, was behind the bright-colored, "Injy calico" curtain in uncle 'Leazer Coffin's big tent, where they were soon joined by Jemima Coleman, and were seen no more until preparations for dinner were commenced.

And now a stirring scene presented itself. All around on every side, were seated the shearers, busy at their work; click! click! click! the sharp shears were wielded by expert hands, the sheep lying with a meek, surprised look, their feet tied or held by the smaller boys, and without much waste of time, were shorn of their woolly coverings, and with little ceremony tumbled into the general enclosure, which contained hundreds of sheep already fleeced, bleating and running hither and thither in search of their lambs, which kept up the same confusion on a smaller scale, while another animal from the smaller pen, was caught and placed upon the sail spread upon the ground,

to undergo a similar operation. Here and there the dark, red visage of an Indian would be seen, skillful and busy as the rest, while a few Indian women and girls loitered around, as though enjoying the occasion equally with the white-faced population.

All this was new and strange to little Eunice Gardner, and it is not to be wondered at that she clung so closely to uncle Eben, her grandfather, as he left his sheep shearing, to carry her over where Judith, his wife, was sitting in neighborly conversation with Eunice Pinkham and cousin Rachel Folger, and others of townswomen, who had gathered to exchange greetings. Meanwhile, Zephaniah Coleman and Tristram Pinkham, two of the most restless spirits of the day (Jethro Coleman had declared they were more difficult to manage than the critters,) had wandered over the ground, now stopping a while, to assist Solomon Pinkham, by catching his sheep or holding them to keep them quiet, during this process of shearing, now stopping for a joke with uncle Peter Coffin, Tuckernuck, and finally coming to a full stop where Tristram and Jethro Coleman were at work. "Jeethro," said Zephaniah, "I wish thee'd let me try when thee's ready to shear old Black Face; I shall never have another chance to learn, if I go to the Banks with cousin Peelick next year; say Jeethro, mother was just going to say I might go, when aunt Debby Wuth up and spilt it all, a driving on me down after yarbs, and I guess she's got some yarbs she'll remember this time." "Well, Zephaniah," said Jethro, "it's about time thee larnt to shear sheep, but I don't want thee making any 'foopaws' round my critters. If Trustum 'll let thee try a spell, I'll let Tut Pinkham bear a hand at Black Face." Thus saying, he handed the shears

to Tristram Pinkham, while Zephaniah took his brother Tristram's place, and after a few attempts, and a little advice from the older boys, they both succeeded in ridding the sheep of their warm encumbrances, with but a few slight cuts, which, as Zephaniah remarked, were only skin deep. By the time the sheep were finished, their zeal in the cause had spent itself, and while the older boys were engaged in catching another animal, Zephaniah had proposed to Tristram Pinkham that they should go down to the pond and hunt for "turkles," but before they were half way to their destination, they had forgotten for what they started, and had thrown themselves on the grass, to crack jokes with uncle Slocum Russell.

And now, after a hint from uncle Peter Coffin, who, transferring the perspiration from his face to his shirt sleeve, and taking a look overhead to get the bearings, observed that the sun must be getting pretty well up, the female portion of the spectators, began to bestir themselves. Baskets were produced, one by one, the shearers left their work and soon the locality was transformed into one vast eating establishment. Boards were placed across, table cloths were spread, knives, forks and dishes were produced, and the tables piled with victuals, and in the midst of all, Rhoda Folger and Jemima Coleman suddenly appeared from somewhere, right at aunt Debby's elbow, while she was peering off in the distance, to discern, if possible, where they could have kept themselves all the forenoon. However, there was too much business on hand now for aunt Debby to make any comments upon their prolonged absence, and besides, her attention had been diverted for a while, for an idea had presented itself to her mind, not a new idea, though, but brought to mind more forcibly

by the numerous little locks of wool, scattered around upon the ground in greater profusion than usual, and these little pieces, called tag-locks, aunt Debby was resolved to collect before any one else should appropriate them. These tag-locks were the refuse ends of the fleece, torn off by the bushes and fences, or by the struggles of the sheep to free themselves from the shearers, or cut off by the shearers themselves, and thrown away as useless, except to some one who had the time and patience to wash and cleanse them, and convert them into yarn. Of this class, was aunt Debby, who was never known to miss the chance of tag-locking. She had as fully intended to collect these stray pieces as she had to attend the shearing, but seeing them lying round in such unusual quantities, it had occurred to her that by setting about the occupation as soon as dinner was despatched, she might by pressing Betsey and perhaps some of the other children into the service, succeed in collecting enough to repay her for the trouble of taking the long walk from Mill Hills to North Shore, for she had often made the remark, that when she did take such a long walk, she meant to make it pay. And so, aunt Debby, calling to Betsey, started into business, without stopping to offer her assistance, which, by the way, they were all glad to dispense with, and in a short time returned with her apron full, which she deposited in the cart, carefully covering the heap with a piece of old sail cloth, which had been covered over the basket. Again and again, she returned to the cart, so intent upon her work, and so pleased with the result of her labor, that Rhoda or even Obadiah, buttons and all, might have ventured to cross her path in safety. By the time she had collected all that her sharp eyes could discov-

er, the afternoon was on the wane, and many had already left for their homes, but the younger portion not being disposed to cut the day short, had lingered around, and slowly set about the preparations for a return homeward. The baskets were replaced in the carts, the sails which had been in use throughout the day were snugly rolled up and tucked away on one side of the cart, and one after another was soon on the road leading to town, the men and boys walking by the sides of the carts, which were in most instances, filled by the female members of the family, and younger children, sometimes a lamb which had lost its mother, being stowed away in the bottom of the cart, to be taken to town and cared for by the children. Everything being in readiness, the last half dozen carts started in company, bidding adieu to shearing for another year, when new faces would appear in the places of those who were now at home from sea, for a few short weeks or months.

Tristram Pinkham and Zephaniah Coleman had loitered along the road together with a view of lengthening out the day to the utmost, Zephaniah observing to Tristram, that aunt Debby's yarbs and tag-locks needed about two-thirds of the cart, and as there did n't seem to be much room to spare, he might as well walk. "Well," said Tristram, "I 'm glad aunt Debby Wuth with her yarbs and tag-locks, ain't no aunt of mine; if I thought I 'd got a drop of her blood in my veins I 'd open a vein and let it all out, if I knew which vein 't was in." Thus talking, they sauntered along, taking a short cut across the "Ned lot," (which was the name given to the lot deeded by Peter Coffin, of Exeter, to his son Edward, in the year 1704,) when they espied a man upon the fence, hanging over, as they always related the circumstance,

with his head upon one side and his heels on the other. Hurrying to his aid, for he appeared to be in a helpless condition, they found uncle Slocum Russell, while a keg upon the ground, from which the contents were slowly running with a gurgling sound, betrayed the cause of his helplessness. By some means or other he had become possessed of a keg partially filled with rum, and having partaken too freely, was on his way home, by a road not much frequented, when fortunately, the boys, following the same road, came across him, as he lay unable to extricate himself, but still able to stammer out, as he discovered his treasure vanishing, "Thou art good, but I can't get at thee." Assisting him to the ground, they placed him in a sitting posture, with his back against the fence, and looking round for help, they discovered uncle Ebenezer Gardner, not yet beyond their hearing, and Tristram Pinkham, giving what he called a "wild Injun yell," soon drew his attention, and beckoning to him to draw near, uncle Ebenezer soon placed Slocum in the end of the cart, and directing "Tristram" to jump up behind to prevent him from falling, they carried him home to his aged mother, the only child left to her out of a family of six, and he now verging on towards old age.

Two days had elapsed since shearing, two days of rain, a steady, pouring rain, which had commenced upon the night following shearing day, so steady that nothing save in-doors work had been done, and there was an abundance of that, in the barn as well as the house. Aunt Debby had spent the greater part of the time in washing and drying her tag-locks, and getting them into suitable shape for carding, having, as she repeated every half hour of the day, a most capital heap, and if

Betsey had only shown half as much interest in what was of some account to her elders as she did in that tomfoolery going on around her, she'd have had enough to keep her in stocking yarn, if she lived to be as old as "Methuseldah," at which, Jemima was heard muttering something in the milk-room, not exactly consistent with what a birthright member of the Friends' Society, would be expected to say.

On the morning of the third day, the sun rose bright and clear, and aunt Debby was on hand in good season, for she had decided to spend the day at cousin Rachel Folger's, and was intending to stop a while on the way, and beg a bunch or two of "sparemint," which, she told cousin Dorcas, was running all to waste in uncle Woodbury's back yard; so tying on her black bonnet, she sallied forth across lots, and after tearing up by the roots, a good supply of spearmint, she pursued her way to the house of cousin Lifey Folger, which she reached just as cousin Lifey and the boys had returned from the wharf, where they had been with a cart-load of wool, which cousin Lifey was about sending to the mainland to be converted into homespun. This furnished a subject of conversation which lasted for an hour and over, Rhoda afterwards telling Jemima that aunt Debby, all that time, behaved quite like folks, talking about her tag-locks, and making inquiries as to the amount of wool which each and all their immediate acquaintances were about to dispose of. Having at last exhausted the subject of wool, she turned her attention to that of buttons, and in Rhoda's words, "shutting one of her great green eyes, that the venom might all shine through the other," she struck into business at once. "Well, cousin Rachel, I must say I was took all aback,

to see Obadiah Paddack come a stalking into meetin', in that 'ere rig, last first-day. Soon 's ever I clapped my eyes on him, I knew in a minute 't was some of Rhody's conjuring, and 't was more 'n I could do to keep my eyes off of him, and settle my narves to meditation; for, turn which way I would, them 'ere vanities would glite afore my eyes, and I could n't help thinking 't was a judgment upon Barnabas Paddack, for he always was a letting on them 'ere boys have their own way in their young days, and now I 'll warrant thee he rued it, when he see them 'ere doins last first-day. I dare say thee thinks it 's all right, Rhody Folger, but I tell thee, things did n't go on in this shape in my young days." "Well, aunt Debby," said Rhoda, "I do n't see what I 've got to do with Obadiah Paddack's brass buttons, and as to their gliting afore thy eyes, I think if thee 'd kept thy eyes straight ahead of thee, where they belonged, thee would n't have known Obadiah was there, let alone his buttons. I see thee keep twisting thy neck round to one side, but I thought it was to look at cousin Peelick Starbuck." Now this was quite a hit at aunt Debby, for Peleg Starbuck was a widower, and besides being well to do in this world's goods, had a family of four romping girls and two boys, and aunt Debby had frequently been heard to express her mind openly, as to what she would do if ever she should be called upon to exercise her lawful authority over them. But aunt Debby was determined not to be abashed by this turn of affairs, and so opening both eyes to their fullest extent she continued, "If that 's the kind of thoughts thee has, when thee goes to meetin' I think thee 'd better stay at home a spell and humble thy speerit a little, and then thee 'd be out of the way of them 'ere brass but-

tons that have been such a 'bomination, and are likely to set the whole meetin-house by the ears."

How much longer the conflict of words would have waged, is uncertain, had it not been interrupted by the entrance of Eliphalet Folger, with news which put an end to aunt Debby's bitterness, for a while, at least. When aunt Debby left the house of Dorcas Coleman, early in the forenoon, the boys were all at the barn, loading the cart with their snow-white fleeces, to send away by the same vessel which was to take those of Eliphalet Folger, as well as many others of the community. They had completed about half their work, when their little brother, Shubael, came rushing breathless into the barn, with the exclamation, "The Mary is coming down to the Bar!" Dropping their half-finished work, they ran out into the yard, where they found John Gardner, 4th, just entering the gate, while the neighbors were all upon their house-tops, looking from the scuttles in the direction of the Bar, as though something unusual was taking place. They soon learned from their neighbor, John Gardner, that a vessel was approaching the Bar, which was undoubtedly the Mary, (the vessel in which Peltiah had sailed some months previous,) though what could have been the cause of her return, they were at a loss to imagine, as it was scarcely six months, since she had sailed on a two years' voyage in the Atlantic. Bidding Shubael say nothing to their mother, they all set out for the Cliff, where quite a crowd had already collected, and there, sure enough, was the Mary with her colors flying, just lowering a boat, having dropped her anchor just outside the Bar. With many comments and conjectures as to what could have brought them back in so short a time, they awaited the arrival of the boat, and the minutes seemed to

lengthen into hours, though the boat was almost flying through the water, under the quick, powerful strokes of the impatient crew. Long before they reached the beach, Tristram and Jethro had discovered that Peltiah was not among their number, and as the boat touched the beach, and the crew leaped ashore, they could not restrain their impatience, but pushing through the group which was crowding round for an explanation, they beckoned to Jeremiah Bunker, an old acquaintance, who made his way through the crowd, to their side. The story was told in a few words; they had been captured by a French privateer, after having taken six hundred barrels of sperm; their oil had been taken from them, together with everything of any value, and they had then been turned adrift, to make their way home, as best they could. "And where was Peltiah?" asked Jethro of his old acquaintance. Ah! There came the question, which Jeremiah had dreaded from the first. Peltiah, the merry, fun-loving boy, who had been a favorite with all, was now sleeping in an ocean grave. Sadly was the account given of the violent gale which they had encountered, when about three months out. Peltiah, who was always foremost, when an order was given, let it blow ever so hard a gale, had run quickly up aloft, when the order came to furl the sail, the ship just then gave a sudden lurch, the poor boy lost his hold, and was overboard in an instant, and was never seen afterwards. A boat had been lowered, ropes thrown, and everything had been done to save his life, but no trace of him was ever afterward discovered.

Such was the account which Jeremiah Bunker gave to Tristram and Jethro, as they slowly walked toward their home; and now they must go home and bear the tidings to their mother, that Peltiah

would never more return. Could it be possible that Peltiah would come back no more? They well remembered the day when they were almost too young to realize their loss, and Shubael but a baby, when cousin Eliphalet had brought the sad tidings to their home, that their father had been lost overboard in a storm; and now the sorrow was brought afresh to their minds, they could not be reconciled; perhaps some passing vessel had picked him up, there had been such instances, and they had almost resolved to say nothing to their mother for a while, but then, what would she think, when she heard the Mary had returned without Peltiah? Betsey, who had been sitting by the window, had noticed Shubael as he ran into the barn, but would have thought no more of so trifling a circumstance, had she not seen John Gardner, 4th, as he came into the gate, and the boys leaving their work to accompany him to the Cliff, where the neighbors all seemed to be directing their course. Calling her mother's attention, Dorcas went to the door and looked out, and seeing the unusual stir, at a time too, when all were so busy, getting their wool in readiness for shipping, she concluded that a whaling vessel must have arrived, and her mother's heart leaped with anxiety as she thought of the possibility of news from Peltiah, never dreaming of the sorrow which was to fall upon her home. After looking for a moment, she returned to her work, now and then directing her glance towards the Cliff, for the arrival of a whaling vessel had a peculiar interest to every one, whether directly concerned or not. The forenoon advanced, and the boys did not return, and Dorcas was just upon the point of despatching Betsey into uncle Josiah Coffin's, when they appeared in sight with a third one added to their number, and as they drew near,

Dorcas perceived that he was in the dress of a sailor. Some vessel had arrived then, she thought, as she saw him pass along down the road, while Tristram and Jethro walked slowly towards the house. Suddenly they stopped, and turning back, rejoined the new comer and walked with him down the street. Surely, she thought, it was strange the boys should leave their work so long, and with this thought in her mind, she again returned to her work.

Tristram and Jethro had indeed retraced their steps, after entering the gate which led through the meadow, at the side of their house, for they could not yet bear the sight of the misery which awaited them, and so, deciding that they would go over and see cousin Eliphalet Folger, and persuade him to break the sad tidings to their mother, they turned back as Dorcas had seen them, and hastened down the road to cousin Eliphalet's. And this was the sad intelligence, which Eliphalet Folger had imparted to his household, as aunt Debby was in the midst of her conversation with Rhoda. In a moment, all other feelings gave place to sympathy for cousin Dorcas Coleman's afflicted family, while the boys, Tristram and Jethro, stood in the yard without, waiting for cousin Eliphalet to precede them to their home. "Thy mother must be told, that is certain, and I suppose it does come hard on thee, poor boys, to be the first to carry such sad news; I will go on across lots and thee can go round through New Lane if thee thinks best." So saying, Eliphalet proceeded on his way across lots, while Tristram and Jethro took the road through the New Lane. Now, Eliphalet dreaded the sad mission upon which he was proceeding, as much as the boys, but he had a kind, sympathizing manner, which

seemed to lighten, in a measure, the sorrows of others, and thus it was that he was often selected as the bearer of sad tidings, an office he was called upon to perform not unfrequently in those early days of the whale fishery, and so, when Jemima called to her mother that cousin Lifey Folger was coming to the house, she could not tell why it was, but there was a sudden sinking at the heart, as though some trouble was in store for her. A glance at cousin Eliphalet was sufficient, as he entered the house and seated himself in a chair near the door, but not a word or sigh escaped her, as she listened to his recital of the arrival of the vessel, and the loss of her boy Peltiah. All the sorrow and agony of her husband's loss, seemed to burst afresh upon her, as she thought of the two lone sleepers at the bottom of the deep, blue sea, forever shut out from her sight on earth. Without a word, she arose and tottered into her bedroom, where she remained for the rest of the day, only expressing the desire to be left alone for a while, she said, and she should feel better. The day came to an end, and another commenced, and yet another, and the days lengthened into weeks, and six long weeks passed away, ere Dorcas Coleman was able to take her accustomed place in the kitchen. All this while not a murmur was heard, not a word to indicate the great sorrow which was lying deep in her heart, but those six weeks had added years to her life, and never again did her countenance regain its wonted look. Quiet and gentle with all, she still continued as she had ever been, but there were deep-seated lines of care and sorrow, which time never effaced.

Deborah Worth spent the remainder of the day at cousin Rachel Folger's, and, for that day at least, she kept her tongue somewhat under con-

trol. Once, indeed, she ventured the remark, "Well, Peltiah was always a reckless sort of a boy, but I can't help feeling sorry for cousin Dorkis." But Eliphalet had replied, "If the'd tend to thy own business, Deborah, half as well as thee tends to the business of thy neighbors, thee'd do a great deal better than thee does now." This had silenced her, for she well knew there were occasions when Eliphalet Folger would not brook an answer, and this was one of the occasions. She had made known her intention of returning to her own home on the following day, and as not a word was said to induce her to remain, she arose the next morning with a view of going over to see Dorcas, and also to pick up her tag-locks, which she had left spread out on the floor of the closet in the kitchen. Upon reaching the house of Dorcas, and making known her purpose of returning home, Jethro proceeded without a word, to harness the horse, which he soon brought to the door, and, after throwing into the cart a rather larger supply than usual, he drove off to the Mill Hills, while aunt Debby, who could not refrain from a parting shot at Zephaniah, added as they drove from the house, "I hope now, Zephaniah, thee'll stop tormenting thy mother's life out, about going off a whaling, and settle down to a decent trade on shore." Thus ended aunt Debby's visit, and it was many months before she again found her way from Mill Hills to North Shore.

V.

WE will now pass over a period of five years, or thereabouts, when we will again present our old acquaintances to our readers. Five years had brought its routine of pleasures and sorrows; the children who were present at the shearing referred to, were grown, many of them, to manhood and womanhood. In the family of Solomon Pinkham there had been but few changes. Tristram, only a boy, when we last met with him, was now a young man, called oftener, "Tut," or "little deputy," than by his full length name of Tristram. He was at this time at sea, on a whaling cruise. John, his elder brother, older by six years, had married into the Coffin family. Himself, a great, great, great-grandchild of the renowned Tristram, he still determined to strengthen the relationship, by marrying into the same branch from which he himself descended. Richard Pinkham, great-grandfather of John and Tristram, it will be remembered, had married Mary Coffin, daughter of Tristram's son James. Now, besides the brothers of Mary, already noticed, there was one, James, Jr., who was one of the most esteemed citizens of his day. A man whose integrity was unquestioned, whose judgment and advice were always

sought on any important occasion, was James Coffin, Jr., and, sharing equally with him the respect of the community, was Eleazer Folger, one of "the knowing Folgers, lazy." It was a matter not easy to decide, which of the two held the higher place in the esteem of their fellow townsmen. James, Jr., married, first, Love Gardner, daughter of Richard, and afterwards married Ruth, daughter of John Gardner, 1st., and sister of Mary, wife of Jethro Coffin. James, Jr. and Ruth, whom we may have occasion to mention again, had, among other children, a son, to whom they gave the family name of James, and who married Priscilla Rawson; and among the daughters of James and Priscilla was one named Susan, who was selected by John Pinkham as a partner for life.

Leaving the home of Solomon Pinkham and Eunice, who were now left with only their youngest daughter, Judith, at home, (Lydia, her elder sister, having married Nathan Long,) we travel on to the north part of the town, where we find the changes have been more marked. Eliphalet Folger has passed away from earth, and cousin Rachel still occupies the old house, making her home with Rhoda, the only one left at home, and now the wife of Obadiah Paddack. Cousin Rachel's boys are all away at sea, and the girls are all married. Continuing on across lots, we reach the house of Dorcas Coleman, where we find the boys still hard at work in the fields. Tristram is married and has built a house a short distance back from the road, and not far from his early home.

And did Zephaniah quietly give up his wish for a sailor's life, and settle down at home, as aunt Debby had advised, or, we might say, commanded him to to? Far from it. For a while, after the death of Peltiah, he refrained from mentioning

the subject, but, by degrees, his old longing came over him again, and when he had reached the age of fifteen, and his mother found that his restless spirit would not be contented on shore, she reluctantly gave her consent that he should try one short trip to the Banks with cousin Peleg Fosdick, who had always promised to take him whenever he was ready to go. And so the happy day came to Zephaniah at last, when dressed in his new tarpaulin, with his red shirt and white duck trousers, and a sea-chest, with clothing enough for a two years' voyage, he set sail with cousin Peleg for the Banks. For the first week or ten days, the weather continued fine, but during the middle of the second week a furious storm arose, which increased through the night, and by the next morning was blowing a perfect tornado. All day long the gale continued, the rain driving and beating upon the vessel, as she plunged, now up, now down, rolling and tossing about in the mad waves; night came on and the weather continued the same; the masts strained and started, and amid the roar of the elements, came the cry that the ship was leaking; only a slight leak, but sufficient to keep the men at the pumps the most of the time. The hours of the long night wore away, and morning dawned upon them, the rain had ceased and the wind had somewhat decreased, but the leak rapidly gained upon them, and Peleg Fosdick felt that they would soon be obliged to take to their boats, as their only chance. Zephaniah had been sick since the commencement of the gale, and many times had he wished himself at home, in his own little chamber. It finally became evident to all, that they must abandon the vessel or sink with her, and hastily collecting what articles they could carry in their boats, they were about

leaving the vessel to its fate, when they discovered another sail in the distance. Nearer and nearer she came, but before she could reach them, unless they left their own vessel, they would be beyond the reach of any assistance, and so lowering their boats, they pulled for the approaching vessel, which, to their great satisfaction, they found to be a schooner from Halifax, bound to New Bedford, and once more their faces were turned homeward. Ere they were out of sight of their own vessel she gave a sudden plunge, then settled quickly down beneath the waters.

This experience was enough for Zephaniah; he was forever cured of all inclination for a seafaring life, and when after a few days' sail he reached the port of New Bedford, it was with a determination to remain at home, and assist his brothers about the farm. Fortunately, the packet which ran between the ports of Nantucket and New Bedford, was upon the point of leaving the latter place for the former, when Peleg Fosdick, with his shipwrecked crew arrived, and in a few hours after their arrival, they were well on their way back to their native home, which they had left only two weeks previous. It was nearly midnight when the vessel arrived at the wharf, a dull, cloudy night, and everything around was quiet and in darkness, no one to be seen but the watchmen attending to their various duties. Peleg, with his little party, proceeded directly up from the wharf; Zephaniah soon separating from his comrades, for he was the only one of the crew who lived at the north part of the town. Hurrying quickly on, he soon reached the vicinity of his home, and here he for a moment hesitated, considering the best means of warning the family of his return. Stepping round to the back of the house, and lifting

himself upon one of the hogsheads, which contained their rain water for washing purposes, he was soon upon the roof of the porch, which was directly under the window of his own little chamber, also occupied by his brothers. Then tapping lightly upon the window pane, he called in a low tone to Jethro, "Say, Jeethro, get up and let me in; it 's me, Zeph, come home from that 'ere whaling v'yage, shipwrecked; say, Jeethro, let me in quick." Jethro, waked from a sound sleep, did not at first, realize the meaning of Zephaniah's words, but Shubael, who had been awakened as well, understood in a moment that Zephaniah was at the window, waiting for admittance, and without stopping to consider what he was doing upon the roof, instead of being half way to the Straits of Belle Isle, as they all supposed him to be, he jumped from his bed, and before Jethro could collect his wandering senses, he had pushed up the window, which could not be opened from the outside, and Zephaniah stood in the middle of the room. It took but a few moments to explain matters, but in those few moments, the whole household was aroused, and Dorcas, pale with excitement, appeared at the head of the stairs, to inquire into what was going on above, for she had heard enough to convince her that something unusual had occurred. "Mother," said Shubael, "Zephaniah was shipwrecked, and has crawled into the chamber window." This explained matters at once, and without stopping for further explanation, they all descended to the room below, where Dorcas, with her flint and steel soon started a fire, while Jemima and Betsey, drawing out the table, soon spread it with eatables for their shipwrecked brother. While satisfying his hunger, Zephaniah gave them an account of the disaster which had

befallen the vessel, his return to New Bedford and subsequent return to his home, ending with the emphatic declaration that, "one v'yage whaling was enough for him, if it was only two weeks long." And thus it happened, that we find Zephaniah cured of all inclination for a life upon the salt water.

A short distance from the home of Dorcas Coleman, stood the house of John Gardner, 4th, for many years sheriff, the father of little Priscilla and Abigail, or as they were usually called Prissy Tip and Nabby, at this time girls of five and fourteen years. The Major, father of John's wife, still lived on the opposite corner of New Lane, with his aged mother, Mary Gardner, aged ninety-five. His children were all grown to manhood and womanhood and were living in homes of their own. His youngest daughter, Jenette, had lately married James Coffin, 4th, a great, great-grandson of Tristram, and brother to Susan, who married John Pinkham, son of Solomon. This James, 4th, who married the Major's daughter, was for many years Town Clerk, and was generally called "cousin James, Town Clark," to distinguish him from the many James Coffins scattered all over the Island from North Shore to Newton. The Major was now about sixty-seven years of age, with nearly all his large family of children living, and having their homes upon the Island. His military accoutrements, dagger and cartridge-box, stamped with the king's arms, were carefully cherished; his mother's portrait, painted when she was forty-seven years of age, was yet hanging on the east side of the east room, where it had hung for years, and where it hangs at the present day, while Mary, herself, easily recognized as the original of the picture, retained her vigorous intellect even at this ad-

vanced age. Over at the other house, the home of his son Josiah, 2d, the boys, Josiah, 3d, and James, were now aged about fifteen and ten years, and their sister Judith, about twelve. Several younger brothers there are—Peleg, Reuben and Andrew,—aged eight, five and three years. All is hushed and quiet, as we enter the house. It is a spring morning, in the early part of May. Judith, the only daughter, sits near the fire-place, gazing intently into the fire, as her great, great, great-grandfather Tristram had sat in that room in old England, nearly a century and a half before; her thoughts taking nearly the same direction that his had taken on that day, so long since passed away. In the other room, her mother lies—dying. Judith, daughter of Bartlett Coffin, and wife of Josiah Coffin, 2d, has nearly sundered the tie that binds her to earth. No wonder Judith, the daughter, sits at the fire, with such a sad and sorrowful look, for she is almost alone with her sorrow. Her father and older brother, Josiah, are away at sea, and she and her four young brothers are all that will remain of the household, when her mother is laid away to her rest. Young as she is, she seems to realize her loss, and is wondering what will become of her and the children, in all the years to come. The great change came at last, and Judith was motherless, but many kind hearts sympathized with them, and many kind hands were ready to care for the little motherless children, till the return of their father and older brother, Josiah.

A short distance farther to the north-west of the Major's, we come to the premises once occupied by John Gardner, 1st, father of Mary, the Major's mother. They are now occupied by his grandson, a son of George Gardner, and a brother of Hepsabeth Gardner, who has before been proved a great

granddaughter of Tristram, through her mother Eunice, who was a daughter of Mary Coffin, and the first Nathaniel Starbuck. This son of George Gardner, answers to the name of Grafton, which besides being the maiden name of his grandmother, Priscilla, was also a family name on his grandfather's side, for John Gardner, 1st, whose father was a citizen of Salem, had a step-brother older than himself, who bore the name of Grafton Gardner, and who was probably a relative of John's wife, Priscilla Grafton. The name was handed down, and at the date of which we write, about the year 1765, the property once belonging to John Gardner, 1st, was owned and occupied by his grandson, Grafton, known among the townspeople generally, as 'Squire Grafton, to distinguish him from the younger branches of the family, who flourished under the same name. 'Squire Grafton at this period, was about fifty-eight years of age, and though equally with his sister Hepsabeth, a great-grandchild of Tristram, through his mother Eunice, he was determined that his children should have an undisputed claim, and so, chose a wife from the Vineyard branch of the Coffin tree, in the person of Abigail Coffin, daughter of Enoch and Beulah, of the line of John, and at this time were blessed with nine children, George, Mary, Hepsabeth, Jemima, Peter, Francis, Abigail, Eunice and Silas; most of them, grown to mature years. Hepsabeth, sister of Grafton, was mentioned on a preceding page, as the wife of Peleg, who died at the age of twenty-seven, leaving only one child, John Gardner, Lonker, now grown to years of discretion, and married to Keziah Coffin, sister of Peter, Tuckernuck. John Gardner, Lonker, and Keziah Gardner, (not Lonker,) had now a large family of boys and girls, (mostly boys.) Peleg, named for his

grandfather; Lydia, named for her grandmother, on one side; Hepsabeth, named for her grandmother on the other side; John, named for the Gardners, generally, and Isaac, comprised the whole of the family, at the time of the shearing, just referred to, since which time, the family had been still farther increased, by the birth of three sons. One, during the winter following the shearing, to whom they had given the name of Micajah; next to Micajah was Amaziah, aged two years. Cousin Keziah had remarked when Micajah came into existence, that it was high time they found some good, common sense name, for their children, that had not been in use in the Gardner family, for she was tired, for her part, of the heathenish endings, they were forever tucking on to their names, to distinguish John Gardner or Peter Coffin, on the one side of the street, from John Gardner or Peter Coffin on t'other side, and so, now, she was going to begin to give her children, (though her family numbered five already,) names that could n't be mistaken, so that when they were spoken to, they 'd know it. And so Micajah and Amaziah had been launched forth, as an addition to the family of great, great, great-grandchildren already in existence. And now, there was still another son, an infant of five days, and the vexatious question of naming the baby, was again under consideration. As for the father, John Lonker, he would have named them all Peleg, in honor of his father, had such a thing been possible; but that being impracticable, he had suggested, first one name, then another, belonging to the old Gardner category, but Keziah had vetoed the whole, and declared that now she had begun, she was going to have something different, that she might know her own children from somebody else's. That

settled the case at once; and as the question was, to find a good, honest, Christian name, which had not been worn threadbare in the Coffin and Gardner families, Kezia readily consented to leave the matter in the hands of her grandmother, Mary Coffin, widow of Jethro, now numbering ninety-five years. Mary, who was ever an expert in smoothing out other peoples' difficulties, as well as her own, was not long in deciding, and immediately proposed the name of Antipas, which was readily accepted by both John and Kezia, and another great, great, great-grandson was added to swell the list, in the shape of Antipas Gardner, who, all this while, lay sleeping in his cradle, utterly unconscious of the commotion he had raised in the Gardner family.

In spite of his name, Antipas overcame all the little ills of childhood, as readily as the older members of the family, and at the age of five was an uncommonly tall boy for his years. His older brother, Peleg, had married Hepsabeth Allen, a descendant from Tristram on her mother's side, her father being a foreigner, as far as Tristram Coffin was concerned, having no relationship, whatever, to the Coffin family, except through his wife, Hepsabeth Coffin, who was a granddaughter of Jethro and Mary through their younger son, Robert. The aged grandmother, Mary Coffin, widow of Jethro, was now quietly sleeping in her grave. In the year 1767, on the twenty-eighth of October, Mary Coffin departed to her long home, aged ninety-seven years, four months and twenty days.

We will now return to aunt Debby Worth, whom we never find at her own home, for she still spends a large portion of the time in visiting round from one house to another, just as she feels inclined. At this particular time, she is to be found at the house of Dorcas Coleman, much to the annoyance

of Jethro and the girls, who are invited over to Rhoda's to spend the evening, where a large company of the young folks are to meet for the purpose of making eel chowder. A number of ships had arrived within a few weeks, and consequently there was quite a little company of young men at home, who had no particular business on hand, and were always planning some innocent amusement, to enjoy the short time they should remain at home. Obadiah Paddack, Rhoda's husband, was among this number, as were also, Rhoda's brothers and "Trustum" Pinkham. "Trustum" had made several successful voyages, and was now upon the point of marriage with Lydia Coffin, daughter of Peter, Tuckernuck, and Susy Bunker, long since dead. Tristram and Obadiah had borrowed a torching lantern from cousin Thomas Gardner, upon Gull Island, and with about twenty of their companions, had been out to Maddequet ditch, torching for eels, and having procured a good supply, they were to meet at Rhoda's on the coming evening and make their chowder. To the great vexation of Jemima and Betsey Coleman, aunt Debby had taken the notion to spend a few days at their house, which somehow always happened, so the girls thought, whenever there was anything special on hand for evening, and aunt Debby was always sure to have some little errand, or a demand upon their time in some form, which would prevent them from joining their companions in the early part of the evening. "Well," says aunt Debby, before she was fairly seated, "I heerd say that Trustum Pinkham and Liddy Coffin had their publishment stuck up in the Presbyterian meetinhouse. I hope, now, that Trustum 'll stiddy down a leetle, and not be quite so full of his boy capers, and as for Liddy, she 's been raised over there on

Tuckernuck, but I do n't see but what she 's jest about as full of the 'highflies' of the world, as though she 'd been raised in the middle of Wesco; but then, Judy Pinkham 's had the bringing on her up, and what else could you expect? It 's altogether a chance if she knows one knitting-needle from another," and aunt Debby's needles smote together with a vengeance, as though it in some degree, repaid her, as she thought how Peter Coffin, Tuckernuck, had chosen Judith Pinkham, who had but one eye, and one husband in his grave already, when he could have married a likely woman with two eyes, who had n't already got another husband to distract her attention. This was what she had told Eunice Pinkham, years ago, when she heard that Peter was about to take Judith for a second wife, and time had not altered her opinion. Scarcely had she finished her speech, when the door opened and Lydia Coffin entered, accompanied by Eunice Gardner, not the Eunice Gardner who went to shearing with her grandfather, Ebenezer, but one of the other Eunice Gardners, with which the island abounded. This Eunice was the youngest daughter of 'Squire Grafton, who lived a little distance above Jemima Coleman, and they had come in to make some arrangements for the evening, but seeing aunt Debby, had thought it best to say nothing in her presence, and so for a while, they remained in silence; but aunt Debby was not the one to keep a quiet tongue, if there was anything to be talked about, and so she opened the conversation: "Well, gals, thee is n't in Quaker meetin, and thee might as well say what thee 's got to say and go home. In my day, gals could find plenty to do at home, without gadding round amongst the neighbors all the forenoon; I see thee, Liddy Coffin, when I fust

hove in sight of Abel's pond, and I s'pose thee 's been wilcoxing round ever since. Can thee spin, Liddy?" "Yes, aunt Debby," answered Lydia, "I can spin a little." Now the fact was, that Lydia was considered an uncommonly good hand at spinning, for her years, and had spun all the yarn they had used in the family for the last two years. "Can thee double and twist?" continued aunt Debby. "Yes," said Lydia, "I can double and twist a little." "Can thee weave?" pursued aunt Debby, for she was determined to get the whole catalogue of Lydia's accomplishments. "Yes," again answered Lydia in the same tone, "I can weave a little," and she might have added, that she had a good half dozen linen sheets of her own handiwork, but Lydia did not choose to go into particulars with aunt Debby, and so answered as shortly as possible. "Well," said aunt Debby, "thee 'll find that a little spinning, and a little doubling and twisting, and a little weaving, won't keep thy clothes from wearing out faster than thee can make 'em, and if thee ever has a houseful of children to take keer on, as it 's likely thee will, thee 'll rue the day thee left thy father's ruff, without a leetle more larnin." Then turning to Eunice, as though to wash her hands of all Lydia's shortcomings: "How 's the 'Squire, Eunice? I heerd he had the rheumatiz?" and without giving Eunice time to reply, added, "I guess I 'll go over and see thy mother, this afternoon, and stop in to 'Siah Major's on the way, and then I 'll stop into 'Siah, Jr.'s, and see cousin Prissy a spell;" for Josiah Coffin, Jr. had married a second wife, a widow, and a daughter of uncle Woodbury, who lived down "where the sparemint run all to waste." This speech of aunt Debby's was hailed with joy by the girls, for she would be away from home

probably, when they were ready to go, so they followed Eunice and Lydia to the gate, where they made the necessary arrangements, and then separated till evening. True to her word, aunt Debby did go over to the 'Squire's in the afternoon, and what was better yet, she staid until after supper, thus giving Jemima and Betsey ample time to prepare for a start as soon as Eunice Gardner should call for them. They were not to escape so easily, however, for when Eunice came to the door, aunt Debby was not three feet behind her, and though they hurried off immediately, aunt Debby's sharp eyes had caught a glimpse of Jemima's blue headband, with a bow and long ends hanging down at the back, and she managed to edge in the remark, "thee looks jest like Heppy Comfort a going to the gallus," but without stopping to hear more, they were off, leaving cousin Dorcas to bear the weight of her tongue, for the remainder of the evening.

Upon reaching Rhoda Folger's, or Paddack, as we should now call her, they found about half the company assembled, and Obadiah, Tristram and about half a dozen others engaged in cutting the eels into proper lengths for cooking. A large, round bottom cook-pot hung upon the crane, over the fire, in which the pork and onions were performing their part towards the evening's entertainment; when they had arrived at the proper stage, the cook-pot was filled with a sufficient quantity of water, the eels thrown in, and after having been seasoned properly, it was left to its own devices, and as the remainder of the company arrived, they all adjourned to the other room. The evening passed pleasantly, one or another of the girls occasionally going into the kitchen, to attend to the business in that department, and as

it was agreed by one and all, that it was about time for the thickening, Jethro Coleman inquired in a confident tone, as though proud of his knowledge in the culinary department, "when they were going to put in the dumplings."

This inquiry of Jethro's was greeted with shouts of laughter, by all, the girls vainly trying to convince Jethro of his mistake, and that never was such a thing heard of, as dumplings in eel chowder; but Jethro as firmly protested that he had never yet seen any eel chowder without them, and he remembered perfectly well, when a small boy, that he went over to carry a basket of eggs to aunt Debby Worth and she gave him a dish of eel chowder with dumplings in it. As nothing could convince him to the contrary, the girls proceeded to stir in the thickening, and then swinging the crane, so that the chowder should boil slowly, without burning, they left it for a few moments, when they swung the crane still farther from the fire, and in such a manner that the chowder would keep steaming hot, and then left it, and returned to the other room.

The next half hour was spent in singing, and other amusements, when, as the hands pointed to half past nine, the girls started to prepare the table, and entering the kitchen, found the crane empty; the cook-pot was gone, chowder and all. Great was the consternation on the faces of all, as the fact became evident, that some one or more, had entered the kitchen, and taking advantage of the noise, had decamped with the chowder they had been at so much pains to prepare. "It's the crew of that pizen Industry," said Tristram, as seizing his hat, he rushed out the back door, followed by his companions. "They're down in cousin Jonathan Coffin's cellar," added he, as they

stood upon the sidewalk, considering what direction to take, to recover their treasure. "I know where the varmints meet, and we can get that 'ere chowder back again, if it is n't all eaten up." Separating into groups of two and three, they proceeded cautiously on, keeping some distance apart, until Tristram, Obadiah and Nathaniel Barrett, who were a little in advance, had reached cousin Jonathan's premises; passing round to the back of the house, they crept quietly up, and looking down through the one pane of glass in the cellar door, there, true enough, stood their pot of chowder, apparently undisturbed, for no one was to be seen, the delinquents, probably without a thought of discovery, having gone in search of additional company to share in the booty, so easily obtained. Leaving Obadiah outside, to give the alarm, Tristram and Nathaniel rapidly regained possession of their property, and hurrying out, soon met their companions, who all returned to the house in triumph, taking care, this time, that no one should defraud them of what had once so nearly vanished from their possession.

By half past ten, the chowder had been disposed of, and the company commenced preparations for their departure. Not a word was ever heard from the crew of the Industry, in regard to the affair, and it was always supposed that but two or three were directly concerned, and having become possessed of the chowder, had left it, to hunt up the remainder of the crew, and returned only to find themselves the victims.

Thus ended their evening's entertainment, and Jethro, having offered his escort to Mehitable Chase, who lived in the vicinity of the Mill Hills, Jemima and Betsey, with Isaac Jenkins for company, pursued their course up North Shore, with

Nathaniel Barrett and Eunice Gardner following in their footsteps. All was in darkness, when Jemima and Betsey reached home, the rest of the family having retired; and, lighting the candle which Dorcas always left upon the middle of the thousand legged table in the kitchen, they laid aside their capes and bonnets, and leaving the burning candle for Jethro, who was always sure to upset it before he could light it, they were soon in bed and sound asleep, expecting a good sound lecture from aunt Debby, in the morning, but for what, they could not in the least imagine.

Early in the morning, before any one but the boys were astir, Jemima had arisen and prepared the breakfast, besides various other little affairs that required attention, and by the time the boys had finished their out-door work, the rest of the family had risen, and everything was now in readiness for breakfast. "Aunt Debby," said Jemima, after they were seated at the table, and before aunt Debby had time to begin the attack, "did thee ever put dumplings into eel chowder?" For one moment, aunt Debby glared her eyes over her glasses at Jemima, thinking she was to be the victim of Jemima's sport, but seeing that she was in sober earnest, she made answer as follows: "Dumplings in eel chowder! Who ever heern tell of the like on 't? Thee must be an idjot to live till this age of life, and ask anybody sich a question. Dumplings in eel chowder, indeed! I 'd as soon think of putting the man in the moon into eel chowder, as to put dumplings into it. What upon airth possessed thee to ask sich a tom-fool of a question? Thee must be losing thy senses." "Well," said Jemima, "I did n't s'pose thee ever did, but Jeethro says thee did; he says he 's eaten it at thy house, and thee put

dumplings in it." "Jeethro says so, does he?" continued aunt Debby, "well, let me see, mebbe I have put dumplings in eel chowder; yes, now I come to think on 't, I believe I have, and if Jeethro says so, I know I have; yes, I always put dumplings into eel chowder, but lawful, bless me, who 'd a thought that 'ere Jeethro 'd a remembered sich a little thing as that!" This was the manner in which aunt Debby always treated whatever Jethro said or did; everything was sure to be turned to his advantage.

The time had now drawn near when "Trustum" Pinkham and Lydia Coffin were to be united in marriage. Great preparations were going on at the house of Solomon Pinkham; "Mother Judy" had come down from Tuckernuck, and with her, two little daughters, who had been added to the family, Betsey, aged six, and Susy, aged three; and Peter, her husband, was back and forth from Tuckernuck to Solomon Pinkham's, according as his services were required. Huge loaves of plum-cake were stored away in the closet, brought down from Tuckernuck by "Mother Judy," while the silver which had descended to Lydia's own mother, (Susy Bunker,) for several generations, had been carefully kept by Mother Judith, and was now to pass into the possession of Lydia. There were the silver spoons, in sets of various sizes, marked with the names of the different owners, as they had descended from one generation to another; there was the silver pepper-box, which had belonged to Lydia's great-grandparents, Ebenezer Coffin and Eleanor Barnard, marked upon the bottom with the initials E. C. E.; and there were dishes which had been brought from Liverpool, feather beds and quilts of "Injy calico," with linen sheets and table-cloths of Lydia's own weaving,

for Peter Coffin raised a considerable quantity of flax every year, and Judith had taken great pride in Lydia's skill and industry at the loom and spinning-wheel; and there did not seem to be much danger that her family would suffer for the need of clothing, as aunt Debby had predicted; but then, no one thought of attaching any importance to anything that aunt Debby said.

The day of the marriage arrived, and early in the afternoon, the guests began to assemble. There was Kezia, sister of Peter, with her husband, John Gardner, Lonker, and their three boys, Micajah, Amaziah and Antipas, who always answered when spoken to, because they knew their own names, although aunt Debby had said when Antipas was named, that she could n't see anything Christian about his name, for she never heern tell on but one Antipas in her life, and if he was a Christian, she hoped Antipas Gar'ner would n't be a Christian in any thing but his name. But, to return to the wedding. There was also John Pinkham, brother of Tristram, with his wife Susan, and their little daughter Sukie; and there were Lydia and Judith, sisters of Tristram, and John Gardner, 4th, who married Peter Coffin's cousin Mary, the Major's daughter, with their little daughter, Prissy, called Prissy Tip, on account of her diminutive size, and also her older sister Nabby, who married Eben Fitch, and there was James Coffin, son of Josiah, Jr., and his sister, Judy, who married Thomas Brock, and there were Nathaniel Barrett and Eunice Gardner, daughter of 'Squire Grafton; and Eunice Gardner, daughter of Uriah, and granddaughter of Ebenezer Gardner, with a half dozen other Eunice Gardners, whom we have not the space to describe; and there was the whole crew of the "pizen Industry," who had stolen their

chowder, and there were aunts and uncles and cousins to the uttermost degree of relationship; the Pinkhams and the Starbucks, the Macys and the Paddacks, all congregated at the house of Solomon Pinkham, to witness the marriage of Tristram Pinkham and Lydia, daughter of Peter Coffin, Tuckernuck. The ceremony performed, the cake and wine were brought forth, the cake in slices an inch in thickness, plentifully supplied with plums, which were despatched by the elder portion of the guests in good season, after which, they nearly all retired to their homes, leaving the young folks in possession, to enjoy themselves for a while longer. Among all the children present at the wedding, there was not one who could compare in beauty with little Betsey Coffin, six years of age, half sister to Lydia, the bride. With the dark hair and eyes peculiar to the Coffin family, she united the clear complexion of the Pinkhams, her mother, Judith, being a daughter of Peleg Pinkham, son of Richard. The evening advanced and the time came for the guests to disperse, and the house was finally left in the possession of its inmates, with the addition of the family of Peter Coffin, who were to remain till the following week, when Tristram and Lydia were to commence housekeeping. In the north part of the town, a little to the north of Gull Island, there was standing a few years since, an old-fashioned double house, which had been moved from what was called "up in town," the east half being owned aud occupied by uncle Woodbury, where aunt Debby pulled up the "sparemint" by the roots. The west half of this house was the home of Tristram Pinkham and his wife Lydia.

We will now take our leave of them for a few years, and look round among some of our old ac-

quaintances, first visiting the family of Josiah Coffin, Jr. We find Priscilla, his second wife, still presiding over his home, Judith, whose own mother died when she was twelve years old, is married to Thomas Brock, while Josiah, Jr., and his two sons, Josiah, 3d, and James, are all engaged in a seafaring life; Josiah, Jr. having command of one of the vessels belonging to his father, the Major, who has now nearly reached his four-score years. The troubles with the mother country had been upon the increase for several years, but this had not prevented the ship owners from sending away their vessels, though aware that an open rupture might take place at any moment, and when at last war was declared, the inhabitants of the little Island felt that the prospect was gloomy indeed. The whaling business, which was their chief dependence, was now at an end, though there were some who would slip out as secretly as possible, running the risk of capture by the British cruisers, rather than sit quietly down at home with starvation staring them in the face. Josiah Coffin, 3d, had just been married to Eunice Gardner; the same little Eunice who rode to shearing with her grandfather Ebenezer, and shortly after his marriage, had been offered a position as mate of a vessel under the command of Capt. George Bunker, another of the great, great-grandchildren of Tristram through both his father and mother. This was too good an opportunity for Josiah to lose, and, bidding adieu to his young wife, he set sail in good spirits for a short voyage in the Atlantic, and while waiting his return, we will again look in upon aunt Debby Worth, whom we now find at home for the first time since our acquaintance.

Aunt Debby was Deborah Worth no longer.

Great was the astonishment amongst the Friends who were congregated at the monthly meeting on fifth-day, when Slocum Russell arose and in a firm, decided tone, announced his intention of taking Deborah Worth for his lawful and wedded wife, while Deborah, standing beside him, in a tone equally as firm and decided, announced her intention of taking Slocum Russell as her lawful and wedded husband. It did not take long for the news to fly through the community, and great were the rejoicings of all those whom she was in the habit of entertaining with her company. Slocum Russell had lived with his mother until her death, since which time, he had lived alone, contriving to get along with as little expense as possible, but he had suffered several severe attacks of rheumatism of late, and after turning the subject over in his mind for several months, he had finally resolved to change his situation, provided he could find a woman who would not only assist him in saving his earnings, but contribute a considerable share towards adding to them. Having come to this decision in his own mind, his thoughts reverted to aunt Debby and her basket, and supposing her old acquaintances would still continue to supply her as they had heretofore done, he lost no time in making his way to Mill Hills, where he found aunt Debby only waiting his proposal, and scarcely that; for aunt Debby had often reasoned that Slocum Russell would be an excellent catch for somebody that knew how to manage him, and so in less time than it takes to write it, the affair was settled that their publishment should be given out at the first monthly meeting. Slocum Russell, as has been stated, was a man not only well to do in the world, but he had amassed a considerable property in his earlier years, and was now

quite largely interested in the shipping, but was so penurious in his habits, and bore so despicable a character, that it is hardly probable there was another woman in the town, who would have united her fortunes with him. But aunt Debby had been capable of taking care of herself, almost from her earliest remembrance, and she was now over sixty years of age, and if she was not capable of taking care of Slocum Russell and his money, there was not another woman who was, so she reasoned in her mind, after having sealed her fate by accepting him. As the notice of their intentions must stand for a while, there was plenty of time for aunt Debby's acquaintances to offer their congratulations, which were loud, deep and hearty, and fervently seconded by all the younger portion of the community, Jemima Coleman included.

And why was not Jemima settled down in life like the rest of her companions? When Isaac Jenkins sailed in the sloop Betsey, a few weeks after the chowder adventure at Obadiah Paddack's, it was with the intention of returning in another year, to claim Jemima as his promised wife; and she, as was customary at that time, had commenced her preparations for the important event, by preparing a supply of household articles, such as tablecloths, towels, bedding, etc., of her own manufacture, all which was carefully laid aside, until the return of Isaac, who was now second mate of the Betsey. The first news which had been received, had been brought by Capt. Seth Coleman, who reported them three months out, with four hundred sperm; nothing more was heard for another six months, and many were already expressing their fears that they would never more be heard from, when a vessel arrived which had spoken the Betsey only six weeks previous, with 1100 sperm and

boiling, but, alas! for Jemima, with the sad intelligence, that Isaac Jenkins had been carried down by a line, only the week previous. This was a heavy blow to Jemima, as well as to his aged mother, for Isaac was an only child, and her sole dependence, and now in her old age she was left destitute. Several years had passed away, and Jemima had regained something of her usual cheerfulness, when one day, sitting by the window, she discovered cousin Peleg Starbuck coming along the path that led to the house. Supposing that he was calling to see either Jethro or her mother, upon business, she waited until he had entered, then rising with the intention of calling her mother, she was about to leave the room, when cousin Peleg called to her, "It's thee, Jemima, I've come to see," and before Jemima could recover from her surprise, he had made known the object of his visit, which was to make her an offer of his hand and heart, adding that if she was not prepared to give a decided answer, he was willing to wait a reasonable time for her to consider upon it. But Jemima needed no time for consideration, for though Peleg Starbuck was one of the most respected men in the community, and occupied the "high seat" in Friends' meeting, there were the six children and a grandson, who were the very cut of their great uncle, Slocum Russell, "without a figger to alter," so cousin Hiram Wyer had often said, and nobody had a better chance to know than cousin Hiram Wyer, who lived next door neighbor, and so, Jemima kindly but firmly declined the honor which cousin Peleg had intended to bestow upon her, and keeping her own counsel, no one had been the wiser; the neighbors, if they had noticed him as he went to the house, supposing, as Jemima did, that his business was with her

mother or Jethro. This, then, was the reason that we find Jemima Coleman still single, while all her old companions were living in homes of their own, many of them having several children. Jethro, too, had remained single, while Zephaniah and Betsey were both presiding over their own homes, Betsey having married Jeremiah Bunker at Newtown, while Zephaniah had located at Mill Hills, only two doors from aunt Debby Worth's; which, however, she would not occupy after her marriage.

The fifth-day monthly meeting came round when Slocum Russell was to take Deborah Worth for better or for worse; most people thought it would be for worse, and though the fifth-day meetings were always well attended, there was a larger number than usual, on this particular day, for such occasions always will draw young people, and after the usual time spent in meditation, the couple arose, and amid the silence which reigned around, pronounced their marriage vows, and went forth from the assembly as man and wife.

VI.

AWAY "up in town," during the latter part of the seventeenth century, lived a middle-aged couple, from Paisley, Scotland, known and respected by all the townspeople far and near; and, according to the custom of the times, were called by every one, uncle Thomas, and aunt Margaret, (or Peggy as she was usually called,) Brock. They had but one child, a son, named Thomas, who was exactly the age of Major Josiah Coffin. Thomas Brock, 2d, had married Patience Gardner, whose mother, Ruth, was a daughter of James Coffin, (son of Tristram,) thus giving all the descendants of the Brock family a claim upon the Coffin family as well. This son Thomas had a family of eleven children, named respectively: John, Margaret or Peggy, William, Andrew, Janette, Thomas, Anna and Ruth, (twins) Elizabeth and Walter; John, the eldest, being the same age as Josiah Coffin, Jr., son of the Major. Ruth, twin to Anna, died when quite young, and Walter was now the husband of Judith Pinkham, sister of Tristram Pinkham. Judith had been left a widow at the early age of twenty-two, (her first husband, Hezekiah Pinkham, belonging to another branch of the Pinkham family,) and Walter Brock was her second husband.

John Brock, eldest son of Thomas, 2d, at the date of which we write, had been three times married, and was nearly fifty years of age. His first wife, Anna, who belonged in the Bunker family, had left him four small children: Thomas, Margaret, John and Lydia. He had then married Parnal Coffin, who had also died, leaving Peter, Anna and Thaddeus. A third time had he married, and this time he married a woman who had herself been twice a widow. Edward Coffin, one of the Major's sons, had married some years previous, a daughter of Dr. Peter Calef, of Boston. This daughter, who was then a widow, had also a daughter who bore her mother's name, Parnal Paddack. Edward Coffin had died, some years after his marriage with Parnal, leaving four children: Peter, who died at sea, Edward, Christopher and Sally, and it was Parnal Coffin, mother of these children and widow of Edward Coffin, who had become the third wife of a third husband, John Brock, and at this date, four more children had been added to John Brock's family, Ruth and Andrew, (twins) about five or six years of age at the date of which we write, Eunice, two years younger, and Jethro, only an infant. These were the children of uncle John Brock and his third wife, Parnal, widow of Edward Coffin. Thomas Brock, eldest child of uncle John's first wife, was a great-grandson of the original Thomas, and he was at this time the husband of Judith Coffin, daughter of Josiah, Jr., and sister to Josiah, 3d, who had just sailed with Capt. George Bunker, thus giving the descendants of Thomas Brock, 3d, another claim upon the Coffin name through his wife Judith. Thomas Brock, brother of John and grandson of first Thomas, married Mary Coffin, daughter of Cromwell and Ruth, and was killed by a whale about the year

1760 or '66, leaving no children. Thus the different members of the Brock family are arranged in readiness to be called upon when necessary.

At the western extremity of what is now called "Sunset Hill," several hundred feet south-west of the old house of Jethro and Mary, and a little north of the old rock which yet remains, there stood, a few years since, quite a large, old-fashioned house with two large, front rooms; this house was once owned and occupied by Francis Gardner, familiarly called by the old folks, "cousin Frank," and the hill to which reference has already been made, was known until within a few years as "cousin Frank's hill." Francis was a son of 'Squire Grafton, and a great-grandson of John Gardner, 1st. Francis Gardner had married into the Paddack family, taking for a wife, Anna Paddack, daughter of Paul and Ann, and granddaughter of the first Nathaniel Paddack, who, in 1707, bought of Jethro Coffin the house now known as the oldest house upon the Island, which had, up to the date at which we write, remained in the Paddack family, though it had been slightly altered from the original. Anna Paddack, wife of Francis Gardner, was one of the Coffin family, through her mother, Ann, who was a daughter of Jonathan and Hepsabeth Coffin, of the line of James Coffin, and Francis himself already claimed relationship through his mother, Abigail, daughter of Enoch and Beulah of the Vineyard, (Enoch being a son of John,) as well as through his paternal grandmother, Eunice, daughter of Mary Coffin and the first Nathaniel Starbuck. This also furnishes another instance, in which the descendants had become so interwoven that it would require considerable time and space to unfold the entire relationship, and so we leave them without

farther particulars, this serving to illustrate the manner in which hundreds of others have descended from Tristram by numerous different lines.

Proceeding down from cousin Frank's hill, on past the premises once occupied by Richard Gardner, 1st, we enter Egypt, and at a short distance from the end we shall find, standing yet, an old-fashioned hopper-roof house, which was owned and occupied by Nathaniel Barrett, who had, in company with Tristram Pinkham, some years previous, visited the cellar of cousin Jonathan, to recover their pot of chowder. Nathaniel, with Eunice Gardner, (daughter of 'Squire Grafton,) for a companion, was now residing in this hopper-roof house, and very convenient it was, too, for Rebecca and Eunice, daughters of Nathaniel and Eunice Barrett; for up on cousin Lifey Paddack's hill, there was an abundance of scouring sand, which was in so great demand, in those early days. In fact, at the time of which we write, towards the close of the eighteenth century, the territory just north of the present new North Burial Ground, was an elevation of quite a considerable height, called Lifey Paddack's Hill, upon the top of which stood cousin Lifey's house, which, the old folks assert was completely undermined, and the hill reduced to a level with the land surrounding, by the wives and daughters of olden time, who visited the locality, for the purpose of procuring scouring sand; the truth of this we will not venture to question, presuming that what the old folks have seen with their own eyes, they are fully warranted in believing.

The effects of the war were now sensibly felt by the inhabitants; some there were, who were possessed of means sufficient to carry them comfortably through to the end; there were others,

who had laid by a considerable sum, sufficient in ordinary times to support them through life, but the high prices which they were obliged to pay for the most common necessaries of life, soon exhausted their stock of money, and left them in a destitute condition. Even those who had the means, were many times unable to procure these necessaries, for the vessels engaged in bringing supplies to the Island were constantly intercepted by the British cruisers, and the townspeople were obliged to rely principally upon their own resources. One by one, the whaling vessels slipped in from sea, sometimes barely escaping from the enemy; sometimes bringing news of the capture of another vessel, with which they had parted company only a few hours before. Such was the state of affairs, and great was the anxiety felt by those who had relatives upon the ocean at this time.

And now, during the year 1778 a trouble fell upon the family of Josiah Coffin, which brought sorrow and mourning to all. Josiah Coffin, 3d, who had left his home so lately in health and spirits, had been captured by the English, and confined in the Jersey prison ship at Long Island. This intelligence was brought by Capt. George Bunker, who had either escaped or been exchanged, and to it was added the sad intelligence of his death from small-pox, in the month of March, 1778.

[Sketch of Jersey Prison Ship, as recorded by Thos. Andros, (afterwards pastor of church in Berkley,) who was captured by British Frigate Solebay, Aug. 27th, 1781.]

"The old Jersey Prison Ship at New York was an old sixty-four gun ship, which through age, had become unfit for actual service. She was stripped of every spar, and all her rigging. And after a

battle with the French fleet, and her lion figure-head was taken away to repair another ship, no appearance of ornament was left, and nothing remained but an old, unsightly, rotten hulk. Her dark and filthy external appearance, perfectly corresponded with the death and despair that reigned within, and nothing could be more foreign to truth, than to paint her with colors flying, or any circumstance or appendage to please the eye. She was moored about three-quarters of a mile to the eastward of Brooklyn Ferry, near a tide-mill on the Long Island shore. The nearest distance to land was about twenty rods. And, doubtless, no other ship in the British navy, ever proved the means of the destruction of so many human beings. It is computed that not less than eleven thousand American seamen perished in her. But, after it was known that it was next to certain death to confine a prisoner here, the inhumanity and wickedness of doing it was about the same as if he had been taken into the city and deliberately shot on some public square. But, as if mercy had fled from the earth, here we were doomed to dwell. And never, while I was on board, did any Howard or angel of pity appear to inquire into, or alleviate our sufferings. Once or twice, by the order of a stranger on the quarter deck, a bag of apples was hurled promiscuously into the midst of hundreds of prisoners, crowded together as thick as they could stand, and life and limbs were endangered by the scramble. This, instead of compassion, was a cruel sport. When I saw it about to commence, I fled to the most distant part of the ship. On the commencement of the first evening, we were driven down to darkness, between decks, secured by iron gratings and an armed soldiery. And now, a scene of horror, which baffles de-

scription, presented itself. On every side, wretched, despairing shapes of men could be seen. Around the well-room an armed guard were forcing up the prisoners to the winches, to clear the ship of water, and prevent her sinking, and little else could be heard but a roar of mutual execrations, reproaches and insults. During this operation there was a small, dim light, admitted below, but it served to make darkness more visible, and horror more terrific. When I first became an inmate of this abode of suffering, despair and death, there were about four hundred prisoners on board, but in a short time they amounted to twelve hundred; and in proportion to our numbers, the mortality increased. All the most deadly diseases were pressed into the service of the "king of terrors," but his prime ministers were dysentery, small-pox and yellow fever. There were two hospital ships near to the Old Jersey, but these were soon so crowded with the sick, that they would receive no more. The consequence was, that the diseased and the healthy were mingled together in the main ship. In a short time, we had two hundred or more sick and dying, lodged in the fore part of the lower gun deck, where all the prisoners were confined at night. Utter derangement was a common symptom of yellow fever, and to increase the horror of the darkness that shrouded us, (for we were allowed no light betwixt decks,) the voice of warning would be heard, "Take heed to yourselves; there is a madman stalking through the ship with a knife in his hand."

"I sometimes found the man a corpse in the morning, by whose side I laid myself down at night. At another time, he would become deranged, and attempt in darkness to rise, and stumble over the bodies that everywhere covered the

deck. In this case, I had to hold him in his place by main strength. In spite of my efforts, he would sometimes rise, and then I had to close in with him, trip up his heels, and lay him again on deck. While so many were sick with raging fever, there was a loud cry for water, but none could be had, except on the upper deck, and but one allowed to ascend at a time. The suffering, then, from the rage of thirst during the night was very great. Nor was it at all times safe to attempt to go up. Provoked by the continued cry for leave to ascend, when there was already one on deck, the sentry would push them back with his bayonet. By one of these thrusts, which was more spiteful and violent than common, I had a narrow escape of my life. In the morning, the hatchways were thrown open, and we were allowed to ascend all at once, and remain on the upper deck during the day. But the first object that met our view in the morning was a most appalling spectacle; a boat, loaded with dead bodies, conveying them to the Long Island shore, where they were very slightly covered with sand. I sometimes used to stand and count the number of times the shovel was filled with sand to cover a dead body, and certain I am, that a few high tides or torrents of rain must have disinterred them. And had they not been removed, I should suppose the shore, even now, would be covered with huge piles of the bones of American seamen. There were, probably, four hundred on board, who had never had the small-pox—some, perhaps, might have been saved by inoculation. But humanity was wanting to try even this experiment. Let our disease be what it would, we were abandoned to our fate. Now and then an American physician was brought in as a captive, but if he could

obtain his parole, he left the ship, nor could we much blame him for this. For his own death was next to certain, and his success in saving others by medicine, in our situation, was small. I remember only two American physicians, who tarried on board a few days. No English physician, or any one from the city, ever, to my knowledge, came near us. There were thirteen of the crew to which I belonged, but in a short time, all but three or four were dead. The most healthy and vigorous were first seized with the fever and died in a few hours. For them there seemed to be no mercy. My constitution was less muscular and plethoric, and I escaped the fever longer than any of the thirteen, except one, and the first onset was less violent. There is one palliating circumstance, as to the inhumanity of the British, which ought to be mentioned. The prisoners were furnished with buckets and brushes, to cleanse the ship, and with vinegar to sprinkle her inside. But their indolence and despair were such that they would not use them, or but rarely. And, indeed, at this time, the encouragement to do it was small; for the whole ship, from the keel to the taffrail, was equally affected, and contained pestilence sufficient to desolate a world; disease and death were wrought into her very timbers. At the time I left, it is to be presumed, a more filthy, contagious and deadly abode for human beings, never existed among Christianized people. It fell but little short of the Black Hole at Calcutta. Death was more lingering, but almost equally certain. The lower hold, and the orlop deck, were such a terror that no man would venture down into them. Humanity would have dictated a more merciful death to a band of pirates, who had been condemned and were only awaiting the gibbet, than

to have sent them here. But in the view of the English, we were rebels and traitors. We had risen against the mother country, in an unjust and wanton civil war. On this ground, they seemed to consider us as not entitled to that humanity which might be expected by prisoners taken in a war with a foreign nation. Our water was good, could we have had enough of it; our bread was bad in the superlative degree. The prisoners had laws and regulations among themselves; in severity, they were like the laws of Draco, woe to the him that dared to trample them under foot. A secret, prejudicial to a prisoner, revealed to the guard, was death. Capt. Young, of Boston, concealed himself in a large chest belonging to a sailor going to be exchanged, and was carried on board the cartel, and we considered his escape as certain, but the secret leaked out, and he was brought back, and one Spicer, of Providence, being suspected as the traitor, the enraged prisoners were about to take his life, but having obtained a hint of what was going on below, the guard, at this instant, rushed down and rescued the man. Of his guilt at the time, there was, to me at least, no convincing evidence. If there was any principle among the prisoners that could not be shaken, it was the love of their country. I knew no one to be seduced into the British service. They attempted to force one of our prize brig's crew into the navy, but he chose rather to die than perform any duty, and he was again restored to the prison ship. Another rule, the violation of which would expose the offender to great danger, was, not to touch the provisions belonging to another mess. This was a common cause, and if one complained that he was robbed, it produced an excitement of no little terror. Another rule was, that no giant-

like man should be allowed to tyrannize over, or abuse another, who was no way his equal in strength. As to religion, I do not remember of beholding any trace of it in the ship. I saw no Bible—heard no prayer—no religious conversation—no clergyman visited us, though no set of afflicted and dying men more needed the light and consolations of religion. But the Bethel flag had not yet waved over any ship. I know not that God's name was ever mentioned, unless it was in profaneness or blasphemy; but as every man had almost the certain prospect of death before him, no doubt there were more or less, who, in their own mind, like myself, had some serious thoughts of their accountability, of a future state and of a judgment to come; but as to the main body, it seemed that when they most needed religion, they treated it with the greatest contempt. I wish it to be understood that what I have said of this horrid prison, relates almost exclusively to the time I was on board. Of what took place before or afterward, I say little. To all I do relate, the words of the Latin poet are in some degree applicable:

> "Which things most worthy of pity I, myself, saw,
> And of them, was a part."

Nor would I heap the cruel horror of this prison-ship, as a reproach upon the whole nation, without exception. It is indeed a blot, which a thousand ages cannot eradicate from the name of Britain; but no doubt, when the pious and humane among them came to know what had been done, they utterly reprobated such cruelty. Since that time, the nation has so greatly improved in Christian light, feeling and humanity, they would not, now, treat even rebels with such barbarity; and it is expected that this remark will be realized in their treatment of all other countries, who may wish

and struggle to obtain the blessings of freedom and independence. While on board, almost every thought was occupied to invent some plan of escape, but day after day passed, and none presented that I dared to put in execution.

"It was evidently the policy of the English, to return for sound and healthy men, sent from our prisons, such Americans as had but just the breath of life in them, and were sure to die before they reached home. The guard were wont to tell a man while in health, "you have not been here long enough yet; you are too well to be exchanged."

"There was yet one more conceivable method of getting from the ship, and that was, the next night, to steal down through a gun-port, which we had managed to open, when we pleased, unbeknown to the guard, and swim ashore."

The writer then goes on to describe his escape to the American lines, which he finally succeeded in reaching, after several hair-breadth escapes.

The above description, gives us some idea of what many of our Island seamen were called upon to endure, and among them, Josiah Coffin, 3d, who died of small-pox during the month of March, 1778, on board the old Jersey prison ship, aged twenty-eight years. The little Eunice Gardner, granddaughter of Ebenezer, whose married life had been of so short duration, was thus left a widow at the age of twenty-two, with a little infant daughter, only two months old, who bore the name of Judith Coffin, named probably for her father's mother, Judith, first wife of Josiah Coffin, 2d. Only two years elapsed after the sad death of Josiah Coffin, 3d, and his grandfather, the Major Josiah, followed him to his last account, aged eighty-two. Josiah, 2d, at his father's death, disposed of his own house

in New Lane, and immediately removed to the one which the Major had occupied. Here with her grandfather, little Judith spent the greater part of her time, and finally came into possession of the old homestead, where she remained until her death, upon the 8th of June, 1854.

Tristram Pinkham and Lydia had now several children: Susannah, aged about eight; Judith, four; Hezekiah, six; Job, eleven; Tristram, one; while Peter Coffin, Tuckernuck, had Betsey, now about fourteen years old; Susy, about eleven, Mary, seven, and two boys, Peter and Benjamin. The British ships of war were continually cruising around the Island, and the inhabitants were constantly suffering from their depredations, as the crews had several times landed upon the Island, and carried off whatever happened to suit their fancy. They had even entered private dwellings, and taken property belonging to the inmates; and the inhabitants were constantly on the watch, to give warning, whenever a boat was seen approaching the Island. Several days had passed, without any signs of the enemy, and Peter Coffin, who remained at his home on Tuckernuck as much of the time as possible, was obliged to cross over to town, on matters of business; crossing from the side of the Island, nearest to town, it took but a few moments to arrive at Maddequet, and hastening on towards the town, he expected to arrange his business affairs in a couple of hours, at the farthest, and return immediately, for he was unwilling to leave his family, exposed to the tender mercies of the crew of an English man-of-war, should they feel disposed to land upon the little island. He had scarcely reached town, when he met John Gardner, Lonker, who married his sister Kezia, and who

informed him, that the English had landed upon the opposite side of the Island, and had already robbed several houses of their silver, and other articles of value, and among other houses, they had visited that of cousin Peleg Starbuck, and carried off their silver spoons. Rachel Starbuck, however, was not disposed to allow the silver spoons which had belonged to her departed mother, to be carried off, without a remonstrance, and girl though she was, she did not attempt to restrain her indignation, though her older brothers and sisters, terrified as they thought what might be the consequences of her rashness, vainly sought to pacify the excited girl. Following them almost to the street, she called after them, "Thee, thieves! thee 's got my mother's silver spoons, and thee 'd better bring them back." But no notice was taken of her cries, till they were some distance from the house, when one of the men turned and raising his musket, pointed it at the fearless girl, with the pretence of firing, but, nothing daunted, she bravely remained standing there, till the party passed on down the street from view. Peter Coffin, upon learning the state of things in town, thought the wisest course was, to leave his business to take care of itself, and return to his home on Tuckernuck, as quickly as possible. Accordingly, retracing his steps, he hastened onward, and in less time than he had ever traveled the distance before, was pushing off from Maddequet, in the direction of his own home. Arriving there, his first act was to dispose of Betsey, who was considered the handsomest girl to be found throughout the length and breadth of the town, notwithstanding the fact that the nursery songs of the day, aided by the mothers and grandmothers, were doing their best, with all manner of variations, to impress upon the minds

of the rising generation, that "Jonathan Pinkham's Debby, and Lifey Gar'ner's Tilly were the handsomest girls that ever were seen." However, we will not stop to argue the question, for fear the English man-of-war will sail off and carry Betsey, which really was the greatest source of anxiety that Peter Coffin and his wife, Judith, had, when their vessels were cruising in the vicinity of the Island.

The upper story of Peter's house, was a large, unfinished attic, reached only by a ladder; this attic was used by Peter as a store-room for the large quantity of flax, which Peter had always been in the habit of raising, but which, since the war had commenced, had been much larger than heretofore; and this attic was destined as the hiding-place of Betsey Coffin, till the English should take their departure; John Gardner, Lonker, having agreed to inform Peter when such was the case. Betsey was, therefore, stowed away in the attic, under the flax, with strict injunctions not to venture from her hiding-place until called by her father, Peter, or her mother. Betsey, having been disposed of, Peter now proceeded to secrete the silver, of which there was a considerable quantity in the house. This he carried through a small trap-door in the floor, into the cellar underneath, and rolling away a stone in one corner, deposited the silver in a hole beneath, which had been dug for the occasion, as it was probable there would be some among the many English cruisers, who would resort to this petty species of plundering, to enrich themselves and annoy the inhabitants. Betsey remained in the attic, till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when Peter called to her to venture forth from her hiding-place, an order which Betsey quickly obeyed, for it had occurred to her,

that there was hardly a choice between "being carried off by the refugees or being smothered alive in flax." Upon going below, she found her cousin, Amaziah Gardner, who had just arrived from town with the intelligence that the English had departed; in fact, Peter, who had kept a strict watch from the scuttle on top of the house, had seen what he supposed was the English cruiser, as she passed round from the south side of the Island, round Smith's Point, and then took an easterly course, till she was lost to his view. His silver, he concluded to leave undisturbed, in its hiding-place, not knowing at what moment he might be surprised. Having delivered the information to his uncle Peter, Amaziah returned to his home, and everything resumed its usual routine, but there was a certain degree of uneasiness felt by all, at their insecure situation, and the only hope they had, was in looking forward to the day which should terminate the war, which had been the cause of so much suffering and anxiety.

At the top of North Shore hill, and on the brow overlooking the cranberry swamps along the north beach, there once stood a small, low house, owned by Ebenezer Fitch. One large, high, flat stone, directly before the front door, with several smaller ones at the end, arranged in the form of stairs, constituted a flight of steps, by which the entrance was reached. Here dwelt uncle Eeben Fitch and his wife, aunt Nabby, who was once Abigail Gardner, daughter of John, 4th, sheriff, and granddaughter of the Major; also great, great, great-granddaughter of Tristram. But uncle Eeben and aunt Nabby were not by any means the only occupants of the house, for they had, at this time, two sons, Joseph and John, either of whom was equal to a company of soldiers, but John was

equal to a whole regiment. There was nothing in the name of mischief going on amongst the boys, but Jack Fitch was at the bottom of it; and aunt Nabby, his mother, declared a dozen times every twenty-four hours, that Jack would some day be the ruination of them. But Jack, some way managed to get along, despite all the predictions of aunt Nabby, and was so full of fun and good nature, that notwithstanding all his mischief, he was a general favorite with every one.

It was uncle Eeben's office to attend to all cases of Sabbath breaking, both in meeting and outside, and regularly, every Sunday, would he be seen, seated in the gallery of the Presbyterian meeting-house on Beacon Hill, (the same now used as a vestry by the North Congregational Society,) with his long rod in hand, painted alternately, black and white, while the boys on one side and the girls on the other, were kept in perfect order by the sight of that long, black and white pole, in the hands of uncle Eeben Fitch. And when, towards the latter part of the afternoon, Joe and Jack Fitch would come dodging along down North Shore hill, while Hezekiah Pinkham and the Barrett boys, and the Paddacks, and all who could slip away from home without detection, would congregate at what was afterwards known as "cousin Jim's corner," one or another of them would act as sentinel and pass the word along, "Here comes the wardeen," when the whole company would scatter and make for their homes, and by the time uncle Eeben could reach the spot, not a sign would there be, to indicate that a boy had passed that road for the last dozen years. This brings us to a date beyond the close of the war; we will now again return to some of our other acquaintances, whom we have neglected all through the

long war, which extended over so many years; years which were productive of so much misery and anxiety to all.

During those eight years, Jemima Coleman had married; married, too, out of meeting; that is, she had taken for a partner one who did not belong to the Friends' Society, and though they were unwilling to lose Jemima from their midst, and appointed cousin Mehitable Folger and cousin Eunice Wyer, and cousin Ruth Coleman, who was a relative of Jemima, to call and advise with her in regard to the important step she was taking, yet there was scarcely one, who attended the Friends' meeting, who was not glad at the bottom of their hearts, that Jemima Coleman had found one so worthy in every respect, as Capt. Jonathan Chase, though he was a "Blue Nose Presbyterian." At the close of the war, Jemima had passed three years of her married life. Dorcas, her mother, had been at rest for two years; as she had lived, so she passed away; quietly and peacefully she passed from earth to Heaven, and the aged Friends who had been her life-long companions, felt, as they missed her from her accustomed seat in the meeting-house, that in losing her, they had suffered a loss which nothing could replace. Jethro, too, had married, and was living at the old homestead. And aunt Debby? Had Slocum Russell been as easily managed as she had supposed he would be? Slocum Russell had found his match; and a pretty tough match it was. They had been married some months, and Slocum had found out in that short time, that he was not on the quarter deck of the old ship Sally, for aunt Debby, though disagreeable enough at all times, had particular days when her tantrums would be more disagreeable than usual, and woe to Slocum Russell or

any one else, who dared to oppose her at such times. She had commenced her work one clear, cool morning in autumn, intending, when her immediate housework was finished, to have a general overhauling of the meat barrels, for Slocum had bought a supply of salt beef, what is commonly called salt junk, consisting of pieces of hard, salt beef, which had been brought home in some of their whaling vessels, and disposed of at public auction. This meat was usually sold at a low price, and Slocum had always been in the habit of attending these auctions for the purpose of laying in a supply of salt junk; and now, aunt Debby, thinking it was time the meat barrels were emptied and cleaned, had determined to attend to it that very day. Accordingly, putting a piece of meat to boil, she had called to Slocum to bring in one of them 'ere meat barrels, for aunt Debby had been afflicted with a slight touch of rheumatism, and had declared she would not go out doors to work, not if the "Poke o' Rome" was to order it. And so Slocum had brought the meat barrel into the little shed built on the back of the kitchen, and without paying much attention to what he was about, he had set the barrel down with more force than was necessary, not noticing that the bung was loose; the force of the blow as he dropped the barrel upon the floor, started the bung, causing it to roll half way across the floor, while the brine followed in a steady stream, deluging the floor with salt water, while aunt Debby for once lost the use of her tongue for a few seconds, but only for a few seconds. "Well, Slocum Russell, if thee do n't beat all! I do n't know as I want to be pickled in brine, and drownded in it, in the bargain. A pretty mess thee 's made for me, on this 'ere clean floor, that I rubbed up on

my marrer-bones, only yesterday morning. Now, thee may jest go to work and clean it up thyself, and as for thy salt junk, that 's been a three years' v'yage in the Mary and Susan, thee may eat it for thy breakfast, thee may eat it for thy dinner, and thee may eat it for thy supper, for all I keer, but do n't thee bring them 'ere pickle barrels in my sight agin." Thus saying, aunt Debby went in, shut the door, and took out her knitting-work, her safety valve when there was nothing else upon which she could vent her ill temper. Slocum set to work with water and soap to remove the traces of his carelessness, for he well knew there would be neither dinner nor supper forthcoming, nor yet any other meal, so long as the least trace of that unlucky mishap was to be discovered. So Slocum went to work without more ado, while aunt Debby in the kitchen, sat rattling away on her knitting-needles, occasionally stirring vigorously at the fire; and thus they continued till it was time to set the table in order for dinner, which being done, they took their accustomed seats at the table. The silence was first broken by Slocum, as he commenced cutting the meat into slices. "Did thee soak this meat, Deborah?" said he, "for when my mother was 'cackerlatin' to bile a piece of junk, she always soaked it over night, and Jedidiah Gar'ner says his mother never biles it without soaking." "I 'll let thee know," replied aunt Debby, "that it 'll take more 'n Jedidiah Gar'ner nor his mother, neither, with Slocum Russell thrown into the bargain, to harrer up my feelings with a piece of salt junk, and if thee is n't satisfied with the way the meat is biled, thee may get Jedidiah Gar'ner's mother to bile the next piece; salt meat, indeed! It 's as tough as witchet to begin with, and after being wilcoxed round for two or

three years in the Mary and Susan, from Marsyfury to Guadaloupe, thee might cook it and bile it till doomsday, and then it would choke thee going down. If thee wants any more on 't biled, thee may carry it over to Jedidiah Gar'ner's and get it biled over there;" and with these words aunt Debby rose from the table, and putting on her shawl and bonnet, she went over to aunt Ruth Coleman's to spend a few days, taking with her the little basket she had been accustomed to carry all her life, till, as she said, she 'd got so she could n't get along without it.

Aunt Ruth Coleman, whose husband was brother to the husband of Dorcas, had been left like her, a widow, in good circumstances, with two children, who were married, and lived some distance from their mother's home. Aunt Ruth, as she drew along towards old age, had remained alone in her own home; though her children had often endeavored to persuade her to dispose of her house, and make a home with one or the other of them. But aunt Ruth preferred the quiet life she led under her own roof, and possessed of ample means, as she felt her strength inadequate to the duties and cares of housekeeping, she had determined to adopt the course which many others were pursuing, and send away to the mainland for a girl, many of whom, had no other home than the workhouse, and were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of earning their own livelihood. She had requested cousin Hiram Wyer, some time previous, if ever he should find a suitable girl in his trips to Boston, to engage her services forthwith, but he had returned from one trip after another, unsuccessful in his search, and aunt Ruth, having taken a severe cold, which was followed by a fit of sickness, she had at last decided to leave her home,

for the winter at least, and become an inmate of her daughter's family. But before she was quite prepared for the change, Hiram Wyer had arrived from Boston, bringing with him a girl, about sixteen years of age, who appeared to be just the companion aunt Ruth needed. She had, however, decided that in her feeble state of health, it was best for her to remain with her daughter, during the winter, and, if a home could be provided for the girl until spring, aunt Ruth would then return to her own home, and take the girl as a companion. This was the state of affairs, when aunt Debby arrived at aunt Ruth's, after her encounter with Slocum, and, learning how matters stood, immediately offered to take the girl for the winter, fully determined in her own mind to have her bound to her by the proper authorities, for a good two years, at least, though she said not a word to aunt Ruth in regard to her intentions. It did not at all meet with aunt Ruth's approval, to resign the girl,—Lucretia Green was her name—to the charge of aunt Debby and uncle Slocum Russell, but, as Lucretia, fearful of being returned to the workhouse, appeared eager to accept any offer, aunt Ruth reluctantly consented, resolving to return to her home early in the spring, and rescue Lucretia from the life she would be certain to lead in Deborah Worth's care. And so it happened, that aunt Debby, instead of remaining at aunt Ruth's for several days, as she intended, had returned immediately to her own home, with Lucretia, before any other plan should present itself to aunt Ruth's mind, for aunt Debby, as has been already said, had suffered frequently from rheumatism, and it was handy to have some one round to take charge of the work, when Slocum had a fit of "Mollygrumps." Slocum Russell opened his eyes in

astonishment, when aunt Debby returned, accompanied by Lucretia, and made known her intention of adopting her as a member of the family. He stormed and raved, and the language he made use of, would have brought him a reprimand from the Friends' society, at short notice, had there been within hearing either cousin Peleg Starbuck, whose wife was a niece of uncle Slocum, or cousin Jedidiah Gar'ner, whose mother knew how to boil salt junk, or any other of the cousins or uncles, whose influence was felt in the Society; for they were a God-fearing sect, and lived up to the principles of love and harmony which they professed, and there was scarcely one among the whole society, whose every day life would bring dishonor upon the religion they professed, with the exception of Slocum Russell and Deborah his wife. Bidding Lucretia lay aside her cape and bonnet, aunt Debby directed her to hang them upon the spike, driven into the corner of the kitchen, "and mind," she added, "that I never ketch thy fixins laying round on the cheer backs, for I never mean to have the furnitoor of my house, saddled and bridled with trappings;" then, pointing to the fire-place, she gave directions in regard to preparing supper, which being arranged upon the table by Lucretia, was seasoned throughout by hints and commands from aunt Debby, until Lucretia was glad to retire to the attic above, which was stored with old sea-chests, boxes, broken furniture, and numerous other articles, which had accumulated for years, and come under the head of "clutter;" there being a small clear space at the farther corner, occupied by a cot bed, this space answering to the name of bed-room in aunt Debby's eyes. But Lucretia was glad enough, for even a corner which she could call her own, and lying down upon the little cot, she lay for several

hours, thinking upon the past and present, and wondering whether in all the wide world, there was another human being so desolate and lonely as she. Back into the past, her thoughts ran, to the time when her father had been a prosperous sea-captain, and she with her mother and little sister, four years younger, had lived in the handsomest house in the town and had every thing that heart could wish; she remembered the time when her father, investing nearly all his means in his vessel, had set sail one warm, June morning, many years before, and then the long, long months they waited for the news that never came, and they were left fatherless, and their mother a poor widow in destitute circumstances; then, in a few years, their mother's long sickness, which exhausted their slender means, then, their mother's death, and, finally, the workhouse; and now there was a chance for her to earn her own living, and, perhaps, some day she could find means to provide a home for the sister who was an inmate of the workhouse still. All this she thought as she lay in her cot, upon that first night spent under the roof of aunt Debby Worth.

Early the next morning, she was awakened by aunt Debby's voice, calling to her in sharp, quick tones, and hastily preparing herself, she made her way down stairs, and being of a light-hearted, easy disposition, always disposed to make the best of everything, and with a keen sense of the ludicrous, she managed through one day, without calling forth any special displeasure from aunt Debby, who kept her constantly at work, and when the housework was all finished to her satisfaction, she produced a skein of yarn, which she gave Lucretia to wind, telling her there was nothing so handy as knitting work to "ketch up" at spare times.

Upon the afternoon of the following day, great was Lucretia's surprise, when aunt Debby, calling over the fence to Margaret Coffin, who lived "next door neighbor," and was about the age of Lucretia, asked her if she would like to walk out for a while, and make the acquaintance of some of the young folks in the neighborhood. Quickly putting on her bonnet and cape, she left the house with Margaret, but instead of calling upon the neighbors, took a long walk through the principal streets of the town; Margaret telling Lucretia that they could call upon the neighbors any time, but it would n't be such an easy matter to get down to Wesco, every day, "and so," said Margaret, "we 'll go now, while we can, and while we 're out, I may as well show thee the road to the Quaker meetin-house, for it 's there thee 'll go, every first-day, with uncle Slocum and aunt Debby, and thee may as well learn the way at once." Lucretia had no sooner left the house, than aunt Debby proceeded to Hiram Wyer's to advise with him in regard to getting the proper documents which would bind Lucretia Green over, till eighteen years of age. Hiram was unwilling to take any steps in the matter, but upon reflection, could see no other way open to dispose of Lucretia, and so agreed to bring the necessary papers upon his return trip, which would provide Lucretia Green with a home for two years. Meanwhile, the girls had continued their walk, and by the time they were ready to return, Lucretia had formed an acquaintance with some dozen or more of the young people, and had, besides, been invited to a dance which was to be held that very evening in Jemima Chase's kitchen—she who was Jemima Coleman—she having consented that they might have the use of it for the evening. How to reach aunt Debby was

the difficulty. But, by the time she reached home she had resolved to put a bold face upon the matter, and ask aunt Debby's consent directly. Hanging her bonnet upon the spike, as she had been directed, she made known her request. "Now," said aunt Debby, "I want thee to remember this fustly and lastly, there 's to be no trottleoxing off to junkets or dances, while thee 's under my ruff, and I hope thee 'll remember in futer, and not ask agin, for I never did incourage sich 'bominations, and I 'm not a goin to begin now, so remember, fustly and lastly." "Well," thought Lucretia, "it shall be firstly and lastly, but if I do n't get to that dance to-night, it 'll be for the want of knowing how." She then proceeded slowly to get the supper in readiness, and after they had finished their meal, she washed the dishes, still with a moping, listless step, which called forth several sharp speeches from aunt Debby, at her laziness, and when the last articles had been put away in the closet, she took up her knitting work, in the same indifferent manner, dropping her stitches, and with an impatient exclamation, moving to the candle to recover them, till at last, aunt Debby, out of all manner of patience, exclaimed, "If thee has n't got any more ambition than that, thee 'd better put up thy work and go to bed, for thee 's got to be up bright and airly to-morrow, but I want thee to understand, thee 's got thy stint to knit every day after this, bed or no bed." "Well," said Lucretia, "I guess I will get to bed, then, for I 'd rather be asleep in that old garret, than down here thinking about the good times they 're having at that dance," and without waiting for aunt Debby's reply, she vanished through the door and up the stairs to her room. She knew it was nearly time for aunt Debby to retire—Slocum had already

been snoring for half an hour—and so sitting down upon the side of the bed, she waited in the darkness until she heard aunt Debby retire, then waiting until she supposed she was asleep, she stepped upon one of the old sea-chests and opened the window, which was at quite a height from the floor, and taking her shoes in her hand, she crawled out upon the roof of the shed at the back of the house, and passing along to the lower corner, by the aid of the rain-water hogsheads, which had been of so much use to Zephaniah when his road lay in an opposite direction, she dropped lightly to the ground, and putting on her shoes, she started at full speed, and reached Jemima's, which had been pointed out to her in the afternoon, at about half-past eight, and time enough for an hour's enjoyment, at any rate. Here she related her adventure, which was listened to with many exclamations of delight, and especially by Jemima, who thought that if Deborah Worth had proved a tough match for Slocum Russell, Lucretia Green would prove equally as tough a match for Deborah Worth.

At ten o'clock, the company dispersed, and Lucretia, with Margaret Coffin, hastened on towards their homes. It was not so easy a task to gain the roof and ascend to the window above, as it had been to descend it to the ground, but the roof was low, and with the assistance of a three legged stool which stood at the rain-water hogsheads, she finally reached the window, which was so near the roof of the shed, that it could be easily opened from the outside, and crawling noiselessly through, was soon in the attic, while Margaret, who had waited to see her safely through the window, passed on to her home beyond. Aunt Debby had slept soundly through the whole evening, nor had she the least

suspicion on the following day, that Lucretia had passed the evening anywhere but under her own roof. In this way the winter passed, and Lucretia, remembering aunt Debby's firstly and lastly, had never again asked permission to spend an evening away from home, but there was scarcely a gathering, though at the utmost limits of the town, that Lucretia did not attend, while aunt Debby congratulated herself on the prompt and decisive manner in which she had silenced Lucretia, and she often observed to the neighbors, that "Lucretia knew better than to be forever flying off to frolics."

In the mean time, the indentures had arrived, which were duly signed by Slocum and Deborah, (Slocum having found that it was of no use to oppose aunt Debby in anything she had set her mind upon,) and Lucretia was now a bound girl; but, as aunt Debby often told her, she s'posed by the time she 'd got her fairly broke in, so she was wuth her salt, she 'd be out of her time and off herself, leaving her in her helpless old age; to which Lucretia would make answer, "Yes, aunt Debby, I s'pose I shall; for by that time my homespun gown won't be fit to wear, and I do 'nt see much chance to get another by staying here." "Well," aunt Debby replied, on one of these occasions, "I do 'nt see what thee wants of another gown, for thee can 't very well wear two, to once, but there 's a whole chist full of one thing and another, up garret under the window, and thee can look over and see what thee can get out of it; there ought to be enough to last thy lifetime, if thee was keerful of thy clothes, as a bound gal ought to be; the clothes in that 'ere trunk belonged to my grandmother, and I 'm sure if they were good enough for her they ought to be good enough for thee."

Lucretia did not seem to be so well pleased with the permission to avail herself of the contents of the old chest, as aunt Debby considered she should be. The fact was, that Lucretia had ransacked that old chest from top to bottom, in search of any pieces of stray ribbon, which might be hidden away in its depths, and she knew by heart, every article it contained, from the old, black, woolen hood with moth-eaten fur on the edge, which lay in the right hand corner on top, to the yellow, timeworn, linen night-caps, with their wide frills, which lay in the opposite corner at the bottom; and, true enough, it was full of one thing and another, but neither of them, seemed to be the right thing. The only article, which by any possibility, might ever have been of the least service to Lucretia, was an old (black it once was,) silk dress, made with two breadths and a gore; the waist was missing, and the skirt might as well have been, for there was not a piece in the whole fabric, large enough, Lucretia thought, to make a mourning handkerchief, should aunt Debby be suddenly taken away, and Lucretia called to act as chief mourner. There were besides the articles already mentioned, half a dozen iron-bowed spectacles, some having one glass missing, some having both; and some with only one bow; and there was an old cane at the bottom of the chest, which might be of some service, when she was old and helpless, as aunt Debby expected to be, when she was out of her time, and so on, through the whole list, and Lucretia, after pretending to examine it for the first time, went down stairs with the remark, "There 's nothing up in that trunk, that I could wear, but two or three old night-caps, and thee would n't want me to wear them to meetin." "It 's leetle I keers awhat thee wears to meetin, so

let me hear no more about it, for it 's all I can do to keep thee in victuals, and now thee 'd better hurry and scrub up this floor, afore Slocum comes in, for I do n't want no forenoon work hanging round till arter dinner." In this way, Lucretia was always silenced; the only comfort she had was when in the darkness of evening, she crawled over the roof of the shed, and made her way wherever there was any little company congregated for a good time, and this she continued to do, without discovery, till she had nearly reached her eighteenth birth-day. Aunt Ruth, who had intended to return to her own home in the spring, had gradually failed in strength, and before the spring arrived, she had passed to the other home, whence no one returns; even had she lived, Lucretia was bound out to Deborah Worth, and with her she must stay, till she was eighteen years of age.

It was a damp, rainy evening, and Lucretia had stolen from the house as usual, for rain or shine made no difference to Lucretia; it was the one bright spot in her existence to be able to meet with those of her own age, which she lost no opportunity of doing; upon this particular evening, she had gone out earlier than usual, for the fear of detection had long since vanished, and it so happened that aunt Debby had been seized with a violent pain in the back, and taking the candle, she went up stairs for some particular herb, which she considered a never-failing cure for all diseases, and there she made the astounding discovery, that Lucretia had not been in bed for the evening. Taking the candle in one hand, and the herbs in the other, she went below, resolved to await Lucretia's return, but in spite of the herb tea, the distress became so severe, that she was obliged to retire to her bed, and when Lucretia returned in

her usual manner, aunt Debby was sound asleep. The next morning, Lucretia was up and stirring as though she had not spent the evening before away up on cousin Frank Gardner's hill, but aunt Debby was unable to rise; there she lay groaning in bed, scarcely able to move, sick and feverish, and Lucretia thought of the black-silk handkerchief in the old chest which had belonged to aunt Debby's grandmother, and wondered whether there would be any occasion for it, while at the same time she could not have cared for her more tenderly had it been her own mother who lay there, instead of aunt Debby, guardian of Lucretia Green, a bound girl. It was a long time before she was again able to take her accustomed place in the kitchen, and Lucretia's time had expired, some weeks before, but she could not leave aunt Debby sick and helpless in bed, with only Slocum Russell to care for her, and so she remained until aunt Debby was able, with the help of the old cane in her grandmother's trunk up garret, to get round about the house again, when she left the home of Slocum and Deborah, for that of Rhoda Paddack—Obadiah's wife—where she remained till her marriage with Silas Chase, a great, great, great-grandson of Tristram Coffin.

As the war progressed, it seemed as though Slocum Russell was specially marked for its misfortunes; first one ship, then another, was taken, until driven nearly to desperation, by his troubles abroad, and his troubles at home, he took to drinking deeply, and from that time, his progress downward was rapid. "I should a thought thee'd knowed better than to risk so much in shipping, when there was such a 'cadoo' about the war coming on," said aunt Debby one day, when they had received intelligence that another ship in which

he was largely interested, had been taken and burned by the British, just as they were entering Old Town. "How did I know," said Slocum, "that them 'ere tarnal Britishers was a going to raise sich a fuss all over the country?" "If thee thinks to mend the matter by swearing, thee 's very much mistaken," continued aunt Debby, and Slocum, disheartened and angry, poured out a glass of liquor, which he drained to the bottom, and then throwing himself upon the bed, fell into a heavy slumber, which lasted till late into the forenoon of the following day. Rapidly sinking from bad to worse, the close of the war found Slocum Russell sleeping his last sleep, leaving scarcely any property to aunt Debby, except his house, which she was obliged to sell to procure the necessary comforts of life, and moving back into her own house at Mill Hills, she spent her last days, as she had predicted to Lucretia, old, helpless and alone.

The war having come to an end, business recommenced, and the ships which had been laid up at the wharves for months and years, now began to show symptoms of life and animation, and as ship after ship was fitted for sea, business in a few years regained its former prosperity. The family of Tristram and Lydia now numbered seven; two girls having been added during the long war with the mother country; Lydia, at this time about six years of age, and Betsey about two; and as Tristram was upon the point of sailing upon a short cruise, as master of a whaling vessel, he had consented that Hezekiah should accompany him; Job had already launched out on his own account, as had also Micajah and Amaziah Gardner. Jack Fitch, who was about the same age as Hezekiah, had resolved that he would not be outdone by Kiah

Pinkham, and uncle Eeben, seeing that Jack would never be contented on land, till he had tried a life on the salt water, gave his consent, and the preparations were accordingly commenced, though so powerful was the force of habit, that it was extremely doubtful whether Jack would ever be brought to treat his superior officers with the respect which the discipline of the times demanded.

Christopher Mitchell sat in his office, busy with his papers and accounts, when suddenly there came a tremendous knock at the door; it could not have been louder or more imperative, had the ship Lima arrived, with twenty-five hundred sperm, and blubber on deck, and the messenger at the door waiting to convey the intelligence. Christopher Mitchell was a quiet, dignified young man, belonging to the Society of Friends. He was a large ship-owner, one of the solid men of his day, respected by all the community. Wondering what could be the occasion of so startling a summons, he arose and opened the door, and there upon the steps stood a lad, who, the moment the door was opened, exclaimed, "Does Kit Mitchell live here?" Looking at the boy, from head to foot, he answered his question with, "What is thy name?" "Jack Fitch," said the boy, unabashed by the presence of the great ship-owner. "What is thy mother's name?" "Nab Fitch." "What is thy father's name?" "Eeb Fitch." "Yes," said the gentlemanly Christopher, thinking it useless to remonstrate with the subject before him, "Kit Mitchell lives here." And Jack delivered his errand, and departed, unconscious that he had delivered his message in any different manner than his father had commanded, when he said to him, "Now, Jack, mind and speak as you 'd orter." Such was Jack

Fitch as a boy, what John Fitch would become as a man, remained to be proved.

As there was quite a number of whaling vessels about to take their departure, fun and frolic were the order of the day, and there was not an evening that did not witness a gathering at one or another of their homes for a candy frolic or chowder company, or a dance, or some other amusement, which was ever remembered by the participants and related again and again, to their children and grandchildren.

While all was bustle and life at the wharves, and the numerous sail-lofts, cooper's shops and rope-walks, there was no less business going on at the homes of those who were about to encounter the dangers of the deep. There were piles of homespun, which were to be converted into clothing, for their fathers, brothers and husbands; there were handkerchiefs to hem, and thin cotton clothing to be made, while the younger daughters, with needle in hand, and a sampler spread out on the table before them, were busy at work stitching in cross stitch, the letters, H. P. or J. F., or some other combination of letters, for everything must be marked, from the lining of the sou' wester, to the tin pan with the name scratched on the bottom with a darning needle, or point of a knife; while the happy possessor, with one of his horn-handled jack-knives, cut his initials in elegant style, upon the handles of the others. When the last edge of the last bandanna handkerchief had been hemmed, and the finishing touches given to the marking, the process of packing commenced. Overalls, duck trousers, reefers, short jackets, waistcoats, "galluses," stockings, brogans, quilts, calico pillow-cases, tarpaulins, sou' westers, mittens, handkerchiefs (which were only used for show, on liberty

days,) pot and pan, knives, iron spoons and a variety of miscellaneous articles were carefully arranged, by mothers, wives and sisters, while each separate article was re-adjusted by the owner, (especially if it happened to be his first voyage) as often as he entered the house, after the packing commenced. When all was completed, and the last article arranged to the satisfaction of all, the little drawer under the till, (supposed to be a secret arrangement, but in all probability, nine tenths of the chests in the vessel, contained one exactly like it,) was opened, and a few Spanish dollars tucked in, for trading on the South American coast, and lastly, the "protection" enclosed in its tin or iron case, was slipped in, with the earnest injunction, to take special care of that, though everything else should be lost; for woe betide the American seaman who should be caught upon the high seas, by a British man-of-war, without his protection, which described Andrew Gardner as "a citizen of the United States of America, with blue eyes, light hair and complexion, slender frame, five feet eight inches in height, with a large scar upon the right arm," or Daniel or Nathan Myrick, with "dark eyes and hair, and complexion to match, thick-set frame, measuring five feet, six and one-half inches, age seventeen, with scar upon the left cheek," caused by falling over into the fire-place, in the little chair in which he was tied when a baby of eleven months. All who were without such papers, proving them as citizens of the United States, were eagerly claimed by the English cruisers, as subjects of Great Britain, and forced into the English service, for a specified term of years, or for life.

The vessel in which Hezekiah was to embark on his first voyage, lay at the Bar, ready for sea,

and at two o'clock in the afternoon, he, with his father, Tristram, arrived on board, and soon, with colors flying, and canvas spread, they directed their course round Great Point, and were lost in the distance. Thus did Hezekiah, on the fifteenth day of November, 1786, celebrate his fourteenth birth-day, by commencing a seafaring life, which he followed year after year, rising rapidly from foremast hand to assistant officer, and from officer to Captain.

And now again passing over a period of several years, we find Hezekiah Pinkham, John Fitch, and many others of their own age again at home for a short time, and a series of parties, junkets and dances, following each other in rapid succession. But, in the midst of all, Tristram, the father, had deemed it advisable that his boys should be protected, in a measure, from the ravages of that dreadful disease, the small-pox, which prevailed in those days to a considerable extent, especially amongst the seafaring class.

There was, at some little distance east from the town, a building called the pest-house, established for the purpose of inoculating, for the small-pox, all those who felt disposed to avail themselves of the privilege. Here the patients would remain until fully recovered; and it was to this house, that Tristram Pinkham proposed to repair, with Hezekiah, Tristram, Jr. and little John, his youngest son. But the Pinkhams, even from the days of the first Richard, had never been distinguished for their firmness when attacked by sickness, in however mild a form; indeed, it may be said of them as a family, and especially of the male members, that they were exceedingly lacking in that respect, and should any one of a family be stricken

down by disease, the whole household immediately suffered from sympathy. Tristram Pinkham, Jr., third son of Tristram, afforded a striking example of this trait, though he was not alone in that respect, as there were many who preferred to risk their chance of the disease, rather than to subject themselves to it, by inoculation. Such, in fact, was his dread that his father did not urge it upon him, but allowed him to remain at home, while with Hezekiah, little John and Job (who had decided to accompany them,) he took up his abode at the pest-house, to remain until all danger was past. They had been absent from home somewhat over a week, when Lydia, who had been engaged in cooking little delicacies which would be acceptable to the banished husband and sons, proposed to the girls to visit them in their exile, and take with them the delicacies they had prepared. Tristram, Jr., readily harnessed the horse for their journey, but neither he nor Judith could be prevailed upon to accompany them, although they did not design to approach within a certain distance of the house. They were perceived, however, by the inmates, as soon as they appeared in view, and were just preparing to deposit the articles they had brought, when little John came running towards them at full speed, sent out on some pretext by the party inside, who were collected at the window, to note the effect. Quickly turning the horse's head, they drove rapidly towards town, when John was quickly recalled by those who had sent him, for they could not afford to lose the supply which was always forthcoming when Lydia Pinkham paid them a visit. The recovery of the patients was rapid, none of them suffering very severely from its effects, and in a few weeks they were all in a condition to return to their home in

safety, and again join in the festivities going on amongst their young companions.

At the home of Tristram Pinkham, the girls were making preparations for a company of young people, who were to meet at their house in the evening. While Susy has herring-boned the floor, Judith has been at work arranging the lamp-block, the dye-tub and other movable articles, placing them in the corners, that the centre of the room may afford ample space for dancing, or any other amusement they might see fit to engage in. Over the fire-place, hangs the pipe box of the "old deb'ty," as Tristram is called by every one far and near, a wooden box, about a foot or so in height and about six inches in width, with a square drawer underneath for tobacco, and a heart-shaped hole in the top for ornament. They have scrubbed the brick hearth, and washed the dog's head iron andirons, in the large, old-fashioned kitchen, while the brass andirons in the front room, shine like solid gold. As evening draws on, the company begin to assemble; first comes Rebecca Barrett, with her sister Eunice, granddaughters of 'Squire Grafton, and daughters of Nathaniel Barrett and Eunice, who lived in the hopper-roof house in Egypt, and from uncle John Brock's, away up in town, come Ruth and Eunice, with Andrew, twin to Ruth, while Judith Brock, granddaughter of uncle John, and daughter of Thomas (his eldest son,) who married little Judith Coffin (daughter of Josiah, 2d,) soon followed with Peggy Brock and Lydia, daughters of Walter Brock, the second husband of Tristram's sister Judith. Cousin Frank Gardner's daughter, Love, Joseph Fitch and John Fitch, and a good half dozen others had all congregated in Tristram Pinkham's kitchen, before Lydia, his wife, could dispose of little Betsey and

John, in the farther corner of the large bed-room, while Lydia was allowed to sit up for a while, to hear Kiah and Jack Fitch sing "Black-eyed Susan," and "My Sweet William." Lydia, at length being ready, she wrapped Eunice, the baby, in a large cape, and Tristram, taking her in his arms, they started out to spend the evening with cousin Thomas and cousin Anne Gardner, up on Gull Island, not five minutes' walk from their home; the last words of Lydia as she closed the door, were, "Be careful and don't tip over the lamp-block." Now, the lamp-block, used by most people in those days, consisted of a heavy block of wood, having a stout, upright stem, with nails or pegs driven firmly into it, in such a manner that the "Judy lamp" could be hung upon the peg, using one of the top pegs or one of the lower ones, according to convenience. It was a very common occurrence for the young folks to tip these blocks over, throwing the lamp upon the floor and the oil in every direction; hence the special injunction of Lydia, as she left them to their own diversion. Tristram and Lydia could hardly have reached the lane which led to cousin Thomas Gardner's house, when John Fitch, who was tipping back upon two legs of the round-back chair, and setting forth the good qualities of "Black-eyed Susan" with a hearty good will, lost his balance, and in another moment, lay at full length upon the floor, while the chair, taking a different direction, came down violently against the lamp-block, turning it over, and sending the Judy lamp half way across the room. The oil quickly soaking into the floor, left several large grease spots as a witness against them, but these could easily be removed on the morrow, and was of so frequent occurrence, that nothing more was thought of it

for the evening. Song after song followed, and then dancing commenced, and had proceeded for some time, when suddenly, Judy remembered that it was about time their younger sister Lydia was sent to bed. But this was not so well relished by Lydia, who was as much interested in the proceedings as her older brothers and sisters, and had not the slightest idea of leaving the scene of so much enjoyment. Finding that Judith's directions were disregarded, Susy, who was several years older, attempted to order her off to bed, with a like result, for Lydia, when she had once set her mind upon anything, was not to be turned aside by any kind of suasion, legal or moral, and so she peremptorily refused, with the words, "I shan't stir out of this 'ere cheer." And now, Hezekiah, with a boy's authority, attempted, as Lydia afterwards related, to "clap in his oar," but they might as well have endeavored to move the house from its foundation; not a step would she stir, and Hezekiah, taking hold of her by main force, attempted to lift her from the chair, but Lydia braced back, and in the struggle Hezekiah slipped and fell to the floor, overturning the dye-tub, to his great consternation, but to Lydia's unbounded delight, for she was now allowed to remain unmolested for the remainder of the evening. Tristram Pinkham was a kind, indulgent father to all his children, but especially so to Lydia, for she had suffered from a severe fever, from which she had never entirely recovered, and it was feared that she would eventually lose her eyesight, consequently she was petted and indulged by her father, who never allowed the older children to exercise their authority over her, and so the affair, which had taken such a serious turn in the eyes of Susy and Judy, as well as Hezekiah, was regarded by

Lydia with utter indifference. In the meantime, the blue dye was running in miniature rivers all over the clean, sanded kitchen, while Judith, with the mop, was doing her best to prevent it from soaking into the floor, but the dye remained triumphant, and finding all their efforts of no use, they concluded to continue their dancing, thinking they might, by that means, wear off in a measure, the stains left upon the floor. But spite of all their dancing and scraping, there it remained, till Tristram and cousin Thomas Gardner had finished their discourse, Lydia having risen from her chair, three several times, and as often reseated herself, while cousin Thomas was relating how he and uncle Zephaniah went bobbing for eels in Maddequet ditch, while Tristram was out on his last voyage. When Lydia Pinkham entered her kitchen, and found the stains of blue dye all over the white sanded floor, she was, as she said, "taken all aback," while Lydia sat in the chair she had determined not to leave, ready to pour into her father's ear, an account of Kiah's interference. As for Tristram, he would not have minded, had there been an empty dye-tub in every corner of the room, with the contents of each and every one, intermingling their different colors, in the middle of the room, but with Lydia, the case was different, for she knew it must be many weeks before the stains would be effaced; but remembering her own young days and how she had lived for a great portion of the time on Tuckernuck, away from her young companions, she made no remark, except that "there was a good job on hand for somebody to-morrow," and soon the company were on their way home in good spirits, and planning where they should meet for their next evening's entertainment.

Early the next morning, Hezekiah was up and stirring, and might have been seen with an old bucket in his hand, directing his footsteps across lots, to cousin Thomas Gardner's lot, back of the house, in pursuit of blue clay, which was found there in great abundance. Early as he was, as he passed cousin Anne's door, he saw her busy at work, the girls making up sand-balls for the floor, which cousin Anne had just "scrubbed up," while a large keg of scouring sand, which stood just without the door, proclaimed the fact that cousin Anne Gardner, and her girls, Elizabeth, and Anne and Hannah, had performed their share of the labor in undermining cousin Lifey Paddack's hill, in their zeal to lay in a good supply of scouring sand. But if cousin Anne and her girls had thus committed depredations on cousin Lifey's property, which cousin Lifey himself, by this time had begun to consider almost as public property, the debt was more than repaid, by cousin Lifey Paddack's boys, who were to be seen, at almost any hour of the day, clipping across cousin Nat Barrett's yard, bound to cousin Thomas Gardner's lot, after blue clay, to remove the grease spots which had been left there, as the fruits of the last evening's fandango. And this was the errand upon which Hezekiah had started; for upsetting the lamp-block had become such an old story at "Trustum" Pinkham's, that Hezekiah knew just the remedy required, and so had set out in season, before the girls had arisen. But all the clay that had been dug from cousin Thomas's premises for the last half century, and it was by no means a small quantity, would not efface the marks which had been made in one half minute, by that old blue dye-tub, and Hezekiah was destined not to hear the last of it, for that day, as well as many subsequent ones.

How it had leaked out so early in the morning, he could never imagine, but as he was crossing the street in front of his home, with the bucket of clay, hanging on one arm, two or three of the North Shore boys suddenly appeared, coming down cousin Barzillai's hill; and no sooner did Hezekiah appear in sight, than he was saluted by the whole group, with, "Dep'ty Ki upset the dye," while farther back in the distance, the chorus was taken up by one and another, and echoed along the street, till all the boys in the neighborhood had caught the refrain, and never ceased to hurl it at Hezekiah, whenever there was a fitting opportunity; that is, when they were at a convenient distance from their own back door, and could make a dash for the house, if Hezekiah should show signs of giving chase after them.

"It was down to uncle Sam's, down below."

There had been a plan on foot, amongst the young people, to meet on some convenient evening, for the purpose of mulling wine, which was a favorite drink with both young and old, at that time; and this plan had been several times discussed, without coming to any definite conclusion. But a few days after the company at "Trustum" Pinkham's, the girls had made their arrangements, which were to be kept secret from the young men; the custom being, for them to search for the girls, who, if discovered, would lose their wine, candy or chowder, as the case might be; but, if not discovered, the loss would be on the other side. Only a short distance from the Springfield House, in about a westerly direction, stood (and is still standing,) a small, low, old-fashioned house, approached by two small courts, which formed nearly a right angle. In this house, lived Samuel Russell—no relative of Slocum by the way—familiarly called

"uncle Sam," and at the time of which we write, he had two daughters, Daty and Sally; and it was at their house, that the girls had agreed to meet to mull their wine. All through the day, the girls had come dropping into uncle Sam's, in all manner of disguises, some in their grandmother's cloaks and bonnets, in broad daylight, and some waiting till the shades of evening should conceal them, the one end and aim of all, being to reach uncle Sam Russell's without discovery. At last they were all present, and congratulating themselves upon reaching the house so successfully, they proceeded to hang the pot upon the crane, listening intently, all the while, for any sound of approaching footsteps. The cooking was nearly completed, and Ruth Brock was giving the last finishing stirring, when, with a scream, she dropped her spoon, exclaiming, "Look, Eunice; it 's a going up chimney, neck, heels and appetite," and so, beyond a doubt, it seemed to be; slowly and surely, it was going, hanging upon a hook fastened to the end of a long pole, which had been let down through the chimney, by some one upon the roof, while at the same time, the sharp click of the lock, made them aware of the fact, that they were securely locked inside of the house, while their wine would soon disappear upon the outside; but the party waiting without, were doomed to disappointment, for the hook in some way became entangled in the crane, and in the attempt to disengage it the whole structure gave way, and the crane, mulled wine and all, fell to the hearth in ruins. All day long, the young men had been upon the watch, in different parts of the town, endeavoring, but without success, to catch a glimpse of either of the girls, as they made their way towards their hiding-place. It remained for Thad. Joy, to make the important discovery.

He had spent the greater portion of the day upon the walk on top of his father's house, which was only a few steps from uncle Sam's, and directly overlooked it. He had noticed that there appeared to be an unusual number of aged people, congregating at the house of uncle Sam, and having his suspicions aroused, he quickly directed his course to the top of North Shore hill, where, stepping round at the back of uncle Eeben Fitch's, he was thus enabled to watch both the front and back entrances of cousin Barzillai Folger's house; for Judy Folger was one of the company who were to meet that evening, and Thaddeus Joy was particularly interested in cousin Barzillai's Judy, whom he afterwards married, and he was not so easily mistaken as to believe it was her grandmother, even though it was the cloak and Quaker bonnet the old lady always wore; but Thaddeus knew the old lady had no particular calling at uncle Sam Russell's, at that unseasonable hour of the day, let alone the fact, that she was slow and uncertain in her gait, while this would-be grandmother, though she started out from the house, in strict keeping with her costume, appeared to forget herself, in a few moments, and broke into what Thaddeus called a "dog trot," so that he had considerable difficulty in keeping her in view, at the same time that he kept himself out of view.

The vexation of the girls, at the loss of their mulled wine was considerably diminished, by the fact that the enemy had met with such a signal failure, and it was a long time before either party heard the last of "Down to uncle Sam's, down below." And, for years afterwards, the grandmothers of succeeding generations, entertained the rising grandchildren, with the story of how "Ruth and Eunice run down to uncle Sam's, down

below." And, as though that would not be sufficient to perpetuate the event, the poets of the day have related the account in verse, which many of the aged inhabitants of the present day, remember to have heard sung, by old uncle Moses, or cousin Franklin, or aunt Merab, of days long gone by.

The vessels which had arrived some weeks previous, were now again nearly ready for sea, and Hezekiah Pinkham and John Fitch, together with many others who had been in the habit of meeting with them, had shipped for another voyage, while Joseph Fitch had concluded to embark on a matrimonial voyage, ere he again ventured upon the salt water, and it was not many Sabbaths before the banns of matrimony were read from the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, which declared the intentions of Joseph Fitch and Judy Brock to unite themselves as husband and wife. Judith Brock was a daughter of the little Judith Coffin, aged twelve when her mother died. Judith Coffin, it will be remembered, had married Thomas Brock, a great-grandson of the first Thomas, and they had now a number of children; Judith, who was about to unite her fortunes with Joseph Fitch, son of uncle Eeben; also Peleg and Thomas, Nancy, Prissy, and Betsey, usually called Elizabeth or Eliza, all well remembered by the middle-aged inhabitants of the present day, and all great, great, great, great-grandchildren, through numerous different lines of the first Tristram Coffin.

Eunice Barrett, daughter of 'Squire Grafton, and wife of Nathaniel Barrett, had now been dead for a number of years, and Nathaniel had taken a second wife from among the daughters of uncle John Brock, up in town. This daughter, Margaret or Peggy, was a daughter of uncle John's first

wife, Anna, and was, at the time of her marriage with Nathaniel Barrett, a widow with one daughter, Anne Coffin; Peggy's first husband being one of the many Jethro Coffins, who had existed since the days of Tristram. Nathaniel's first wife, Eunice, mother of Rebecca and Eunice, was, like Lydia Coffin, Tuckernuck, (wife of Tristram Pinkham) an expert spinner, and like her, was unusually skillful at the loom, and, at her death, there were many articles of household wear which were manufactured by Eunice before her marriage, and marked with her initials, E. G. These articles had all been confided by Peggy, the second wife, to the care of aunt Heppy Gardner, daughter of 'Squire Grafton, and maiden sister of Eunice Barrett.

Rebecca had also been entrusted to the care of aunt Heppy, in her childhood's years, so that aunt Heppy came to look upon her, almost as her own child. And, now that Rebecca and Eunice had grown to womanhood, the household articles, which had belonged to their mother, were about to be committed to their keeping; and here trouble arose at once, for aunt Heppy was resolved in her mind, that her favorite, Rebecca, should become the possessor of every article left by her mother, and it was only after Rebecca had obtained possession, that they could be equally divided, and Eunice receive her rightful portion. There were now several younger children growing up in Nathaniel Barrett's family: John, Samuel, Jethro and Peter, and the girls Peggy and Prissy, besides the daughter, Anne Coffin, who, after a long and lingering fever, had been left in a feeble state of health, from which she never afterward recovered. These last children of Nathaniel Barrett, having descended from Thomas Brock, 2d,

through their mother, (Peggy) were consequently great, great, great, great-grandchildren of Tristram; it having been proved on a preceding page, that the wife of Thomas Brock, 2d, was a descendant of Tristram Coffin, through his son James.

We will now suppose the eighteenth century to have run its course, and again we will look in upon the home of "Trustum" and Lydia Pinkham. Sitting before the fire-place, is a little girl five or six years of age, who, every few moments, looks impatiently towards the door, as though expecting some one to enter. Without, the ground is covered with snow—no, not covered, for though enough snow had fallen to cover the whole Island, a fierce wind had accompanied this heavy flight of snow, and what should have been spread throughout the length and breadth of the street, was piled in one solid bank against the front of cousin Elizabeth Coffin's house, reaching nearly to the top of the chamber windows, leaving the opposite side of the street, where cousin Jonathan Pollard and "Trustum" Pinkham lived, as bare as in midsummer. The little girl, we will call Hepsy Pinkham, though not by any means her real name; she had accompanied her father, Peleg, a relative of Tristram, and being a great favorite with John, the youngest son, he had persuaded her to remain until he returned from cousin Barzillai's hill, back of the house, where his snare for snow-birds had been set on the bare ground since early morning. John was a famous hand at catching snow-birds, and little Hepsy had often watched him, as he picked and dressed them, then tying their feet together, he would hang them upon the crane, and taking little Hepsy in his arms, they would watch them until cooked and browned, when Hepsy would

be treated to portions, which John would cut off with his jack-knife. Hepsy was always ready when Peleg, her father, proposed going over to see uncle "Trustum," for, in the winter season, John was on hand with his snow-birds, and in the summer, he was always prowling round the ponds, after "turkles' eggs," which the girls, Lydia and Eunice, could never be persuaded to eat, but, as John said, "that left all the more for him and Hepsy." Upon this day, her father had returned home without her, and Hepsy sat there smoothing out the wrinkles in her new "Nelson wave calico," and watching the sparks on the baking-pan, as they appeared crawling along, then disappearing, till nearly all were gone from view, then suddenly re-appearing, (going to meeting, Hepsy called it,) when the door opened, and John Pinkham entered, and seating himself in the corner of the fire-place, deliberately commenced pulling the dead snow-birds from his pockets, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of Lydia, who would scold because the feathers flew all over the kitchen, he proceeded to pick them, and having prepared them for cooking, he hung them upon the crane, as Hepsy had seen him do so many times before. When they were sufficiently cooked, John and Hepsy commenced their repast, which was soon finished, and Hepsy was left to amuse herself with Eunice, who was some years older, while John went down to the wharf with his father, who, for several years, had been running the mail packet between his native Island and New Bedford. Job, the eldest child of Tristram, had died at sea; while Hezekiah had made a short voyage to Madeira in the Nancy, with Captain Stephen Kidder, and a long voyage of two years or thereabouts in the President, with Captain Andrew Pinkham. Hezekiah was chief

mate of the President, and it was his duty to keep the log of the ship, and in his log-book we find recorded the remarkable coincidence of the arrival of the Juno upon the same day as the President, also that she sailed upon the same day, and from other records we find the coincidence still more striking, from the fact that both ships brought home the same quantity of oil, having sailed in January, 1797, arrived April 12th, 1799, with each twelve hundred sperm and fifty barrels whale oil.

Hezekiah, having taken Eunice Barrett for a wife had commenced house-keeping in cousin Thad. Folger's chambers on North Shore hill. His older sisters, Susy and Judith, were also married. John Fitch, the friend and companion of Hezekiah from boyhood, had married Rebecca Barrett, sister of Eunice, and had located not far from his father's residence at North Shore. Uncle Eeben was still to be seen, as regularly as Sunday followed Sunday, with his black and white rod, the terror of evil doers; and the cry of "Here comes the wardeen," was passed along the lines as formerly, though Jack Fitch was now no longer their leader. As Joseph and John Fitch had grown from boyhood to manhood, a younger brother and sisters had followed in their footsteps, there being Betsey and Nancy, and a young son, on whom, out of respect to the old family name, they had bestowed the name of Coffin. There is not an inhabitant of the Island, whose memory reaches back beyond the last twenty-five or thirty years, who does not perfectly remember Coffin Fitch. While Joseph and John were tall and muscular, being somewhat beyond average height, Coffin was exactly the reverse, his height not exceeding that of an ordinary boy of eleven or twelve. Quiet and taciturn in his manners, his life was spent at the old homestead

of Ebenezer, his father, and even after his father's death, Coffin remained alone, spending his time in what is generally called "tinkering," and there was scarce a family in the northern part of the town, who had not one or more articles which had undergone rejuvenation, at the hands of uncle Coffin Fitch.

All the "old folks" who were living in the early days of Tristram Pinkham and his companions, had long since departed. Solomon and Eunice Pinkham, Ebenezer Gardner, as also Peter Coffin, Tuckernuck, who died in 1799, and John Gardner, Lonker, who died one year previous, and in whose possession was the substantial old cane, once belonging to his ancestor, Richard Gardner, marked on the silver plate, with the words, "Richard Gardner came to Nantucket in 1666," and which was still handed down, from father to son, till it came into the possession of the present owner of the old homestead of Major Josiah Coffin. These old people had all passed away, and their places were being rapidly filled, by their children and grandchildren. Tristram Pinkham himself was now drawing rapidly along towards old age. And where were Amaziah, Micajah and Antipas, children of John, Lonker and Kezia? Kezia was yet living, and Antipas,—he had run up like a mushroom, and still continued to stretch upwards, while Kezia, his mother, in despair at ever finding cloth sufficient, on Christopher Coffin's long array of shelves, had decided that the best course to pursue, was to put Antipas in knee breeches, to which he became so accustomed, that they clung to him through all his after years. Antipas had remained single. A constant visitor at the house of Tristram Pinkham, there was always a seat in the chimney corner for uncle Antipas, as the children learned to call him.

Micajah and Amaziah had not followed the example of Antipas. They were both married. Micajah had married Anna, daughter of Joseph and Rachel Glazier, and had but one child, a daughter, named Anna, who afterward married Francis Chase. Amaziah had not forgotten his cousin, Betsey Coffin, daughter of Peter, Tuckernuck, the same Betsey, who to escape being carried off by the refugees, had been hidden under the flax, in her father's garret; and Betsey, his first cousin at that time, was his wife at the time of which we are writing. Step by step, he had risen to the command of a ship, first sailing in the Commerce, afterwards for a number of years, in the Alliance; he became a successful ship master, and thanks to his mother's foresight, when Capt. Amaziah Gardner's name was mentioned, there was no occasion to inquire, "which Amaziah?" as was the case with the many John Gardners, and other repetitions of names, to be found in command of the Nantucket whaling vessels, at that period. Amaziah's name was not one to be easily forgotten. He had on one occasion, spent a few hours in company with an English ship, and had parted from the captain, without the least expectation of ever meeting him again. Upon the next voyage, however, he was again in company with the same captain, who related to Amaziah, that upon his return home, from his last voyage, he had found an addition to his family, only awaiting until he returned, to select a name for his new son. "Well," said the old English captain, "I told my wife to name the boy anything under heavens, but Amaziah Gardner," and Amaziah was convinced, if he never was before, that it was most likely he would remain in undisputed possession of the name his mother had given him, to distinguish him from his

next door neighbor. Susy Coffin, the second daughter of Peter, was the wife of Joseph Earle, and third wife at that. Now, Joseph Earle was a foreigner; that is, he came from Newport, and had no more claim upon Tristram Coffin, than had Joseph Allen, the father of Peleg Gardner's wife; therefore Susy Coffin, whose ancestors had married back and forth, as far back as the first Tristram, had, as it were, married "out of meeting," by taking Joseph Earle for a husband. Joseph Earle's second wife had been one of the adopted children of uncle John Brock, seeing he had only eleven of his own. This adopted daughter, as it were, was Parnal Paddack, daughter of uncle John's third wife, who, besides having Parnal Paddack as a daughter, had also, Peter, Edward, Christopher and Sally Coffin, to add to the number of uncle John's family, so that it would not have been a matter of wonder, if uncle John, himself, had been unable to tell where his own family left off, and another one commenced. Thus Susy Coffin, by her marriage with Joseph Earle, became the stepmother of Hannah, Nathaniel and Joseph, Jr., children of Joseph's first wife; Mary, Sarah and Lydia, children of his second wife, Parnal Paddack.

Having disposed of Betsey Coffin, by resigning her to the care of Amaziah Gardner, and of Susy, by settling her in a home as the wife of Joseph Earle, there yet remain, Mary, who married Benjamin Kidder, and Hepsabeth (who to her latest day remained aunt Heppy Coffin, and spent her last days in caring for her motherless niece,) and two boys, Peter and Benjamin, who were cut off in their early years, both having died at sea.

The passing years have wrought their changes in other families as well. All this while that Tristram Pinkham had been rearing his large family,

Sukie Pinkham, daughter of his elder brother, John, had grown to womanhood, and was living in her own home as the wife of James Coffin, son of Josiah Coffin, Jr., the same little James who, with his sister Judith, was left motherless, while his father and older brother Josiah, were away at sea. Susan Pinkham, wife of John, had also a brother, on whom the family name of James had been conferred; he being the fourth James in a direct line from James first, (the son of Tristram, and husband of Mary Severance.) This James fourth, had long since grown to manhood, and had married Janette Coffin, the Major's daughter, as has been once mentioned, and from the office which he held for many years, he was distinguished by the name of "cousin James, Town Clerk;" while James Coffin, son of Josiah Coffin, 2d, was distinguished by the name of Captain Jim, he for many years having command of a large merchant ship. Capt. Jim and Susan had now a family of well grown children, of whom William was the favorite with his grandfather, Josiah, 2d, who always called him by the name of Bill. These children of Captain Jim and Susan, in common with others whom we have mentioned, were great, great, great, great-grandchildren of Tristram. As William grew from childhood to boyhood, he commenced a seafaring life, by accompanying his father in his voyages to England.

VII.

THE ship Industry lay at the back of the Bar, nearly ready for sea. For a whole week they had been engaged in loading, and should the weather continue favorable, they would be ready for sailing in another week, or ten days at the farthest. Busy upon the deck, giving directions in regard to stowing away the different articles as they were placed on board by the vessels engaged in loading, was Silas Chase, the mate, a younger brother of Jonathan, who married Jemima Coleman, and as we descend to his state-room, we meet with an old acquaintance in the person of his wife, Lucretia Green, who was once a bound girl at aunt Debby Worth's. Lucretia had taken up her abode on board the Industry, for the few weeks it would require to load, as it is the business of the mate to remain on board his ship and superintend the loading, till ready for sea, and it was a general custom for the wife of the mate to remain with her husband to the last; and thus we find Lucretia, after the lapse of all these years. Silas had remained at home from the last voyage longer than usual, and in the meantime he had built a large house in the south part of the town, for Lucretia

proved a prudent wife, and Silas had accumulated quite a little property; and while we leave Lucretia making preparations to broil the steak for their evening meal, we will look in upon her home, where cousin Ruth Ray had been left with the general management, while Lucretia was sojourning with her husband in the Industry. From the description given us by Lucretia, we easily find the house, a large, two-story building, with the entrance low to the ground, newly painted red, the prevailing color; with a commodious walk on top, which commanded an excellent view of the harbor. At the same time that Lucretia was preparing her steak for supper, three girls were sitting in the kitchen of the house mentioned, busily engaged in conversation. One of the girls is Mary Chase, daughter of Lucretia, and named for her mother, who died so long before. The second is Martha Chase, a daughter of Jemima and Jonathan, while the third is Susannah Paddack, daughter of Rhoda and Obadiah, of olden time. Susannah appeared to be in trouble about something, while the other girls, Mary and Martha, were advising and talking earnestly, as though something out of the usual routine had occurred. The fact was, that there was to be a dance up at cousin Lydia Calder's, and Susannah was very anxious to attend. Now Obadiah and Rhoda, though as gay as the gayest in their young days, had grown to be middle-aged people, and had ever continued to attend the Friends' meeting, of which they were both birthright members, and while they had always indulged their children in what they considered all reasonable requests, they could not quite reconcile their consciences to allow them to attend the dances which were of such frequent occurrence, though they had never decidedly re-

fused until this instance; and this was why Susannah Paddack's face wore such a look of downright despair, as she sat there in Lucretia Chase's kitchen. Susannah had made known her wishes only that morning, and had been kindly but decidedly refused, and thinking there was no appeal, had run in to Mary's to talk the matter over with the girls. Cousin Ruth Ray stood at the dresser, engaged in paring apples, leaving the girls to their own enjoyment, for it was a favorite saying with cousin Ruth Ray, that the cares and troubles of life would come all too soon, without hurrying them along in their young days, a saying which was not entirely endorsed by many of the older portion of the community. Cousin Ruth Ray was, like aunt Debby Worth when we first made her acquaintance, a spinster, but a spinster the very reverse, yes, the very antipodes, (if we may so use the word,) of aunt Debby Worth, for while aunt Debby, in her day, was constantly saying all manner of disagreeable things, to vex and annoy those who were so unfortunate as to be exposed to her severe and cutting remarks, cousin Ruth Ray seemed created purposely to lighten other peoples' burdens, and smooth away their troubles. Busily she worked at her apple paring, all through the conversation the girls were carrying on in the corner, and without a word of comment she finished her work, took down her sun-bonnet, and left them alone to themselves; crossing the road, as she reached the street, and taking a direction which led to Obadiah Paddack's, who had lately bought a house at Newtown. She had been absent for about half an hour, when the girls saw her returning, and again entering by the back door, she hung her sun-bonnet in its place, and, turning to the girls, interrupted their conversation with,

"Well, Susannah, thy mother has given her consent for thee to go to the Philander over to cousin Liddy's, but thee must n't worry her again about going to dances, till thee gets a few more years over thy head," saying which, cousin Ruth opened the stairway door and vanished up the back stairs.

By what means cousin Ruth had induced Rhoda to give her consent, Susannah never stopped to inquire, but with the remark, that cousin Ruth was worth her weight in gold, and she wished she had a dozen cousins just like her, she left Mary and Martha Chase sitting in the kitchen, while she hastened to her own home to make her preparations for the evening. As she was again leaving her home to join Mary and Martha, she heard her father, Obadiah, remark, "I would n't mind if I was going over to cousin Liddy's, too, to see them cut up capers." Obadiah and Rhoda had not forgotten their own young days, and had allowed their children many liberties which were not exactly in accordance with the regulations of the society to which they belonged, but the dances and parties were getting to be of too frequent occurrence, and the departure from the principles of the society, was becoming too marked; only last first-day they had allowed her to attend the Presbyterian meeting, where Rhoda had never set foot in all her life. One attendance at Presbyterian meeting had been enough for Susannah, and given her an experience she would not be likely to forget. Seeing the frequent uprisings and downsittings of the Presbyterians, the singing of the Psalms, and, as Susannah thought, a general hubbub throughout, she supposed she might with equal propriety, venture a word to Martha Chase, whose father and mother were both members; but Susannah had missed her reckoning, as her

father would say, and, (if we may be allowed to borrow Jedidah for the occasion,) never was any little Presbyterian Jedidah Hussey, more completely out of place in Quaker meeting, than was Susannah Paddack in the gallery of the Presbyterian meeting-house. She had just reached forward to whisper a moment to Martha, and call her attention to the caterpillar which was crawling carefully round Nathan Bunker's neck, on the edge of his starched stand-up collar, when tap came uncle Eeben Fitch's long, black and white rod, the end of it resting on her shoulder, while uncle Eeben sat at the other end, some half a mile away, it seemed to Susannah. There she sat, not daring to stir, till uncle Eeben, thinking the discipline sufficient, removed the rod and left Susannah to her reflections, which were by no means favorable to Presbyterianism. Though Susannah never afterwards ventured to improve upon the form of worship to which she had always been accustomed, she had not yet become so firmly established in the faith, as to be willing to sacrifice the junkets and dances of which she had as yet only a foretaste.

Cousin Ruth Ray was a small, slender little woman, who had been left almost alone in the world. She owned a small house which had been left her by her father, besides a trifling sum of money, not sufficient for her support, but, although delicate in health, her assistance was always sought in cases of emergency, for whatever was on hand to be done, cousin Ruth was always ready with her advice and assistance, and thus it happened, that she was at Lucretia's at this time, for Lucretia considered that her two children, Mary and Silas, were as well provided for, when in cousin Ruth's care, as they were when she herself was at home

with them. Cousin Ruth had a wonderful faculty at getting along with young folks, and whenever there was any special favor desired, she was always called upon to intercede, and as she had a peculiar way of setting forth things in the most favorable light, the young folks generally came off victorious. Over to cousin Lydia's then, the young folks proceeded, and there spent the evening in dancing and singing, returning home at an early hour in the evening.

Cousin Lydia Calder lived at the western end of the town. She, too, had married a great, great, great-grandchild of Tristram, her deceased husband, Robert, being a son of Samuel and Ruth Calder, and Ruth was a daughter of Major Josiah Coffin. Cousin Lydia herself, was a daughter of uncle John Brock, up in town, and sister of Peggy Brock, who became the second wife of Nathaniel Barrett, and since it has been proved that all the Brock family were descendants of Tristram, it follows that cousin Lydia Calder was a descendant in her own right, as well as her husband. Cousin Lydia had been left a widow, and was glad to avail herself of the bountiful compensation, which was bestowed upon her by the young people, for the privilege of her spacious rooms, and there was no place where they so well liked to assemble, as up at cousin Lydia Calder's, for a Philander.

The evening following that which Susannah Paddack, with Martha and Mary Chase, had spent at cousin Lydia's, Barnabas Chase, older brother of Martha, and John Pinkham, younger brother of Hezekiah, (the same little John who ran from the pest-house after his mother,) were sauntering along the street, in pursuit of something to pass away the time. John Pinkham had grown considerably,

since we left him vanishing through the kitchen door, to go down to the wharf with his father, leaving the remains of his snowbird feast, for Lydia to dispose of, as best she could. He had been several short voyages since then, and had returned from the last, only the week previous. As they walked slowly up the street, they met several of their shipmates, who were, like themselves walking out to pass away the time. It was a warm, moonlight evening, and John Pinkham proposed that they "drum up a company," and go up to consin Lydia's. As they were then not far from her house, the first step was to notify her of their wishes, and though it was rather a late hour, being nine o'clock or after, cousin Lydia readily gave her consent, and the young men went off, as John had proposed, "to drum up a company." Separating as they left her house, they took different directions, intending to be again upon the spot, in another half hour. But Barnabas Chase, after finding Phebe Wyer and Hannah Russell, and directing them to repair to cousin Lydia's without delay, started for North Shore, after Judith Hussey. Now, Judith had been out to some kind of a social gathering for three successive evenings, and thinking there was nothing special arranged for that particular evening, she had retired early, and by the time Barnabas reached Deacon Riddell's (take special pains to pronounce it Riddle,) hill, she was sound asleep. Finding the house in darkness, Barnabas rightly conjectured how matters stood, and, jumping over the fence, he gathered a handful of sand and threw it lightly against the chamber window. It was no easy matter to awake Judith Hussey from her first sound sleep, after dancing till midnight, for three nights in succession, and so Judith paid no attention, as the sand

rattled against the windows, and the noise mingling in her dreams, she imagined that the wind had changed and it was a pouring rain-storm; but again it came, with greater violence, and Judith, now thoroughly awakened, realized that it never rained such words against the windows, as now sounded clear and distinct, above the rattling sand, "Jud, come on up to cousin Liddy's." Judith was out of bed in a twinkling, and tapping upon the window, that Barnabas should know she was coming, she hurriedly dressed, and set forth with Barnabas, and the tall kitchen clock was just striking one, as she again laid her head upon her pillow, to finish out the dreams which had been interrupted three hours before, by Barnabas Chase.

Another week passed away, the Industry had sailed, and Lucretia had returned to her family. Cousin Ruth had been persuaded to remain with her for a few weeks, for there was always a certain degree of loneliness when a ship sailed away, bearing a husband or father or brother, perhaps seen for the last time; and cousin Ruth was just the companion at such a time, but two weeks was the utmost that she could spare at Lucretia's, for Captain Jonathan Chase was expecting to sail in another month, and as Barnabas was to accompany him, there was a quantity of sewing to be done, and Jonathan was very particular that his outfit should be made in such a manner that a good, strong no'th-easter would not leave him without buttons or seams. Cousin Ruth had promised Rhoda that she would assist her in making and marking the clothing, and she was expecting to be called upon at any minute. Capt. Jonathan well knew, by experience, that if Ruth Ray could be pressed into the service, all the no'th-easters which would blow for the next century, if com-

bined in one, could start neither stitches nor buttons which had been secured by her busy fingers. And why had Ruth Ray never married? That was a subject never mentioned in her presence. The young and the old alike knew that Ruth, in her young days, had made all preparations for her marriage, and was waiting the return of the vessel in which Theophilus Bunker had set sail for the Banks of Newfoundland, intending to be absent but a few months, how the months had lengthened into years, and the years had rolled on, one after another, and no tidings had ever been heard from the missing vessel, while Ruth, hoping against all hope, had refused several offers, and after losing, first her father, then her mother, had been left alone in the world, and thus it was, that cousin Ruth had remained single. In less than two weeks from the time Lucretia returned from the Industry, cousin Ruth was summoned to Jonathan Chase's; for the usual festivities of sheep shearing were again approaching, and there was an abundance of work on hand. Those who had taken an important part at the shearing of over half a century previous, were nearly all departed, and their places were filled by others, who, in another fifty years, would be no more. Tristram Pinkham, Tristram and Jethro Coleman, with Zephaniah, their brother, who were then only boys, or in the early years of manhood, were now well advanced in the journey of life. Shubael, the younger brother of Zephaniah, had lived but a time after his mother's death, and of Tristram Coleman's five children, only one remained. As the first week of shearing drew near, the same scenes of busy life and animation were witnessed as on a former occasion, when those who were now old men were but boys, not yet realizing what

was before them. The shelves of the good housewives were again filled with dishes of cakes, pies and shearing-buns, while up at cousin Thomas Gardner's, on Gull Island, cousin Anne was engaged in cooking the lamb she had killed and dressed the preceding day, for cousin Thomas was busy at the shearing ground, and everything must be in readiness before morning. On the following day the same scene was repeated which had been witnessed every year for a century or more; the only variation was, that the younger portion as they advanced in life, occupied the places their fathers and grandfathers had filled before them, and while our last shearing was participated in, principally by the great-grandchildren of Tristram, those of the early part of the nineteenth century were participated in by the great, great, great-grandchildren. Early on the following day, everybody, we may safely say, was on the road to shearing. Now, cousin Anne Gardner had not forgotten her promise to Hepsy Pinkham, now several years older than when we left her in "Trustum" Pinkham's kitchen, and that promise was, that Hepsy should accompany cousin Anne to shearing, when she carried out the dinner to cousin Thomas, provided she should make for cousin Thomas two new calico shirts at cousin Hannah Gardner's school up on Academy Hill; one of the first steps in the ladder of knowledge in those days was, to learn the art of sewing to perfection; hence the first round of the ladder was safely ascended, when the sampler of capitals and small letters was accomplished, from A to ampersand, or, as little Hepsy Pinkham had informed her mother, after one day's experience of school life, "there was one letter she was sure she knew, and that was Antipas."

Cousin Hannah Gardner "kept" the Academy, the High School, as it were, of the day, though aunt Judith Coffin, who "kept school" for years, up North Shore, was considered fully her equal, as many of our old sea-captains can testify; all the knowledge of navigation which they acquired in after years, enabling them to traverse the waters of any portion of the civilized globe, being founded upon the rudiments acquired at aunt Judith Coffin's school at North Shore hill. When there was a large family of children to be "schooled" and the parents were unable to bear the expense, aunt Judith would patiently await the time when the boys would return from their whaling cruises, and settle for the "schooling" received in days of boyhood.

Susan Pinkham, mother of Hepsy, had decided, when it was time for Hepsy to commence her education, that she would send her to the High School at once, and, accordingly, Hepsy was sent to the Academy to cousin Hannah Gardner, where she was initiated into the mysteries of stitching letters, as well as learning them. But her young companions, Love and Lydia, were making equal progress at aunt Judith Coffin's, and Susan Pinkham, tired of Hepsy's importunities and declarations that she was not learning anything, at cousin Hannah Gardner's, at last allowed her to attend school with her companions, at aunt Judith Coffin's. No sooner was Hepsy well established in her new quarters, and reporting her progress as wonderful, when Love and Lydia, who had then acquired a substantial education for the times in which they lived, were sent up to the Academy, to cousin Hannah Gardner, to receive the finishing touches. And now, Hepsy, whose progress had been so rapid, since she had been under the tuition of aunt

Judith, suddenly made the discovery, that she was losing all she had learned at cousin Hannah's and was going backward every day, and, though Susan, her mother, was not blind to the true state of affairs, she allowed her once more to return to the High School, to finish her education with Love and Lydia.

Hepsy had completed the shirts to cousin Anne's satisfaction, and nearly completed her school life, to her own, and cousin Anne was one who never forgot her promises, or neglected to keep them, so on the day in question, she might have been seen, after "tackling" the horse, driving briskly up to aunt Brock's door; (aunt Brock was the wife of Walter Brock, uncle John's brother, and she was also the Judith Pinkham of old times, and Hepsy was staying with her, for a few days). Hepsy, seeing cousin Anne drive up to the door, needed no second invitation, and seating herself on the stool in the bottom of the cart, was soon on the road to shearing, where she was just as much interested in all she saw and heard, as though she had not seen and heard the same things, over and over again, for the last ten years of her life. When the time for dinner arrived, cousin Thomas, leaving his sheep for a while, tipped up the cart till the "fills" were standing upright in the air, then, spreading an old sail on the grass, they all seated themselves in the shade of the cart, while they despatched the dinner which cousin Anne had brought with her. This finished, they took a stroll among the tents, stopping a few moments to watch Jim Pompey stand on his head, and "cut up" other performances, Hepsy, all the while, wondering whether he'd been at it in that style ever since last year; but cousin Anne was not so interested as Hepsy, in Pompey's didos, and she hurried on,

till she reached cousin Eunice Noble's tent, where she seated herself on one of the benches, made by placing a board upon two stumps, and waited, while the dish of boiled greens, which cousin Eunice had just placed upon the table, was being despatched by uncle Hiller, who had no idea of owning a horse and "shay," and a house at 'Sconset, and then stinting himself in victuals. Cousin Eunice Noble was always on hand at shearing time, to furnish dinners to all who were not otherwise provided, and she had just placed a large platter of greens upon the table, when crash came a bottle from the door of the tent; down amongst the greens flew the bottle, smashing it to atoms, and spilling the small quantity of liquor it contained, all over cousin Eunice's clean table-cloth, while tumbling in at the door, came Jim Pompey, whose antics had been of so much interest to Hepsy, but cousin Thomas was not far behind him, and taking him by the collar, was about to lead him away, when cousin Eunice's voice was heard; "throw him into the Washing Pond," she cried, as though the accumulations of a century were not sufficient, without the aid of Pompey; but happily for those who now drink the water, her order was unheeded, and the last view they had of him, he was standing on his head in sober earnest, a little in advance of cousin Thomas Gardner, while a crowd collecting around, hid him from sight, and he was seen no more for the day. The afternoon was spent in wandering round amongst the tents, and as night drew near, the same preparations for departure were made, as on that other day, fifty years before, and Hepsy Pinkham was finally deposited on aunt Brock's steps in Chester street.

The Monday of the following week, was appointed for the departure of Captain Jonathan Chase

and Barnabas, and all too soon for Jemima, the time rolled away. Peltiah, (second son of Jemima, named for the brother sleeping in his ocean grave,) and Silas, son of Lucretia, had accompanied them to the wharf, as they were about to leave their home, in the last lighter. As the vessel passed around Brant Point, another vessel arrived at the wharf, and the first person the boys beheld, was Tristram Pinkham, just returned from Oldtown, where he had been to pilot the Alliance, Captain Amaziah Gardner. As he jumped from the vessel to the wharf, and saw the two boys, Peltiah and Silas, he exclaimed, "now, boys, run like riggers, and see who 'll get the dollar; the Liddy was coming into Oldtown just as we left, and Cap'n Ray will be at Nantucket before night, in the next lighter." Although there were several Captain Rays, the boys knew full well which one commanded the Lydia, and they knew, too, where his wife lived, but Peltiah knew what Silas did not, which was, that Captain Ray's wife, instead of being at her home, was staying for a few weeks with her relatives up in Egypt, and saying nothing to Silas, they both started at full speed, each striving to outrun the other, and be the first to communicate the intelligence. As they came running up from the wharf, Peltiah slackened his pace a little, until Silas was some distance in advance, taking the shortest route for Captain Ray's home, while Peltiah, turning in a different direction, ran at full speed, towards Academy Hill, intending to take a short cut across uncle Tut's lots, and reach the captain's wife, before Silas should discover his mistake.

The only difficulty, was, in getting across uncle Tristram Gardner's lots; he knew the bars were down, for he had passed the end of Lily street

early in the forenoon, and cousin Franklin was taking them down to drive his horse through, and, if he could only escape uncle Tut's sight, till he should gain the middle of his lot, all the uncle Tuts in Christendom, (and they were numerous on the Island of Nantucket, let alone the rest of Christendom,) should n't drive him back out of it; thus he reasoned with himself, as he ran panting up Academy lane, till he reached the hill, and taking a sharp look, to assure himself that no one was in sight, he jumped over the fence, and ran nimbly along, heading directly for the spot where the bars were down, but Peltiah, like some of our other acquaintances, missed his reckoning for once, for scarcely had he taken a dozen steps, before uncle Tut appeared to drop down from somewhere, directly in his path. There was no help for it, he could not dodge round one way or another, and, following the direction of uncle Tut's outstretched hand, he turned back and retraced his steps with all speed. It was not too late yet, he thought, and with fresh courage, he started for the nearest road to Egypt, determined that he would risk no more time trying to find a short cut across lots. Running down through Hussey street, he was soon at the Egypt end of Liberty street, and thinking himself now safe, he slackened his pace a little, to recover his breath, for there was no one in sight, and he had nearly reached the house, when, what was his dismay, as he was about to open the door, to see Silas appear from within, with a bright, new silver dollar in his hand, which had been saved specially for the last six weeks, for the bearer of the welcome news. It appeared that Silas had not run far in advance of Peltiah, when he met uncle Matthew Pinkham, who informed him that Captain Ray's wife was spending the week up in

Egypt, amongst her "folks," so Silas changed his course, and running up Independence Lane, then through upper Pearl street, without stopping for short cuts, he had improved the time which Peltiah had thrown away on uncle Tut, and was now the happy possessor of the dollar, and as they together turned their steps towards their homes, Peltiah inwardly resolved, that never again would he allow Silas to accompany him, when going to the wharf.

The months sped on, and fifteen had rolled their course, when the Industry again dropped her anchor at the Bar, and Silas Chase was once more at home with a full cargo. It required several days of brisk work to lighten her, which being accomplished, Tristram Pinkham's services as pilot were again required to bring her in safety to the wharf. Tristram had for some years been engaged in piloting the ships, as they sailed from the wharf to the bar or to Oldtown, there to remain until loaded for a voyage. Tristram was considered one of the best pilots of his day, and was as well acquainted with the navigation of the waters in the vicinity of his native Island, as he was with the streets of the town. So familiar was he with this locality that by tasting the sand upon the bottom of the lead, he could describe the situation of the vessel without assistance from any other source. Upon one occasion, some of the crew carried with them a box of sand taken from the vicinity of their home. Dropping the lead into the ocean, and then dipping it in the box of sand, they carried it to Tristram, who was lying in his berth. Placing his tongue upon the sand, he exclaimed, without a moment's hesitation,

> "Nantucket's sunk, and here we are,
> Right over old ma'am Hackett's garden."

This put an end to experiments in that direction, and Tristram's authority was ever after unquestioned. His family had become somewhat reduced at this time. Tristram, Jr., who had been so unwilling to accompany his father and brothers to the pest-house, in his younger years, had died at Liverpool, from the effects of the disease he so much dreaded. Eunice, the youngest child, had died of consumption, at the age of fifteen; the older girls were married, and of his once large family of children, only John and Lydia remained under their father's roof, and John spent the greater portion of his time at sea.

We will now return to John Gardner, 4th, sheriff, who married the Major's daughter, Mary Coffin. John Gardner, like Josiah Coffin, 2d, had been three times married. His third wife, to whom he had been married for some years, was, at this date, living, and their home was at the old house in North Shore, where he had for many years resided, on the corner opposite the Major's house, which was occupied at the time of which we write, by Josiah Coffin, 2d.

Jedidah Carr, a widow, living in Pearl street, was sitting at her window picking up stitches in her knitting work, when she saw John Gardner drive slowly along, apparently as though on his way to mill, but, if so, he had certainly chosen a most circuitous route; but what was her surprise, when she saw John stop his horse, and, jumping from the cart, deliberately walk round to the kitchen door. "Merciful sakes!" exclaimed aunt Didy, to herself, "what can uncle John Tip want here at this time of day?" But she was not long left in suspense, for John Gardner, 4th, did not believe in wasting words. Opening the door, and

with one foot on the threshold, and his hand upon the latch, he commenced: "Aunt Didy, I 'm going along to mill with this 'ere grist, and I thought I 'd stop and see if you 'd have me. I shall be back in twenty minutes or so, and then I 'll stop and get your answer;" saying this, he closed the door and drove off to mill. "Well," thought aunt Jedidah, "that 's pretty short notice; howsumdever, a man like John Tip, is n't to be picked up every day, and I guess I 'll have him;" and so, when he returned from mill, his answer was all ready, and it was agreed that John Gardner, sheriff, and Jedidah Carr, should spend their remaining years as man and wife. Aunt Brock, (she who was once Judith Pinkham,) was sitting very much as Jedidah Carr was sitting when John Gardner called on his way to mill, only, instead of picking up stitches, she was letting them down, when her door opened and in walked, not John Gardner, but aunt Didy Carr. "Judy," says aunt Didy, "I 've concluded to have a little company this afternoon, and I want you and Liddy Pinkham to come over and get supper with me;" having thus delivered her message, she departed for home. After finishing her dinner, and before the clock struck one, aunt Brock and Lydia were on the road to Pearl street, to spend the afternoon with aunt Didy. Several of their acquaintances came in during the afternoon, and as tea-time drew near, who should open the door and step in but John Gardner, 4th; quite an unexpected event thought aunt Brock, and comparing notes afterwards, she found the rest of the company thought the same. "Well," said aunt Didy, "you 've happened in just in the nick of time, for I 'm just a going to set the table, and so you may as well stop and get a cup of tea." John apparently,

needed no second bidding; the supper proceeded, and John remained. At about eight o'clock the door again opened, and this time, to the surprise of all, with the exception of John and Didy, it was the justice who entered, and before aunt Brock and the remainder of the guests were scarcely aware of what was going on, John Gardner and Jedidah Carr had been made one for life; and here they were, at this date, comfortably settled in John's house at North Shore.

Troubles between the United States and England again arose, and while many of the whaling vessels were still at sea, war was declared, and all the anxieties of the war of the eighteenth century were lived over again, in the nineteenth. Of the sons of Tristram Pinkham, only John and Hezekiah remained. John was now at home, upon the eve of marriage, with Merab Bunker, one of the descendants of William and Mary. The banns were already published, when war was declared, but that did not in the least interfere with the marriage, which occurred a few weeks later. Hezekiah and Jack Fitch were both away at sea; Hezekiah was captain of the Alliance, once commanded by Amaziah Gardner, while Jack Fitch occupied a like position in the Mars. But Jack Fitch was Jack no longer, in his own estimation, as his private log-book would testify. John Fitch, with a full appreciation of what his dignity should be, as master of a large whaling ship, had scribbled on every spare leaf of his log-book, in large, distinct letters, "John Gardner Fitch, Capt.," for in the days of his infancy, there were many mothers who were of the same mind as Kezia when she named Micajah, Amaziah and Antipas, and who fully agreed with Kezia, that Jonathan, Hotwater,

John, Lonker, and John Tip, would be much improved by a middle name, which should distinguish Hotwater Jonathan from Coldwater Jonathan, and so, Nabby Fitch being of the same opinion, had named her boy John Gardner Fitch; but it is doubtful whether John had any idea in his boyhood that his name was other than plain John Fitch. Although he now stretched his own name to the utmost capacity, he was not willing to allow Hezekiah a like importance, for on the very next page to "John Gardner Fitch, Captain," if not in a conspicuous place on the same page, would be found the following entry: "Oct. 20th. Saw old Pink, and he was in a hurry to go home and see the gals."

And now they were both upon the ocean, and war was declared. Again the English cruisers were upon the seas, not only in the vicinity of the whaling ports, but far out upon the track of the vessels which were yet some distance from home. And now, came news of the capture of the Mount Hope, Captain David Cottle; the first of a long list of vessels, which afterwards fell into the hands of the English. Then followed the Alligator, Captain Owen Swain, full of sperm oil; the Ranger, Captain William Joy, and amongst others, who were robbed upon the high seas, of all their hard earnings, was another of the great, great, great, great-grandchildren of Tristram Coffin, who bore one of the old family names, which had been handed down, since the settlement of the Island.

John Coffin, son of Jethro and Mary, of olden time, and great-grandson of Tristram, was, we have before mentioned, father to Peter Coffin, Tuckernuck, and Kezia, wife of John Gardner, Lonker. He had yet other children, and amongst them was a son, named Jethro. This son Jethro, married

Hannah Pinkham, a daughter of little Jonathan Pinkham, who was left to Richard's care while Mary was off junketing. Hannah Pinkham therefore, descended from Tristram, through his son James, while her husband, the Jethro under consideration, descended from him through his son Peter. Jethro and Hannah had several children, upon one of whom, they conferred the name of Brown Coffin, that being the maiden name of Jonathan Pinkham's wife. Brown Coffin had obtained a foothold in the Coleman family, by marrying Deborah, daughter of Solomon and Mehitable Coleman, and it was the son of Brown and Deborah Coffin, Jethro by name, master of ship Rebecca, who had been captured by an English cruiser and sent into Rio Janeiro. This news was received with sadness and anxiety, for there was scarce a family who had not near relatives upon the ocean, and it was evident that the British cruisers did not confine themselves to the vicinity of the Island in committing their depredations upon our whaling fleet. But, notwithstanding the vigilance of the British men-of-war, there were some vessels that slipped into Oldtown, and doubly fortunate were such, for oil had now advanced in price, though the necessaries of life had advanced in proportion.

At last, by some fortunate means, the Mars, John Gardner Fitch, commander, arrived at Norfolk, with eleven hundred barrels of oil. It was now getting well along into October, and fears were felt for Hezekiah Pinkham. But Eunice, his wife, comforted herself with the slight hope, that as the Alliance was a dull sailer, "Kiah might slip in between the drops," and so it proved, for as December was crawling along, Kiah, to the great joy of his relatives, did slip in between the

drops, and arrived in safety. There were, however, many who were captured with full cargoes, scarce half an hour's sail from Oldtown, and after being deprived of their earnings, were carried away captives, and thrust into Dartmoor prison, whence many of them never returned.

The war was now raging upon the sea as well as on the land, and in the midst of the general commotion, the Nimrod, British man-of-war, arrived, at the Bar for the purpose of negotiating with the inhabitants, in regard to the neutrality to be observed between the two countries, by the inhabitants of the Island. This visit of the man-of-war, served to divert the attention of the people for a while, but was soon forgotten amid the more pressing cares and anxieties which beset them. Business was nearly at a stand-still; there was no encouragement for the numerous rope-walks, candle-houses, sail-lofts, and coopers' shops, for it was uncertain how long the war would continue, and there was no sale for the articles, even could they have procured the material for their manufacture. The brush factory, however, continued in operation. This factory, the machinery of which was operated by horse-power, stood upon Academy Hill, near the locality now occupied by the school-house, and not far from the spot where Peltiah Chase climbed over the fence, into uncle Tut's lot. Many who had followed the sea for a livelihood, before the commencement of the war, found employment during its continuance, in the brush factory, where all kinds of brushes were manufactured; hair-brushes and clothes-brushes; brushes for whitewashing, and brushes for sweeping; and here an event occurred which, for a time, cast an additional gloom over the community. As nearly all the young men who belonged to the

Island were then at home, with the exception of those who were prisoners in the hands of the British, there would be seen on almost any pleasant afternoon, groups of young men, from two or three to a dozen or twenty, all directing their course toward the brush factory, to pass the time away in watching the operations of their companions. One fine afternoon, a company had assembled at the factory, when, by some means, Edward Creashy, one of their number, became entangled in the machinery, and instantly killed. With sad hearts the remainder of the company turned their faces homeward, and the intelligence quickly spread through the little town, where all were so closely united.

Time had scarcely dispelled the sadness caused by this event, when news was received of the capture of another of our whaling vessels, just upon the point of entering Oldtown, with a full cargo of sperm oil; the crew of which were probably on their way to Dartmoor prison, where so many of their companions had already perished from disease or neglect. The ships belonging to the Island were now either lying idly at the wharves, or in the possession of the enemy. There was, however, one ship away out on the Pacific Ocean, for whose safety much anxiety was felt. Grafton Gardner was a son of George and Rebecca, a grandson of 'Squire Grafton, and a great, great-grandson of the first John Gardner and Priscilla. In addition to this, he was a brother of cousin Hannah Gardner of Academy renown, though why she was always called cousin Hannah, while her brother was called uncle Grafton, is a problem the reader will be left to solve. Good stock was uncle Grafton Gardner, with his Coffin and Gardner blood, and well worthy the command of the old

ship Charles, away out there on the Pacific coast, with his ship full of sperm oil, awaiting favorable accounts, before he might venture to return. His ship, the Charles, had lain in "Turkeywarner," (uncle Grafton himself, could n't English the word, should we write it Talcahuana,) for several months, her rudder carried ashore and buried. But at length the old Gardner spirit—perhaps a little Coffin with it—was raised, and uncle Grafton declared to his crew, that he was determined to start for Nantucket. "Yes, my boys," said he, "I leave this port for Nantucket, with a fortune in one hand, and a stubbing hoe in the other." Anxiously they rounded Cape Horn into the Atlantic, and still more anxiously directed their course northward, in the direction of their home. Keeping as much out of the regular track as possible, they after a while reached the vicinity of home. All this while, a British man-of-war had been cruising around the Island, and with a knowledge of the ships that were out upon the ocean, had succeeded in capturing several, as they had nearly completed their voyages.

The commander had found means to communicate with the owners of the Charles, and had declared his intention to capture her, knowing that it was the last ship to return, and that there was a full cargo of oil on board. Carefully sailing along, came uncle Grafton Gardner, and under cover of the darkness, anchored at the Bar at midnight, in the latter part of February, 1814. Quickly they lowered a boat and pulled for the shore, and rapid must have been the work, as the morning sun rose and shed its light upon the good ship Charles, lying empty at the wharf, the oil all landed, and the crew all safe, on the very day that a treaty of peace was signed between the two

countries. During those four months that Grafton lay at Talcahuana, the effects of the war were severely felt by the whole community.

The last winter of the war was at hand, and the inhabitants were reduced almost to their last extremity. Considerable quantities of peat had been dug, to supply them with fuel; corn had been raised, which, when ground, served as a substitute for flour, and every means had been taken to lessen the expenses of living. The year of 1813 was nearly at an end, when Tristram Pinkham was called upon to bear an affliction, heavier yet than any which he had experienced from the long and harassing war. Lydia, his wife, who had shared with him the joys and sorrows of past years, was now stricken down, never more to recover. Only the preceding day, she had enjoyed her usual health, and had brought from the barn an apronful of corn, allowing it to remain in her apron, while engaged in shelling it. A severe cold was the result, followed immediately by a high fever, which terminated in her death, only a few months before the close of the war. This was a heavy blow to Tristram, who was thus left alone at home with his daughter, Lydia, who assumed the management of the household affairs, and though suffering severely from the partial loss of sight, conducted everything with the greatest economy and precision.

Hepsy Pinkham was the eldest of a family of five children, and of course a fair share of the household work fell upon her shoulders. She was sitting one day before the brick hearth, raking from around the baking kettle, the hot peat ashes, with which it had been covered, while the meal loaf was cooking, and as she sat there, she was

wondering when the tedious war would come to an end; for Hepsy, like many others, was anxiously waiting the time when she could bake a good substantial loaf of white bread, instead of the everlasting meal loaf, upon which most of the inhabitants were dependent. Suddenly, the thought occurred to her, that their stock of meal was exhausted, and mentioning the fact to her mother, Benjamin was directed to "tackle" old Whiteface, and proceed at once, to uncle Joe Chase's mill, with a bag of corn to be converted into meal. It was not long before Benjamin was on the road to mill, for it was his delight to listen to the old miller's stories of "when I was on the Brazeel Banks." Arriving at the mill, the corn was poured into the hopper, and Benjamin sat with eyes extended, and mouth wide open, listening to the same old story, which had been repeated to all the boys in the neighborhood, for a dozen times or more, when out jumped a little mouse, from overhead, directly down into the hopper, and was out of sight in a twinkling. "Well, well," said the old miller, "that beats the time we ran away from the French, but do n't say a word about it to the women folks;" and sure enough, Benjamin forgot to say a word to the women folks, till he told the story to his grandchildren, more than fifty years afterwards.

VIII.

AFTER two years of suffering and privation which served to give the inhabitants a slight idea of what their grandparents had suffered over a quarter of a century before, the war came to an end, and peace was proclaimed. And now the mourning was turned to rejoicing. Tar-barrels were rolled out, and bonfires were lighted, and Jonathan Chase, who married Jemima, was so beside himself with excitement, that he came near allowing Peltiah and Silas, to start a fire under his own candle-house; but checking himself just in season, he rolled out the tar-barrels which had been stowed away in the shed, and started up a flame of thanksgiving, which, for a wonder, did not start up a flame of something besides thanksgiving, as the sparks flew upward, and then descended upon the roof of his brother's new house; but Silas was upon the walk with his fire-buckets, and prevented the mischief which might have been done by Jonathan's old tar-barrels.

Everywhere there was universal rejoicing. Everywhere, but in one family. Away up on the Island of Tuckernuck, upon the estate once belonging to Peter Coffin, lived William Brooks, whose father, the first of the name upon the Island of

Nantucket, was also named William. The younger William had some years previous, married Ruth Brock, daughter of uncle John; the self-same Ruth, who was "down to uncle Sam's, down below," where "they mulled the wine so well that the crane it broke and fell." Here William Brooks and Ruth lived, with their children, at that time, five in number. Eunice, maiden sister of Ruth, who was also one of the number down to uncle Sam's, lived with them on Tuckernuck. They had been so busy through the day, and so interested in the glad tidings, that they had forgotten to run their candles, and there they sat in the darkness, all through that glorious evening, three sisters, and two little brothers, away from all the cheering and rejoicing, naught to be seen, but the light from Jonathan Chase's old tar-barrels, while all their relatives and friends were enjoying themselves in town.

At the close of the war, uncle John Brock had reached his eighty-sixth year. His son, Thomas, who married Judith Coffin, daughter of Josiah, 2d, lived near the premises of 'Squire Grafton, and with him were his two little orphan grandchildren; children of his daughter Judith, who married Joseph Fitch. Peggy, daughter of uncle John, and the second wife of Nathaniel Barrett, still lived in the hopper-roof house in Egypt, while her two daughters, Peggy and Prissy, had been some years married. David Myrick, the husband of Peggy, had, on one of his voyages, brought home a little French boy, whom it will be sufficient to call Louie, and this little boy was a frequent visitor at Peggy Barrett's, up in the hopper-roof house in Egypt. While sitting, one day, engaged in conversation with Peggy, the latch of the door leading to the next room, was violently rattled for a

moment, and then all was silent; again the rattling was repeated, and again there was silence. "What 's that?" said Louie. "That," replied Peggy, "is my poor sick daughter Anne." "Well," said Louie, "why don't she come out?" "Oh," answered Peggy, "it 's best for her to stay in there." "Do you keep her in there all the time?" still continued Louie. "Yes," said Peggy, "we keep her in there nearly all the time." "Don't she ever come out?" "Not very often," again answered Peggy. "Then," said Louie, as though a new idea had struck upon his mind, "why don't you kill her?" This was a view of the subject, which had never presented itself to Peggy, and hastily changing the conversation, she left Louie to solve the problem without her assistance.

Andrew Brock, twin brother to Ruth, who lived on Tuckernuck, continued in the merchant service for many years, sailing mostly from Liverpool, till, having acquired sufficient means to support him through life, he purchased a home on Tuckernuck, near his twin sister, and devoted his attention to farming, till a few years before his death, when he removed to town to spend his declining days. His second wife, Eunice, was a sister of Ruth's husband, William Brooks, and aunt and uncle Brock, as they were called by all, were always ready with their anecdotes of olden time, and their listeners were always certain of a good story, when uncle Brock commenced with, "When I sailed from Liverpool." They are now all passed from our midst. Old uncle John Brock died in the year 1816, at the advanced age of eighty-eight. One by one, his children dropped aside, then his grandchildren, till at the present day, though his descendants are numerous, but few remain who bear the family name.

Hepsy Pinkham and her sister, Eliza, were sitting in the wide chimney corner, discussing the new arrival in the next room—a baby brother only a few days old, but short as his sojourn had been, he had already been saddled with a name, and that name was Solomon; a good standing family name, so said Peleg, the father, and Susan, the mother, was well satisfied to have it so. Not so, the girls, however. They would sooner their innocent baby brother had fallen to their next door neighbor, cousin Simeon Hussey, (who had already four grown children and twins of six months,) if he must be called Solomon. "Why could he not be named John, or James, or William, or George, or something that sounded like folks." said Hepsy; even "Trustum" would be better than Solomon; but then, there was the old pilot, always called "Old Dep'ty" and their brother would be sure to have that hung to his name, if he was called Trustum. But of all the names in the Pinkham and Gardner families, away back to "Granny Tottleheels," their father had selected the very worst one in their estimation, unless it were Antipas; that was worse even, than Solomon; and so, hoping that something might happen which would yet induce their father to change the name, Hepsy, at her mother's suggestion, started for Sukie Town Clark's, for fo'p'ny ha'p'ny worth of biscuit for their supper. She had scarcely turned Deacon Riddell's corner, when aunt Didy Gardner (she who was aunt Didy Carr,) who was coming up the Deacon's hill, called to her with, "What have you named the baby?" Without stopping for consequences, she replied in an instant, "We have n't named him yet." "Well," said aunt Didy, "I 'd heerd you 'd named him Solomon," and aunt Didy passed on round the Deacon's corner. Hepsy

crossed the street and went into the "Town Clark's," who lived opposite, and the first salutation of Prissy was, "What have you named the baby?" "We have n't named him yet," said the innocent Hepsy. "I should think," said Sukie, "you 'd name him Solomon, and keep up the family name." Hepsy took her fo'p'ny ha'p'ny's worth of biscuit, without a word of reply, and walked off, thinking it would be all very well for Prissy and Sukie to name the babies in the "Town Clark" family, but when it came to the Pinkham family, it was time to let some one else do the naming. But Hepsy and Eliza had not many weeks to be ashamed of their baby brother's name, for in three short months he drooped and died, and they would have been glad to recall him, even though his name were Antipas, which Hepsy, from infancy, had always associated with Ampersand.

The summers and winters of several years followed in quick succession, and Barnabas Chase had just returned from a long voyage. The same round of junkets, balls and parties, was then in progress, as in the days of fifty or one hundred years before. And now, there was a plan under consideration, for a squantum at cousin Quary's. Abraham Quary was an Indian, a half-breed, who lived by himself, some miles east of the town. His wife, a colored woman, had been dead for many years, and Abraham, with the vegetables which his garden afforded, and the berries which grew in the neighborhood, contrived to pick up a comfortable subsistence. Then, too, during the warm season, the townspeople, both young and old, would often drive out to his dwelling, where a dinner would be prepared for them, for Abraham was an excellent cook, and everything in and around his premises was attended to with the

greatest precision and neatness. Barnabas, with several of his shipmates, had called upon Abraham, the previous week, to engage his services and his premises, but Abraham was engaged at cousin Lydia Coleman's, at that time, and the squantum had been postponed, till the following week. Cousin Lydia Coleman was a daughter of Solomon and Eunice, and a sister of Tristram Pinkham. She had in her younger days, married Nathan Long; he had died some years after their marriage, and cousin Lydia had since married Ebenezer Coleman, a widower, at that time. Her second husband, Ebenezer, had since died, and she was now earning her support in various ways. She was always employed by the Masons, to prepare their veal feasts, and at such times, she depended upon Abraham's assistance, to prepare and wait upon the table, and it was thus that he was engaged, when Barnabas called to consult him. On the week following the veal feast, Abraham was at liberty, and as the day of the squantum arrived, cartloads of young people, with occasionally a horse and "shay" among them, were driving rapidly in the vicinity of Shimmo, all eager for a day of pleasure. As they reached the outskirts of the town, they discovered his flag blowing in the breeze a signal to his friends in town, that he was engaged for the day. Arriving at the house, they left their baskets containing bread, cakes and pies, in Abraham's care, while they strolled off, leaving him to prepare the clam chowder for their dinner. Separating into groups, as they left the house, they gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the moment; the troubles and sorrows of the future were unknown and unthought of, while the perils and dangers of the past, were forgotten in the pleasure of the present.

Barnabas Chase and Hepsy Pinkham had wandered off by themselves, and were earnestly conversing of the next two years, for Barnabas, who had not been as successful as he had hoped, on the voyage from which he had just returned, was not intending to stop at home many weeks, having already shipped for a voyage in the Tarquin. And when he returned from his next voyage, his marriage with Hepsy was to take place. Two years previous, Hepsy had been engaged to Shubael Paddack, son of Obadiah and Rhoda, and, as she sat there talking with Barnabas, she thought of the clam-bake, at Maddequet, only a few weeks before Shubael sailed on his last voyage, and she remembered well the conversation upon that day, as they talked over the future, and decided that upon Shubael's return in two years, their marriage should take place. But, in the few weeks that intervened before his departure, Shubael had given her some slight cause of offence, and Hepsy, who did not possess the meek and lamb-like disposition of Richard, her great-grandfather in the third degree, had neither forgiven nor spoken to him since. Barnabas also remembered the affair, but like many others under the circumstances, was willing to lay all the blame at Shubael's door, and he found himself wondering, as he sat talking with Hepsy, whether any unforseen event should occur, which should separate Hepsy from him, as it had from Shubael. Night approached, and with a glad remembrance of the day in their hearts, they returned to their homes, to meet again in the evening at Hepsy's.

Barnabas sailed away in the Tarquin, and Hepsy commenced the preparations for the marriage, which was to take place in a couple of years or thereabouts. The Tarquin had been gone about

two months, when some homeward bound ship arrived, bringing letters from Barnabas to Hepsy. The letters were written in good spirits, the ship, officers and crew were all that could be desired, and he hoped to be again at home, in even less time than they had anticipated. Some months passed away, and letters were again received; Hepsy this time received two. She opened one, and read it through; the same spirit throughout marked it, as was manifest in the letter previously received; everything was progressing to his satisfaction, and he expected to be at home in eighteen months at the farthest. She folded the first letter, and opened the other, dated two days later. Surprise, then indignation, took possession of her, as she read in cold, formal sentences, a cutting rejection, without a word of explanation, only upon afterthought, he had concluded it was best to break off the engagement, which existed between them. No one but herself, knew the wound she had received, for she crushed down the sorrow, and with the simple remark to her wondering acquaintances, that she and Barnabas were no more than strangers, she sought by a constant round of pleasure, to banish all thought of the repulse she had received. Again letters were received from the Tarquin, and to Hepsy's surprise, she received one also, in Barnabas' handwriting; but, instead of opening it, she deliberately threw it into the fire, under the baking-pan, where it curled and blazed around the edges of the pan, adding an extra tinge of brown to the loaf of bread contained therein, while Hepsy with flushed cheeks, would hardly have cared, had it been Barnabas himself, instead of the letter.

Thus the time rolled away, and as regularly as intelligence was received from the ship, just so

regularly. Hepsy received letters from Barnabas, and regularly they were deposited in the usual place under the baking-pan, her brother Benjamin, remarking, that it would be a better plan to save them for fuel, against another war; to which, Hepsy, on one occasion, replied, "there was war enough now, without waiting for another." At length, as the second spring had advanced into April, Tristram Pinkham arrived from Oldtown, accompanied by the Captain and a boat's crew of the Tarquin, and before the evening of the next day, Barnabas Chase was at Nantucket, where he no sooner landed, than he started directly for the home of Peleg Pinkham. The contents of that fatal letter, written as a joke, by one of his shipmates, had been communicated to Barnabas, soon after it was despatched, and had Hepsy only opened the letters which she had converted into ashes, an explanation of the mysterious letter would have been found, and much sorrow and trouble avoided. To her mother alone, had she entrusted the secret, and she had declared that she would listen to no explanation whatever, which Barnabas might offer, and when the news of the arrival reached her, she retired to her chamber, positively refusing to see Barnabas on any account. Barnabas remained some time at the house, relating to her mother the treachery of his shipmate, and then departed for his own home, but evening found him again at Peleg Pinkham's, where he met with no better reception than on his first visit. He still however, continued to visit at the house, hoping that Hepsy would soon become convinced of the trick, but when one week had passed, and she still, continued as determined as at first, Barnabas ceased his visits, and it was soon after rumored around, that he was paying particu-

lar attention to Susannah Paddack, daughter of Rhoda Folger of old, and sister of Shubael, whom Hepsy had rejected.

A number of weeks passed away, and Hepsy, with Mary Chase—daughter of Lucretia—and several other companions, was returning, one Saturday evening, from "Trustum" Pinkham's, when just opposite cousin Thaddeus Joy's, (Thaddeus had married Judith Folger, whom he followed to uncle Sam's so many years before, and they were then living in a house now standing, and nearly opposite the entrance to the North Congregational Church,) they met Barnabas proceeding in an opposite direction, on the other side of the street. "There," said Lucy Bunker, "I 'll warrant thee, Barnabas Chase is a going up to Town Clark's to get his publishment given out." "It 'll be a very easy matter to find out," replied Hepsy, as Barnabas, meeting a companion, stopped for a short conversation. "All we 've got to do, is to clip back into Deacon Riddell's yard, and peek through the fence, and we shall see pretty quick. It won't be the first time we 've peeked through Deacon Riddell's fence, to see folks get their publishments." They turned back immediately, and were soon concealed from view, behind the Deacon's fence, while Barnabas, all unconscious of observation, stepped quickly up to the house of James Coffin, Town Clerk, and opening the door, vanished from view. "I told thee so," said Lucy Bunker, "my eyes have been open these six weeks." They remained in the Deacon's yard a few moments; once they heard some one open the back door, and thinking the Deacon would be somewhat astonished at the sight of half a dozen girls in the corner of his yard, they stepped quickly out in front, but it was only one of the boys at

the pump, after a pail of water, and so the girls went directly back into the yard, for they knew if either of the Deacon's boys should discover them, he would be as much interested as any of them, in the proceedings over at Town Clark's, and they were not sure that even the Deacon might not be equally as interested. In about ten minutes, Barnabas again made his appearance, and walked quickly down the street, and in a few moments the door again opened, and James Coffin, Town Clerk, appeared, taking the same course that Barnabas had taken. "Now," said Hepsy, "I 'm going over to ask Sukie who 's going to be published; Prissy would n't tell if her life depended on 't, but Sukie 'll tell us all we want to know." Hurrying across the street, before the Town Clerk should return, they entered, but to their disgust found only Prissy at home, and no amount of questioning could elicit one word from her, but convinced in their own minds, they were not surprised on the following morning, when the notice was read, announcing that Barnabas Chase and Susannah Paddack were to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Before the appointed time arrived, for the marriage of Barnabas and Susannah, two more ships had entered Oldtown, and among the new arrivals was Nathan Bunker, brother of Lucy. Nathan Bunker and Lucy were children of Jeremiah and Elizabeth Bunker; Jeremiah and Elizabeth require no introduction to the reader, for Jeremiah is the sailor boy of so many years past, who brought to Tristram and Jethro Coleman, the news of the death of their brother Peltiah, and Elizabeth, his wife, was once Betsey Coleman, sister of Peltiah; the same Betsey, who in company with Zephaniah, was sent off into the bushes to pick "yarbs" for

aunt Debby Worth, on shearing day. Nathan and Lucy then, were their children, and consequently first cousins of Barnabas Chase, son of Jemima Coleman of old. Hepsy and Nathan had been friends from childhood, and in less than six weeks from the time the girls watched Barnabas through the Deacon's fence, Lucy Bunker and Mary Chase were watching Nathan, as he went to the Town Clerk's, on a similar errand. Hepsy was to be married at last. Jeremiah and Elizabeth belonged to the Friends Society, and therefore, it was decided that the marriage should take place at Hepsy's home, for the Pinkhams had all a bountiful supply of the Coffin blood in their veins, and a marriage amongst the Pinkham family, always betokened a season of mirth and rejoicing. Though Jeremiah and Elizabeth could not attend the wedding, consistently with the principles they professed, they made preparations for a large wedding party, which was to take place on the day following the marriage. As was the usual custom, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the relatives and older guests began to assemble, and, as the time appointed for the ceremony drew near, the large, double house of Peleg Pinkham was crowded almost to overflowing, scarcely a young person being absent, with the exception of Barnabas and Susannah, who had been several weeks married. After the performance of the ceremony, and the cake and wine had been well discussed, many of the older people repaired to their homes, while the younger portion, soon clearing a space in the large front room, commenced a series of dances and other amusements, which lasted during the remainder of the evening. As one young couple after another, stepped out upon the floor, "Trustum" Pinkham, the old pilot, now over seventy years of age (who

could never keep his seat when there was music around,) rose from his chair, and beckoning to Eunice, wife of his son Hezekiah, stepped into the open space amongst the young folks, and to the infinite amusement of the spectators, went through the different figures, with as much zeal and enjoyment, as though they had been suddenly transported to the scenes of years long gone by. "Look at that 'ere," said old uncle Solon Gardner, "and see old Dep'ty keep up the Pinkham repetation." "No Pink in that 'ere foot," answered uncle Abishai Coleman, "that's all Tottleheels, I'll venter." But old Dep'ty continued his dancing to the end, and paid no more attention than did his great-grandmother Mary, on that memorable evening, nearly a century and a half before.

On the following day a large wedding party assembled at the house of Jeremiah and Elizabeth Bunker. A large table had been spread in the basement, where the old and young, alike, gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the occasion. In the evening, the young people assembled in a room by themselves, and though the dancing of the previous evening, was not ventured upon, song after song followed in succession, while cousin Jeremiah Bunker drew his chair to the entry separating the two rooms, on pretence of keeping the young folks within bounds, as he said, but after sitting there for a half hour or more, taking no manner of notice of his guests in the older apartment, cousin Elizabeth observed that she believed he was a deal more interested in the young folks than he was in the old, to which Jeremiah replied, that he certainly was. The wedding party came to an end, and Hepsy Pinkham was married, and was now Hepsy Bunker. The newly married couple commenced their house-keeping life, in the

chambers of Jeremiah's house, where we will leave them, while Nathan makes another voyage or two.

The good ship Atlas lay at the wharf, ready for sailing, but her chief owner, cousin Francis Joy, was unwilling to have her leave the wharf, till the return of Tristram Pinkham, who had just piloted a ship to Oldtown. One after another of the pilots had been proposed, but cousin Francis declined them all, with the emphatic declaration that he would sooner depend upon Trustum Pinkham's old jacket to take the ship out, than risk her with any pilot left upon the Island (for Daniel Kelley, also considered an extra pilot, was also away from the Island.) Upon Saturday, however, Tristram returned from Oldtown, and all things being favorable, it was decided to take the ship out upon the following day. According to a custom then prevalent upon the Island, the officers and crew, with invited guests, were to spend the last evening on board the ship, and at an early hour, they had all assembled for one more evening's enjoyment, before the last farewells were spoken. The hours passed pleasantly, and the time came for a separation, but in the meantime the tide had raised, and the plank which was laid from the ship to the wharf, had become loosened from its position; without noticing this, the party proceeded to step ashore. Scarcely had the foremost one set foot upon the plank, when splash!—a heavy fall was heard—and cousin Elizabeth Coffin's Eliza was floundering in the water, below. Without a moment's hesitation, Reuben Kelley, (who was immediately behind her,) plunged directly overboard, and rescued Eliza, before she had scarcely time to realize what had occurred. This little accident rather damped their spirits for a while, but finding no serious injury had been suffered,

they were soon on their way to their several homes, thinking only of the long time which must elapse, before the same company should again assemble. The morning sun rose bright and clear, and at an early hour, Tristram was on hand to pilot the ship to Oldtown, there to be loaded for a voyage of two years or more. Cousin Thaddeus Joy, agent, son of cousin Francis, was on board to take passage to Oldtown, to attend to the business of preparing her for sea. Under full sail, and with her colors flying, they left the wharf, while Tristram, fearful of the consequences, with such a heavy press of sail and insufficient ballast, remonstrated with cousin Thaddeus, who, thinking only of her splendid appearance, paid no attention to his warning. Crowds of people from town, were watching the beautiful sight, as she rounded Brant Point, and sailed on through the harbor. Cousin Francis, with his spy-glass raised to his eye, stood upon the walk on top of his house, while all over town, the walks and scuttles were thronged with people watching the ship, as she sailed on her course. Suddenly, after passing the Point, she commenced careening from side to side, violently, and more violently, till, giving a final plunge, her masts lay flat upon the water.

A feeling of horror seized upon the watchers on shore; but presently, one lone figure was seen, crawling up the side of the vessel, which he soon reached, and in a few moments was standing erect upon the side. All eyes were taxed to discover who the lone person might be, and one glance was sufficient to distinguish Tristram, the old pilot, probably the oldest person on board the ship. One after another, they emerged from the water, and soon the whole company were plainly visible walking around on the side of the vessel, as though

it were the deck. A vessel was instantly despatched to their assistance, and the ship, after being righted, was taken back to the wharf, to repair the injuries caused by the mishap.

Tristram continued his piloting, till well advanced in years, being over eighty years of age, when he piloted the last vessel. Gradually his strength gave way, and in the summer of 1827 he quietly passed away from earth, at the age of eighty-three, leaving numerous descendants, widely scattered throughout the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. His son, Hezekiah, sailed four years as captain of different ships, and like most other captains of the day, acquired a sufficiency, and finally settled down to a quiet life on shore, having built himself a home nearly opposite cousin Barzillai Folger's, at the top of North Shore hill. He lived to about the age of eighty-three, surviving his wife many years, and at last dropped suddenly away, the last remaining son of the family; John, the youngest, having been killed by a whale in the year 1824. Betsey, the youngest daughter, after the death of Eunice, married Jonathan Morris, and moved to Ohio, the "western country," at that time. Lydia, (the last survivor for many years,) remained single, and spent her last days in the home of her childhood.

John Fitch, playmate and companion of Hezekiah, like him, became a successful sea-captain, and, like him, built a home at North Shore, adjoining his father's property, and nearly opposite the home of Hezekiah. Here John lived, for some years, with his wife Rebecca, and finally removed to the State of Maine, where he spent the last years of his life.

Returning, again, to the descendants of Major

Josiah, we find them now so increased and scattered, that only a few will receive our attention. Margaret, the eldest child, married, first, Shubael Gardner, and afterwards, John Whitney, of Boston, her second husband. Priscilla married Jonathan Coffin, son of Jonathan and Hepsabeth. Ruth married Samuel Calder, and they were the parents of Robert, the husband of cousin Lydia Calder, who came under our notice on a preceding page. Mary was the first wife of John Gardner, 4th, who, when quite advanced in years had married Jedidah Carr, his third wife. Elizabeth married Nathaniel Woodbury. Edward married Parnal Calef, and died leaving Peter, Edward, Christopher and Sally; Parnal, his widow, as has been mentioned, afterwards became the wife of uncle John Brock. Andrew died single. Sally married Robert Calef. Anna married Joseph Clark. Abigail married Elias Coffin, and Jennette, the youngest, married James, the Town Clerk, who lived opposite Deacon Riddell's, and next door to Christopher (the son of Jennette's brother Edward,) who married Nancy Wainwright Bridger, of Virginia.

Josiah, 2d, son of the Major, was born in 1728, being the next younger to Mary, wife of John Gardner, 4th. He survived both his father and his son Josiah, and died in the year 1811, before the commencement of the war. Little Judith, his granddaughter, (whose father died on board the Jersey Prison Ship, and whose mother was the little Eunice Gardner of old,) grew to womanhood, and married into the Gardner family, of which she was already a member. Her husband, Benjamin, was a son of Peleg, elder brother of Micajah and Antipas. Peleg lost his life by falling into a vessel's hold in Kennebec, in the year 1809. The old homestead of the Major came into the possess-

ion of Benjamin and Judith, together with all the old relics of that branch of the Gardner and Coffin family; among which, was the pitcher brought from Liverpool, by his grandson Bill, son of Captain James, manufactured expressly for Josiah, 2d. This pitcher was presented by Bill, to his grandfather, on his return from a voyage with his father, in the Washington. Upon one side, is a full length likeness of Josiah, 2d; upon the other side, a representation of the ship Washington; while in front, surrounded by a wreath, the words, "The gift of Bill Coffin," in large, distinct letters.

William died some years later, at the East Indies, whither Captain James immediately proceeded to settle his business affairs. It was agreed upon by himself and wife, previous to his departure, that he should add to the name of James, the old family one of Josiah, and henceforth, direct his letters in full, James Josiah Coffin, to guard against former mistakes; James Coffin, Town Clerk, having from the similarity of names, often received letters, intended for Susan, wife of Captain James. In this way, the name of Josiah, became grafted, as it were, into the name of Captain James, and he was ever after, distinguished by the name of James Josiah. Benjamin and Judith are well remembered by the inhabitants of the present day. He was for many years "Justice," and numerous aged people now living, perfectly recollect the marriage ceremony, as performed by "'Squire Ben," as he was familiarily called at that time.

A noticeable feature in this particular branch of the Coffin family, is, that a great proportion were members of the Presbyterian, or Congregational Church of the present day. All along through the Church records, may be found the names of one and another, descendants of Major Josiah, or

closely connected by marriage. Josiah, 2d, was for some years a deacon in the church, and even within the last quarter of a century, some of the most prominent members of the Church were to be found among the descendants of Major Josiah Coffin.

Amaziah Gardner continued, as he had commenced, a successful shipmaster. His only son, Benjamin, died in his early years. He had two daughters, Lydia and Maria. Lydia married Peleg Brock, a grandson of uncle John, and a member of another branch of the Coffin family. Maria married Reuben Russell, and removed to Ohio many years ago. Amaziah died in the year 1834, aged about 71 years. Antipas, his younger brother, died in the year 1825, aged about sixty, while Micajah, the eldest of the three, survived them all, being about eighty-four years of age at his death, in the year 1844.

Hepsy Bunker continued to reside where she commenced her house-keeping life, at the house of Jeremiah, her husband's father. Ten years of married life had passed away, and Nathan had made several successful voyages. In the meantime, his mother, Elizabeth, (our old acquaintance, Betsey Coleman,) had been suddenly attacked with what proved her last sickness, and when Nathan returned from his second voyage, after his marriage, he missed her from her accustomed place at the fireside. At her death, Hepsy removed from the chambers to the lower rooms, and Jeremiah ever after found a home in her family. Lucy had married, and removed from the Island shortly after the marriage of her brother Nathan. Hepsy had, at this time, three children, the eldest aged nine years, and named John, for her brother, who had been killed at sea, by falling from aloft;

then came Susan, aged six, and lastly, the baby, a boy of two years, called after his father, Nathan. Nathan had made two voyages as captain, and he was now daily expected. Hepsy's last letters had been written just off Gallipagos Islands—"after turpin," said uncle Jeremiah—and so it proved, for who ever heard of a ship heading for Gallipagos, unless it were in pursuit of "turpin?" News of the ship had since been received, by a vessel which had arrived at New Bedford, reporting them homeward bound, with a full cargo; and sufficient time had since elapsed, for their arrival, so said uncle Jeremiah, and there was no better authority. Hepsy was sitting in the low rocking chair, with the baby in her arms, singing the selfsame song that "Cousin Abby Macy sang to her baby," when John, her eldest boy, rushed into the house, breathless with excitement. "Mother," he cried, "father's ship is coming down to the Bar, and father will soon be ashore." "How does thee know, John?" calmly inquired his grandfather, who was almost as excited as the boy. "Why, I know it 's so, grandfather, for Kit's Ned told Jim's Ned, and Jim's Ned told me." "Ah!" said uncle Jeremiah, "I guess it 's only a boy story, arter all." "No," still persisted John, "for cousin 'Lisha Gar'ner told me to run home and tell mother and —— get the dollar," he added eagerly, as though fearful that his mother would forget that important consideration. "Well, well, if cousin 'Lisha Gar'ner told thee, that alters the case, and I guess it 's so, arter all," and the old man trembled from head to foot, as he thought of his boy, the only one left to him in his old age, for Lucy lived at the West, and had never visited her home since her marriage. In less than ten minutes, John's report was confirmed by cousin 'Lisha himself, and

Hepsy, putting her boy from her arms, tied on a clean apron, and commenced making a large loaf of molasses gingerbread, as had been the custom in the Pinkham family, from time immemorial, whenever a ship arrived, bringing a member of the family. By the time the molasses gingerbread was taken from the baking-pan, Nathan was on hand to eat it, and upon his return to the ship, on the following day, John was allowed to accompany him, where, to his unspeakable delight, he found a large terrapin, which in due season, was transferred to Nathan's back yard, where it was allowed to crawl around at its pleasure, and by the time that dinner was well despatched, every boy in the vicinity, had collected upon the top of the fence, to watch the huge terrapin, as it crawled around the yard, with John seated upon its back.

Nathan had now decided that he would give up a seafaring life, and remain at home with his family, and having purchased a small tract of land, he devoted his attention to farming on a small scale; but Nathan had suffered much in health for several years, in consequence of a strain received on board his ship, and in less than two years after his return, his health had become so impaired, that he was unable to exert mimself in the least, and after lingering along for some months he breathed his last, leaving his aged father, with only Hepsy and his grandchildren, in his declining years. Jeremiah survived his son nearly four years, and then passed away to his rest. Hepsy lived for many years after the death of Nathan. John, her eldest son, was lost at sea, while Susan married, and removed, as so many others have done, to the Western Country, while Nathan, the younger, remained with his mother to the last.

Jemima Coleman, wife of Jonathan Chase, was,

for many years, the sole living member of aunt Dorcas Coleman's family. Tristram, Jethro and Zephaniah, died within a few years of each other, shortly after the death of their sister Betsey. Jonathan Chase died about ten years after his son's marriage, and Jemima spent the last years of her life, with Barnabas and Susannah, both of whom lived to a good old age. Peltiah, youngest son of Jemima, also lived to pass his four-score years, and often related to his grandchildren, the story of his adventure, when he attempted to cut across uncle Tut's lot, in pursuit of the silver dollar. Silas Chase and Lucretia, continued to reside in the house they had built in their early years. Mary, their daughter, died of consumption, before she reached her twentieth year. Silas, their son, married in England, and Silas and Lucretia were left alone. Silas died in his eightieth year, and Lucretia followed him in about six months.

Obadiah Paddack and Rhoda, parents of Susannah, removed to the State of New York, where they remained until their death.

Many other incidents might be related, in the lives of those who have come under our notice, as well as a vast number of others, equally the descendants of a common grandfather, but trusting that enough has already been written to give the reader some idea of the ties by which the children of the different generations were united to each other, we will leave the different personages introduced, as well as those with whom they were intimately connected. Years have rolled their course since many of them sojourned upon earth, and to those who are living at the present day, the past seems almost as a distant dream. Even

so shall the present generation appear, when another two hundred years shall have rolled its round. Let us hope and trust, that the memory of all those who lived and worked together in ages long since past, shall ever be held in remembrance by their descendants, and while all the early pioneers are entitled to the grateful remembrance of posterity, foremost in the rank of benefactors, stand the families of Edward Starbuck, Thomas Macy, Peter Folger, with TRISTRAM COFFIN, his children and his grandchildren.

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